Mar. 31, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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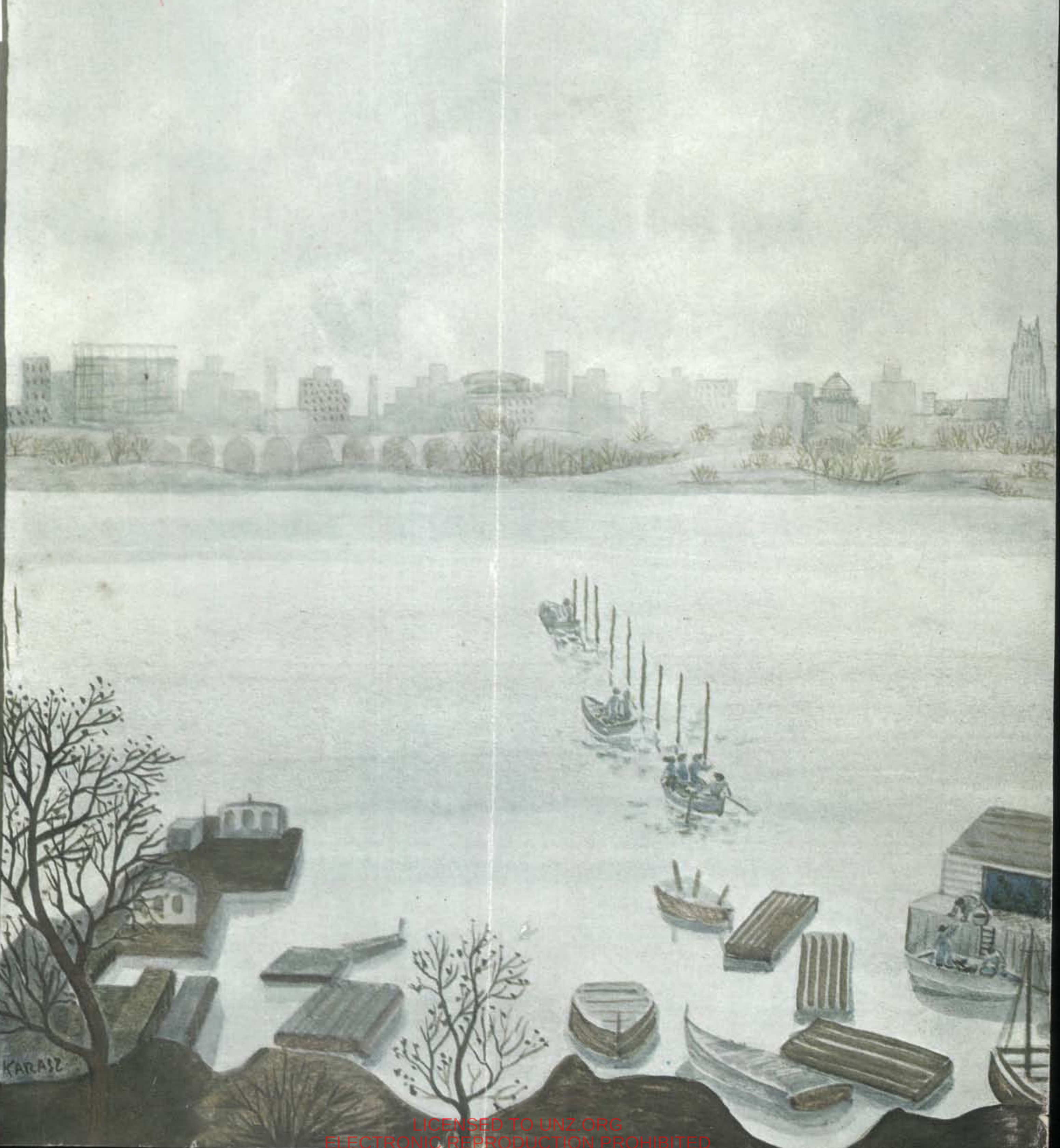

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—The adaptation by Michael Redgrave of Henry James's tale about a publisher in Europe who is pursuing some documents of a deceased American literary lion isn't entirely satisfactory despite fine performances by Maurice Evans, Wendy Hiller, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, and Clifford David. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—Fredric March and Douglas Campbell make an entertaining team as they portray God and Gideon, respectively, in this Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky, but their colloquies are not magnetic enough to hold one's attention through two acts and five scenes. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—Henry Fonda is impressive as the doomed hero of this play about the last days of a cancer-ridden writer; the play itself, which was adapted by Garson Kanin from a book by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker called "Death of a Man," is not as compelling as it might be. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

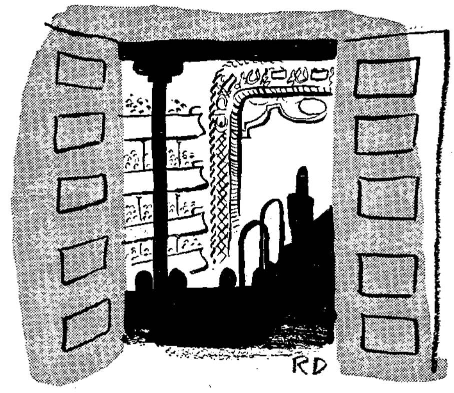
A Man for All Seasons—A distinguished play (by Robert Bolt) and a distinguished actor (Paul Scofield) in happy conjunction. The play concerns Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, and Mr. Scofield's portrayal of him is sympathetic, amusing, exciting, and convincing. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis, and Alan Webb as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. Shelley Winters will succeed Miss Davis on Monday, April 2. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Passage to India—Santha Rama Rau has done a fairly ingenious job of dramatizing E. M. Forster's masterpiece, but now and then the expository passages become just a bit too lengthy. Nevertheless, the appraisal of the difficulties the British and Indians had trying to understand each other's cultures back in the twenties is quite worthwhile, and Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham are conspicuously effective in the cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—Terence Rattigan's portrait of T. E. Lawrence occasionally highlights some aspects of the original desert fox but it never gives us a really plausible image of a very difficult and confusing character. John Mills is first-rate as Lawrence, and John Williams is excellent as General Allenby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Moves on Monday, April 2, to the Hudson, 44th St., E., JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

A Shot in the Dark—Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered while spending an evening in her quarters. The combination of French farce and courtroom drama doesn't always progress very speedily, but William Shatner, as the examining magistrate; Walter Matthau, as a banker; and Louise Troy, as the banker's wife, lend sturdy support to Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—Old-hat notions about whether a girl should surrender her all before the wedding bells ring out are tossed about relentlessly during a good part of this comedy by Norman Krasna. For a moment in the second act, however, he churns up a measure of lively comedy in one of those mistaken-identity scenes. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee do what they can to animate the play. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—It is doubtful whether Frederick Knott's tale of intricately plotted homicide in an old English manor house will have you biting your nails in suspense, but in its lethal and simple-minded fashion it is not without its interesting effects. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies head up a highly capable cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in Jean Kerr's comedy; Scott McKay will substitute for Mr. Nelson for two weeks starting Monday, April 2. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Great Day in the Morning—Colleen Dewhurst in a comedy-drama by Alice Cannon. Directed by José Quintero and produced by the Theatre of Michigan Company, headed by Theodore Mann and George C. Scott. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger returns to town as a refugee professor who becomes the football coach of a Southern college. A disappointing show that is often strenuous when it should be lively, cynical when it could be sharp, and embarrassing when it tries to be titillating. Mr. Bolger does get a few chances, though, to display his unbeatable hoofing, and Jo Mielziner's sets are most impressive. The music, by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics, by Lee Adams, are pleasant enough. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—All the Horatio Alger ground rules for getting ahead in business are broken in this saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. A jolly piece of spoofing, which owes much to Frank Loesser, Abe Burrows, and a couple of other collaborators. The best performances are those by Robert Morse, who plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée, who plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St.,

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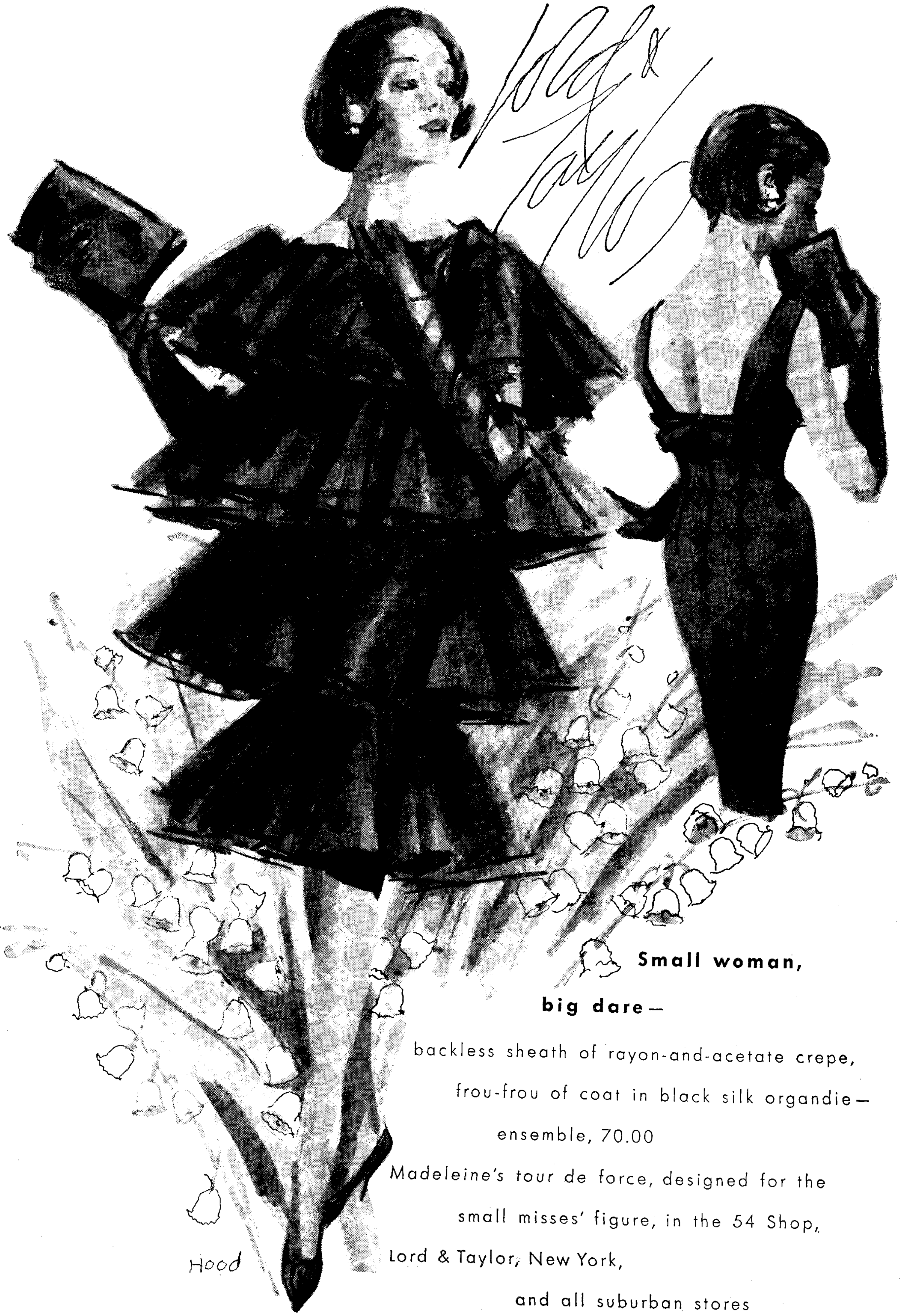

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The ladies aren't always the most diverting company in the world, but there is dancing galore, and the songs, by Jerry Herman, are rendered amiably by a cast led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—You probably won't split your sides laughing at this Betty Comden-Adolph Green comedy about people trying to survive in Manhattan without money, and the score by Jule Styne may leave you unmoved, but the play is handsomely mounted, includes a couple of splendid production numbers, and has the valuable services of Sydney Chaplin, Orson Bean, Carol Lawrence, and Phyllis Newman. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT**: The lighter side of the Potato Famine. With Julie Andrews, William Squire, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL**: Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Her associates are James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY**: A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Evans now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Martha Wright and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., in a comedy by Herb Gardner. Produced by Fred Coe (who also directed it) and Arthur Cantor. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4, at 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

APA Repertory Company—A limited engagement of a three-play repertory. The schedule through April 7: Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, at 8:30, and Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull," Saturday, March 31, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Sunday, April 1, and Tuesday, April 3, both at 8:30 (previews); Wednesday, April 4, at 7:15 (opening); Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 7, at 7 and 10. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway, AL 4-2211.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's Surrealist play about the death and subsequent return to life of a mad drunk in a coffeehouse is shocking, funny, sickening, and altogether fascinating. Judith Malina's direction and Julian Beck's set are imaginative and effective, and so are the performances of most of the actors. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 7:30, and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—Joseph Buloff in three farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. Mr. Buloff's comic style may be a little too broad for everyone's taste, but he certainly never misses a trick. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Friday, April 6, at 8:30; Saturday, March 31, at 10:30; and Saturday, April 7, at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A musical comedy whose theme is segregation but whose spirit is high and saucy. Avon Long, gray-haired now, is as sinuous and beguiling as he was as Sportin' Life a generation ago, and the other members of the almost all-Negro cast are attractive, too. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the music, book, and lyrics. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads the cast in David Ross's animated production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Final performance Sunday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Reopens Friday, March 30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

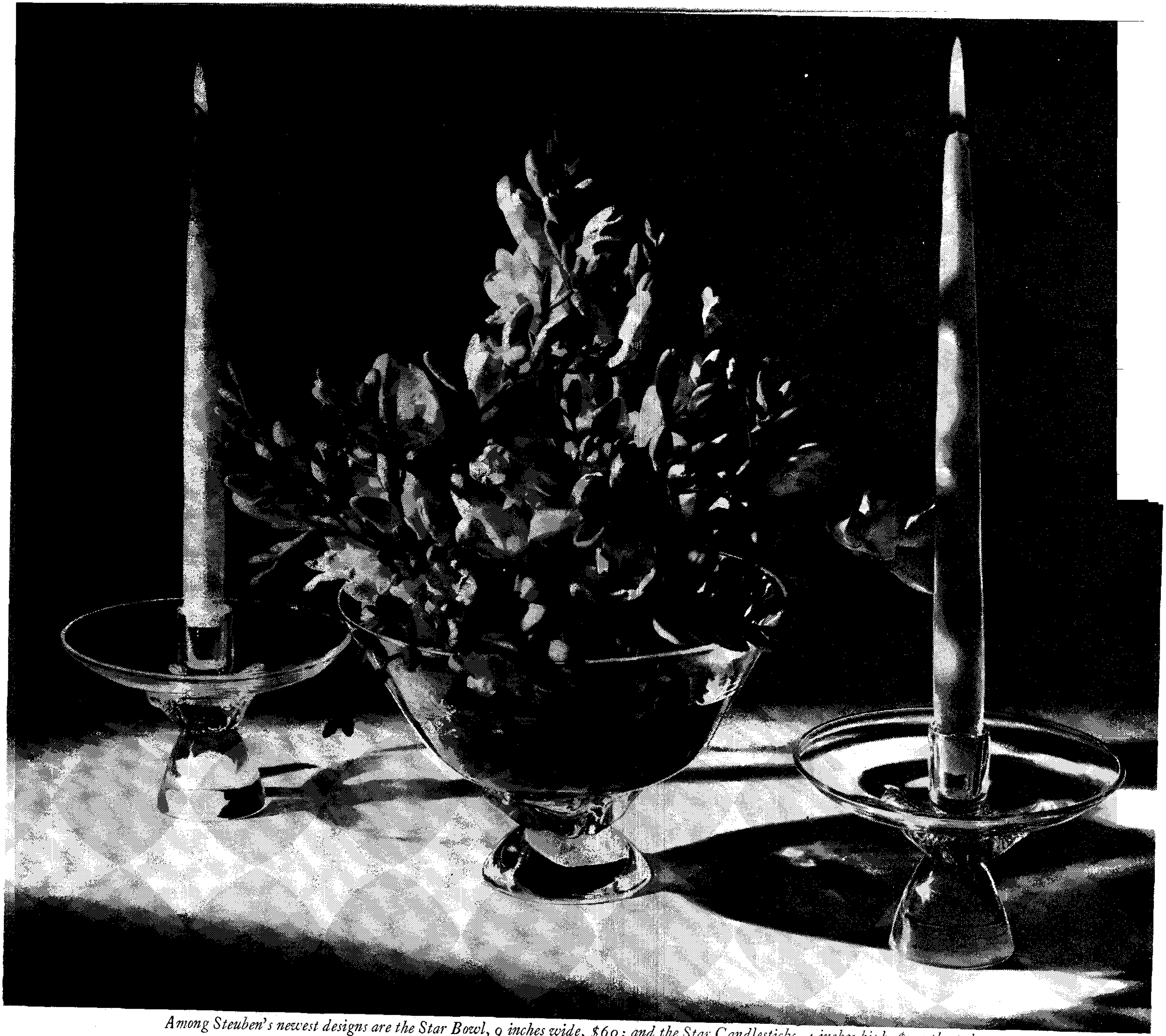
The Long and the Short and the Tall—A play by Willis Hall, which originated in London. Opens Thursday, March 29. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A good Negro cast headed by Vinnette Carroll and James Earl Jones lends spirit and dash to an essentially tame script about a group of Trinidadians on the move. The setting is a back yard in Port of Spain. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Mummers and Men—A murder mystery by David Lifson. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Nathan the Wise—A new English version, by Sydney Walker and Roy Franklyn, of Gotthold Lessing's eighteenth-century comedy. (78th Street Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. SC 4-9051. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young play-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran mentor named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PLAYS FOR BLEECKER STREET—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

RED ROSES FOR ME—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE STORM—A play by Alexander Ostrovsky. Preview Thursday, March 29, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, March 30. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THIS SIDE OF PARADISE—A charming adaptation of Fitzgerald's novel about youth and innocence and complexity and love, on and off the Princeton campus. Herbert Berghof's direction is most inventive. Paul Roebling is Amory come to life, and Sydney Sloane, who did the adaptation, makes a bright and touching Rosalind. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio, as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steven Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NOTE—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Friday, March 30, at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

BALLET ESPAÑOL XIMENEZ-VARGAS—Flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Spring *really* comes to Eighth Avenue. Opens Wednesday evening, April 4, and will be around through Sunday, May 13. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of reading.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The pianist in the Phil Wayne trio, which takes turns throughout the evening with Stanley Melba's band in doing the dance music for the Cotillion Room, often soars into happy bop figures. Bill and Midge Haggett trip a reasonably light fantastic and Betty Madigan hammers home a set of songs twice a night Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at dinner Sundays. Nothing at all on Mondays. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where there's always something—usually Stanley Worth's little dance band—happening from apéritifs to curfew night after night.

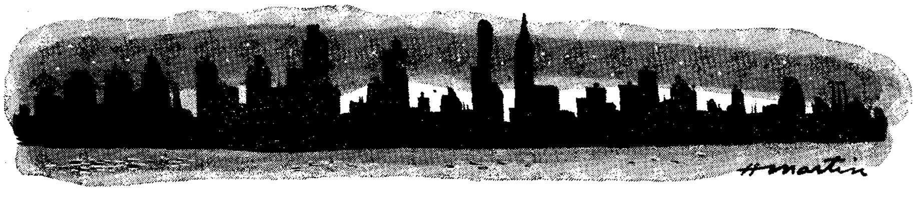
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Still another fair lady from London—this time Shani Wallis—is trying out her luck in the New World. She sings at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Before, betwixt, and behind, Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's small one weave yard after yard of dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano that contains absolutely no harsh irritants is presented (except Mondays) by Kurt Maier in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is populated by the good-natured dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Lenny Herman's diligent and docile dance band is in operation every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, paragon of quite a few virtues, presents Evelyn Knight, sweet summer breeze, and her bouquet of fragrant songs twice during the evening. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, which has been turning out social-occasion dance tunes for a couple of lifetimes, is still at it, and Chiquito's rumba trio is also present. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, a small new *concours d'élégance* just across the way, a piano and violin range gently all the way from "Moon River" to Chopin and from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, a meltingly beautiful Italian villa by moonlight, is conveniently situated right on a promenade commanded by Gunnar Hansen's bubbling band, to which one may listen from seven to eight-thirty and then dance. A set of Latin scholars spells the Hansens after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The easiest way to reëstablish town-house life on Park Avenue is to buy into the Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's big band plays marches and Roger Steele's orchestra plays pretty from eight-thirty to two), or into the little gazebo called the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's soft-spoken



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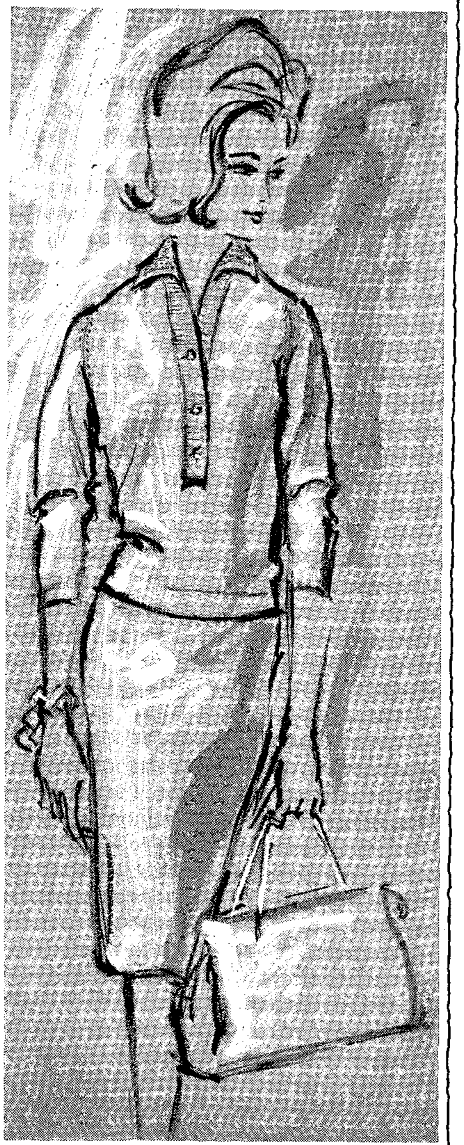

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

violin sets to at eight. Both enterprises are shut on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room is experimenting with the Sunday-punch sort of monologuist. Alan King, who fought his preliminary bouts a long way west of Park Avenue, is the one who stands up and delivers. The dance bands of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch take care of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ From five to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday, in Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plies her piano with sweetmeats.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The cliff dwellers of Manhattan playing at grown-up boys-and-girls-together, in tune (after eight) to Budd Gregg's piano. Warning: Mondays are Twist nights. . . . GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A brand-new locale for this little old schoolhouse. The children's hour may run as late as two or three in the morning, and the pied pipers operate like this: Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight, after which Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders take to *their* pianos. At midnight, these two get around to real double-or-nothing work. Closed Sundays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes the stand on Sundays and Mondays. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the main roads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than the management's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . IN BOBOLI, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florence that blooms in the spring, tra-la, and spring is eternal here. It is garnished with native dishes and native operatics. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department, up to and including the conducting of a minute troupe of opera lovers. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi, the major-domo, and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . KING HENRI IV, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A kindred knighthood-in-flower enterprise, whose décor reflects the King's progress on his way South for the winter Crusades. A guitarist, a violinist, and a pianist make their own romantic progress from room to room every evening but Sunday. . . . WALLDORFKELLER, Park Ave. at 49th St. EL 5-3000): Not a bad little palace on the Danube, with the pertinent trimmings, such as zither (six to ten), Wiener schnitzel (all the time), and Greta Keller, who sings like a bird in one of those Vienna woods (ten to lights out). Closed Sundays. . . . BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Implications of the Alhambra are everywhere to be seen, but the restaurant is as American as smog, and so is the drifting-and-dreaming piano of Conrad Monjoy, which begins at six and keeps on until midnight, or a bit later on Saturdays. A trio run by Eddie Lane plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . RITZ BAR, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . MALMAISON, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . VIENNESE LANTERN, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): So this is old Vienna? Well, not exactly, but people who like to cry into their wine at the sound of Austrian waltzes and songs seem not to mind the several anachronisms, architectural and vocal. The Parisian soprano called Vicky Autier is a truly glorious architectural anachronism, though. Closed Mondays. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery and Hungarian revelry, the latter composed of Tibor Rakossy's songs of the heart, Lili France's fluttery balladry, and the earnest and ceaseless rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles. *Dancing. Closed Mondays.* . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . LEFT BANK, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An outlet for artistic temperament (*vide* the oils on the walls) and, after ten, for musicians mostly new to the city. Right now, there's Ronnell Bright's trio, which is modern-school, but in moderation, and Andy Hamon's voice and piano, which are nocturnal. Closed Sundays. . . . ROMA DI NOTTE, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park, giving it a professional touch from cocktail time to suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The late, late edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, along with (from eight-thirty until perhaps two) hearts-and-flowers piano. George Feyer is again the house physician and florist. Closed Sundays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . LIBORIO, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. In addition, on Saturdays and Sundays, there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . CAFÉ PICARDIE, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday. . . . LA CHANSONETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A neat little new dining room, where piano and guitar quietly think things over until, around dessert time, there's the first recital of ballads by Rita Dimitri, once of "Can-Can," whose manner is just-for-fun. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Since the female form is divine, the board of directors considers it human to err on the side of abundance, and does. This paradise unlost also contains a splendid clown named George Carl, the Wallenda aerial ballet, a set of superhuman trained dogs, and Liberace, who plays a glass-topped piano in the manner of a Venetian-glass nephew. Dancing. . . . BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The amusement is the shouting and tumult of Frances Faye, who simply doesn't care about anything at all except being a noisy, obstreperous, and inexhaustibly funny woman. There's a lot more, too, but nothing to equal her. She slopes off on Saturday, March 31; on Monday, April 2, the McGuire Sisters, who used to take the night air (radio or television) all the time, will start singing live. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): *The Clancy Brothers and their compeer* Tommy Makem have set up an Irish Free State of their own, and a fine, lusty, top-of-the-lungs array of brotherly balladry it is. Fay De Witt deals in fine girlish dither; Phil Foster deals in jokes that he should keep to himself. Otis Clements and Peter Daniels run the pianos. . . . ¶ In the lounge, every night but Saturday, Bobby Short

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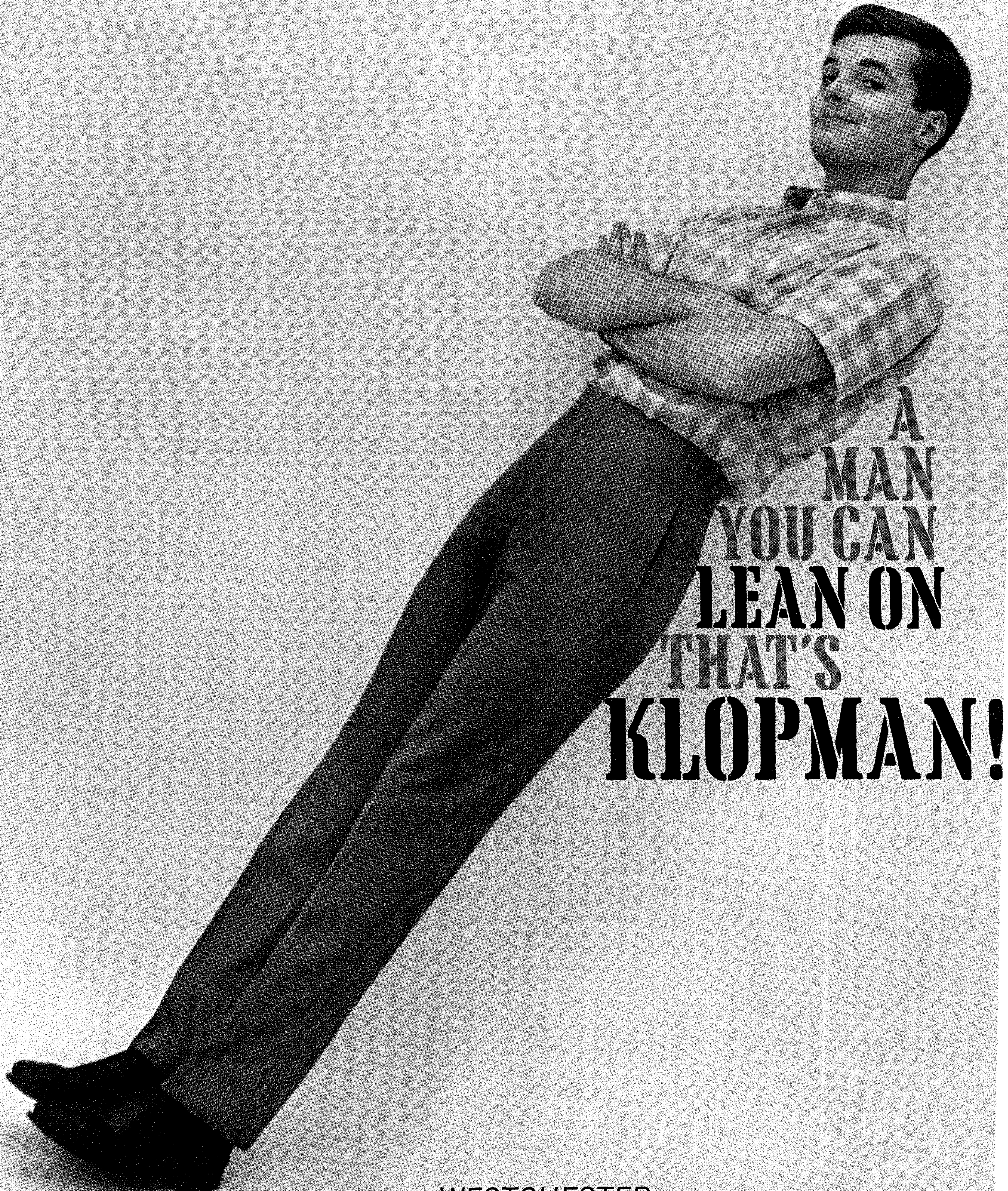

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restores life after dark to its golden age by pouring forth his wake-up-and-live piano and lyrics without stint. Sundays, he adds a five-to-eight preamble. Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's traps are his aides. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Seven Come Eleven," Julius Monk's most recent revue, is a detailed explanation, couched in hundreds of well-chosen words and grace notes, of why civilization simply had to go. The mourners (all of them most professional) are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, ministering archangels of long standing, and a flock of blithe new cherubs—Rex Robbins, Donna Sanders, Steve Roland, and William Bogert. The music is the precocious pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): An earlier example of the Julius Monk revue. Its inhabitants are Freddie Weber, girl gallimaufry; Lovelady Powell, a thing of beauty with a sly eye; and their mischief-loving guardians, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. The keyboard work of Robert Colston and Robert Milrad is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The split-level living room allows the ballet corps of which Roberto Iglesias is *premier danseur* to engage in some very special choreography, which—being Spanish—is pretty grim business; that is to say, pretty *and* grim in about equal shares. Between sessions, Pupi Campo's dance band calls upon the customers to be just as agile. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a fine little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): An optical (and often aural) illusion: that one has driven up in a growler to a Victorian music hall with a fair lady and is taking in London night life of 1900. A set of expert mummers from the Players Theatre of London is now enacting this entertaining extravaganza. Fred Stone, the master of the revels, is unvarying perfection; Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are hot in pursuit of Mr. S.'s laurels. The timetable is Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven-thirty. In the bar adjoining the stage, there's well-polished piano by Fred Silver from seven to nine and from ten-thirty until curfew. Closed Mondays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): "Seacoast of Bohemia" is the name given by the "Second City" troupe—Barbara Harris (usually not on hand for the early shows), Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, and Howard Alk—to its ventures into the revue form, but these gifted performers get far inland to some astonishing little byways and by-play. They show up twice a night during the week and on Sundays, thrice on Saturdays. The late shows on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays are, they swear, impromptu and improvisational, and they are indeed performers who can keep such a promise. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The everlasting Edmond Hall, who woos the night with his thoughtful tootlings while his out-of-the-past band plays on, withdraws himself and company on Saturday, March 31. On Monday, April 2, Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, brings in a band that has Sammy Price on piano. Sundays are disorganized by Twist parties. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Great minds, like the one Lenny Bruce uses every so often in his disquisitions, often run in channels of their own, and his is as turbulent as a winter crossing of the English Channel. While he's on his couch between sets, Carol Sloane sings and Bill Rubenstein passes miracle after miracle on his piano, which is intimately associated with a trio. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinee at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, who is nothing if not a perfectionist, plays precise and pyrotechnical progressive piano in a trio that includes Chuck Israel on bass. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The music is done according to an old, old recipe—one part assault, two parts battery. Woody Herman and his Herd, the current shock troops, close out on Thursday, March 29; next evening brings on Dizzy Gillespie's band, whose attack is much more oblique. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays the Twist goes on upstairs in the hayloft. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Charlie Mingus, a great idea man, as well as a righteous and beneficent disciplinarian, has his exemplary sextet in working order; Junior Mance's trio is stuffed with exuberance; the quintet of Johnny Griffin and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, can be taken or left. A whole new cast arrives on Thursday, April 5. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rest of the world seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Phil Woods' quintet fades out on Sunday, April 1; on Tuesday, April 3, Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer, with the backing of three aides, resume their rewarding explorations of space. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): People of minor importance get to play here most of the time, but on Monday, April 2, Roy Eldridge will be bringing in a quartet to see what can be done about the situation. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): After all these years there's a new band, though it's one in the ancient Ryan groove. Danny Barker, Lee Blair, and Joe Thomas (to be replaced on Monday, April 2, by Johnny Windhurst) are part of it. Don Frye is the interlude pianist, and on Mondays Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join him to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A trumpet too hot to handle by almost anyone but Wild Bill Davison is making it very warm for March. Mr. D. has a crew of fellow-thinkers in attendance. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The flamenco guitar of Sabicas rules this roost, though Olatunji's African drum corps, which meets here Friday through Sunday, March 30-April 1, has more sheer firepower. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Life here is indeed all beer and skittles during the extremely offhand courses in Early Americana. On Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, this conclave of deans is due: Jo Jones, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Eddie Barefield, Tony Parenti, Sammy Price, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): One of the fine temples of the fine arts. The present temple bells are the Chico Hamilton quintet (hot cats on a tin roof) and Joe Williams' stentorian blues, with which goes Harry Edison's quintet. On Mondays drop-in artists have their say; on Sundays there are additional seminars from four to seven.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

JOHN ANGELINI—Paintings of Italian scenes; through April 10. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 50th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

KENNETH ARMITAGE—Bronzes by a British sculptor; through Saturday, March 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

YVONNE BACKUS—Small abstract bronzes; through April 21. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

BALTHUS—Paintings (1929-61) by a French romantic-realist; through Saturday, March 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ERNST BARLACH (1870-1938)—A loan exhibition of sculptures and drawings by the German artist; through April 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ARLES BUCHMAN—Abstractions; through Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, April 7. (Barzansky, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles; through April 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carroll Cloar—Realist landscapes and figures; through April 14. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Alphaeus P. Cole—A retrospective show of oils, water colors, and drawings; through April 13. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Expressionistic landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Crippa—Assemblage-paintings and two sculptures by a young Italian; through Saturday, March 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Leon Dabo (1868-1960)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings; through April 21. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Seymour Franks—Large abstract oils; through Saturday, March 31. (Bleecker, 16 E. 52nd St. Closed mornings.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstractions done in a variety of techniques; through Saturday, April 7. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Maxwell Gordon—Paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Balcomb Greene and David Hare—Landscape and figure paintings by the former, figurative metal sculptures by the latter; through April 21. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—Bronzes and drawings, in his first exhibition in five years; through April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Léon Hartl—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of oils, drawings, and pastels that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through April 14. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irving Kaufman—Abstract Expressionist oils; through April 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Paintings by one of the younger American Expressionists; through Saturday, March 31. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Guitou Knoop—A first showing of paintings by a Frenchwoman known for her sculptures; through Saturday, March 31. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through April 14. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Abstract Expressionist and hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Landès Lewitin—Semi-abstract paintings, based on human and animal figures, done in 1952; through Saturday, April 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Melcarth—Figure paintings and pictures of Venetian, New York, and other scenes; through April 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A ten-year survey of fifty-nine bronzes by the British sculptor; through April 21. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures; through April 14. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

Robert-Louis Nicoïdski—Charcoal drawings on canvas by a Swiss-born Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Large, bland abstractions by a Japanese-born artist; through Saturday, March 31. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Oils and drawings on cloth; through Saturday, April 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective oils and water colors; through April 14. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist oils; through April 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sal Romano—Abstractions; through April 12. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

James Rosati—Abstract sculptures, plus a selection of reliefs, cardboard collages, and drawings; through Saturday, April 7. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957)—Landscapes and figures by the Irish painter; through Saturday, March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Thomas Sears Young—Technically exquisite abstract welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 7. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Marguerite Zorach—Paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Masters of Seven Centuries—Oils, water colors, and drawings lent by alumnae of Wellesley College, their immediate families, and former and present faculty members. Dating from the fourteenth century, they include pieces by such artists as Tintoretto, Corot, and Klee. For the benefit of the Wellesley College Faculty Salary Advancement Fund. Through Saturday, March 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Abstract Painting in America 1903-23," an exhibition of sixty-five works by such gallery artists as Davis, Demuth, Hartley, and O'Keeffe; through April 21. . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Barabbas by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and four other artists; through Saturday, April 7. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Jules Kirschenbaum, Charles LeClair, August Mosca, and other members of the gallery group; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Five Americans Before Mid-Century"—Will Barnet, Oscar Bluemner, Marsden Hartley, Morris Kantor, and Alfred Maurer; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **tanager**, 90 E. 10th St.: "Tenth Street—1952," a show of paintings and sculptures by Elaine de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, and William King (to mention a few); through April 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Oils, water colors, drawings, and prints by twelve Latin-American artists; through April 21. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Rowlandson's England," an exhibition of prints, water colors, and book illustrations (from the Museum's collection) by the satirist Thomas Rowlandson and his contemporaries, depicting English life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings, assemblages, drawings, and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, one of France's leading artists; through April 8. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country;

through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and ceramics from the period of Southern Sung China (1127-1279); through April 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by artists of Bologna during the baroque period, ranging from Denis Calvaert (1540-1619) to Ubaldo Gandolfi (1728-81), on loan from New York collectors; through Saturday, April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. . . . ¶ Large abstract paintings by Antonio Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Seventeenth-Century Bookbinding Styles," a survey of changing fashions in design on the European continent; through Saturday, April 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Collaboration: Artist and Architect," an exhibit of contributions to present-day American architecture through sculptures, tapestries, mosaics, stained glass, and wall panels. Richard Lippold, Isamu Noguchi, and Costantino Nivola are three of the artists represented. Through May 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Gods with Fangs," a display of stone sculptures, textiles, gold ornaments, ritual vessels, and ink rubbings of stone reliefs, from the Chavin empire that thrived in the Andes about three thousand years ago; through May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-first annual of the League of Present Day Artists, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Nancy Dryfoos, Emma Ehrenreich, and Domenico Facci; through Sunday, April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

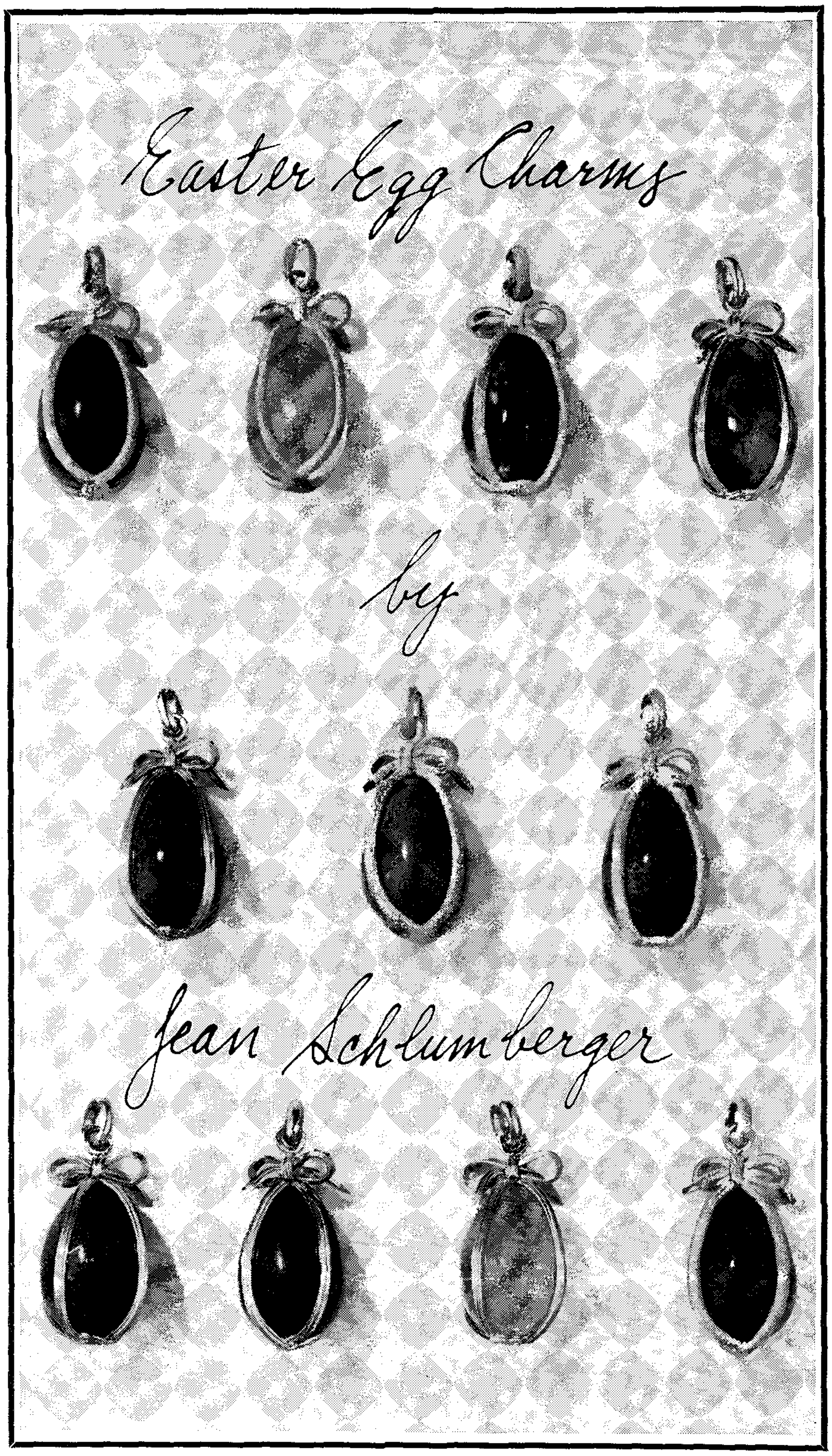
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings by Marsden Hartley, pioneer modernist and Expressionist, covering his career from 1908 to 1943, the year of his death; through April 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Hartley showing at the Babcock Galleries, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ "Geometric Abstraction in America," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 29: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Gabriella Tucci, and Laurel Hurley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Laurel Hurley, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Lorenzo Testi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 2: "Macbeth," with Irene Dalis, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Carlo Bergonzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 3: "Elektra," with Gerda Lammers, Regina Resnik, Frances Yeend, Morley Meredith, and Karl Liebl. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 4: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "La Gio-



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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conda," with Eileen Farrell, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Nell Rankin, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 7: "Tosca," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, and Cornell MacNeil. . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 7: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Stich-Randall, Rosalind Elias, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of a season of contemporary opera—Thursday evening, March 29: "The Crucible.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "The Consul.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31, and Sunday matinée and evening, April 1: "Porgy and Bess.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 3: "The Turn of the Screw.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 4: "The Golem.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "The Consul.". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 7: "Porgy and Bess.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 8: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 8: "The Consul." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Norma," with Herva Nelli, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 29, at 8:30; Friday, March 30, at 2:15; Saturday, March 31, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 1, at 3 (no soloists); Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Friday, April 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 8, at 3 (all with Glenn Gould, piano); and Saturday, April 7, at 8:30 (with André Previn, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 7, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The last in a series of programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Dimitri Mitropoulos and Bruno Walter Memorial Concert—Joseph Rosenstock directing the Senior Musicians Symphony, with Teresa Stratas, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass-baritone; David Bar-Illan, piano; Mishel Piastro, violin; and the Westminster Choir. A benefit for the Musicians Aid Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8:15.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Richard Frisch, baritone; and the Claremont String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; and Norman Farrow, baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Original Piano Quartet—Adam Garner, Edward Edson, Frank Mittler, and William Gunther. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Music of Lester Trimble—A program of Trimble works performed by Adele Addison, soprano; Zita Carno, piano; Robert Conant, harpsichord; the York String Quartet; and others. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 5:45.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—Music by early Renaissance masters. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Igor Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:40.)

Joseph Wolman—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 5:15.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Town Hall. Monday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 2, at 8:40.)

Clarion Wind Quintet—With David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Morey Ritt—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-62—The fifth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; the Claremont String Quartet; and composers John Cage and Elliot Kaplan. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Milton and Peggy Salkind—Piano, four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Composers' Showcase—A memorial concert in tribute to Theodore Chanler, performed by, among others, Donald Gramm, baritone, and the New York Chamber Soloists, with Nadia Boulanger, Aaron Copland, Walter Piston, and Virgil Thomson playing the piano and/or conducting. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Henry Hank, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.). . . ¶ Terry Downes vs. Paul Pender, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Saturday, April 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 7.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Gotham, Saturday, April 7. . . . **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, March 31, through Thursday, May 3.

Trapshooting—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 7, at 11, and Sunday, April 8, at 9:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

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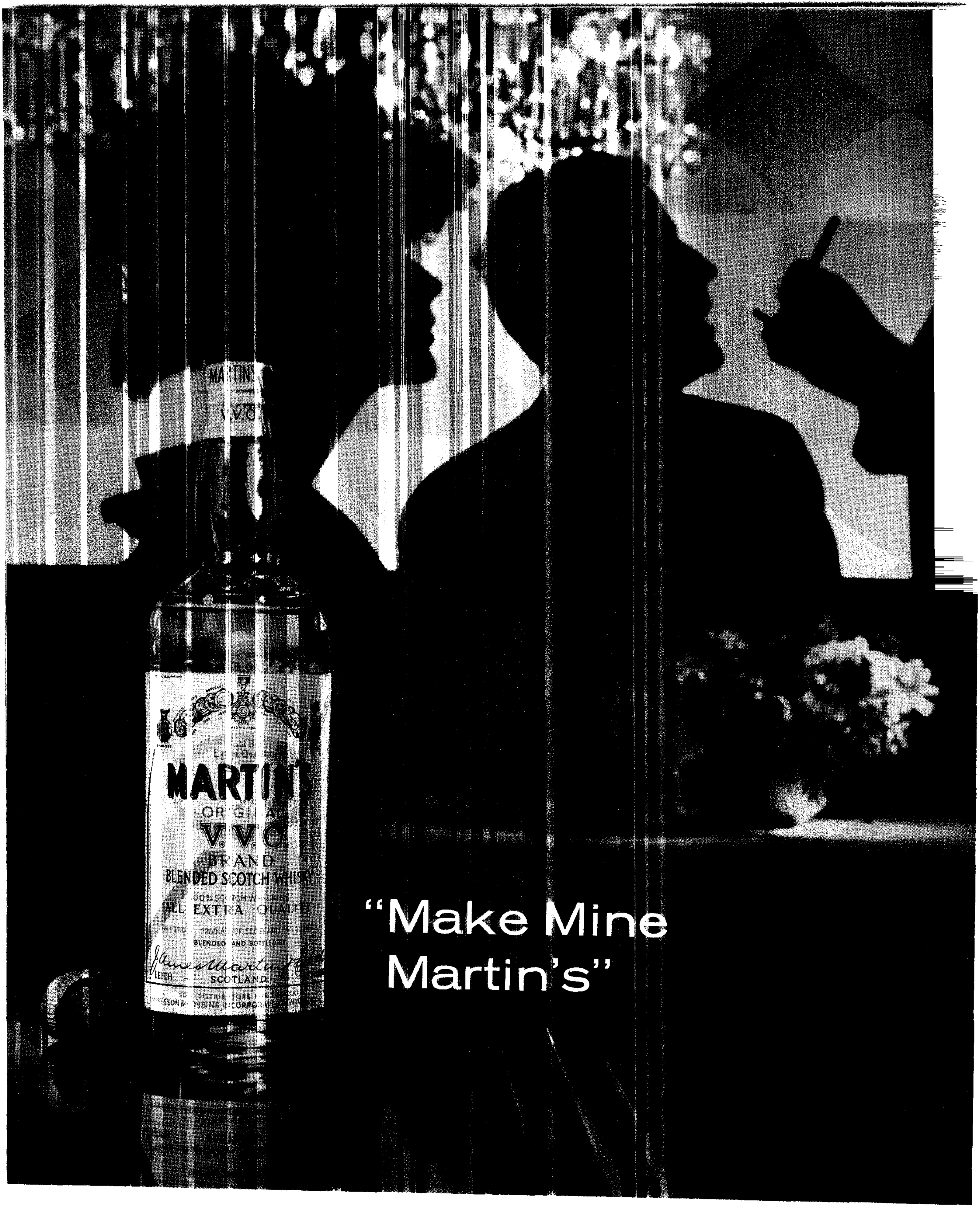
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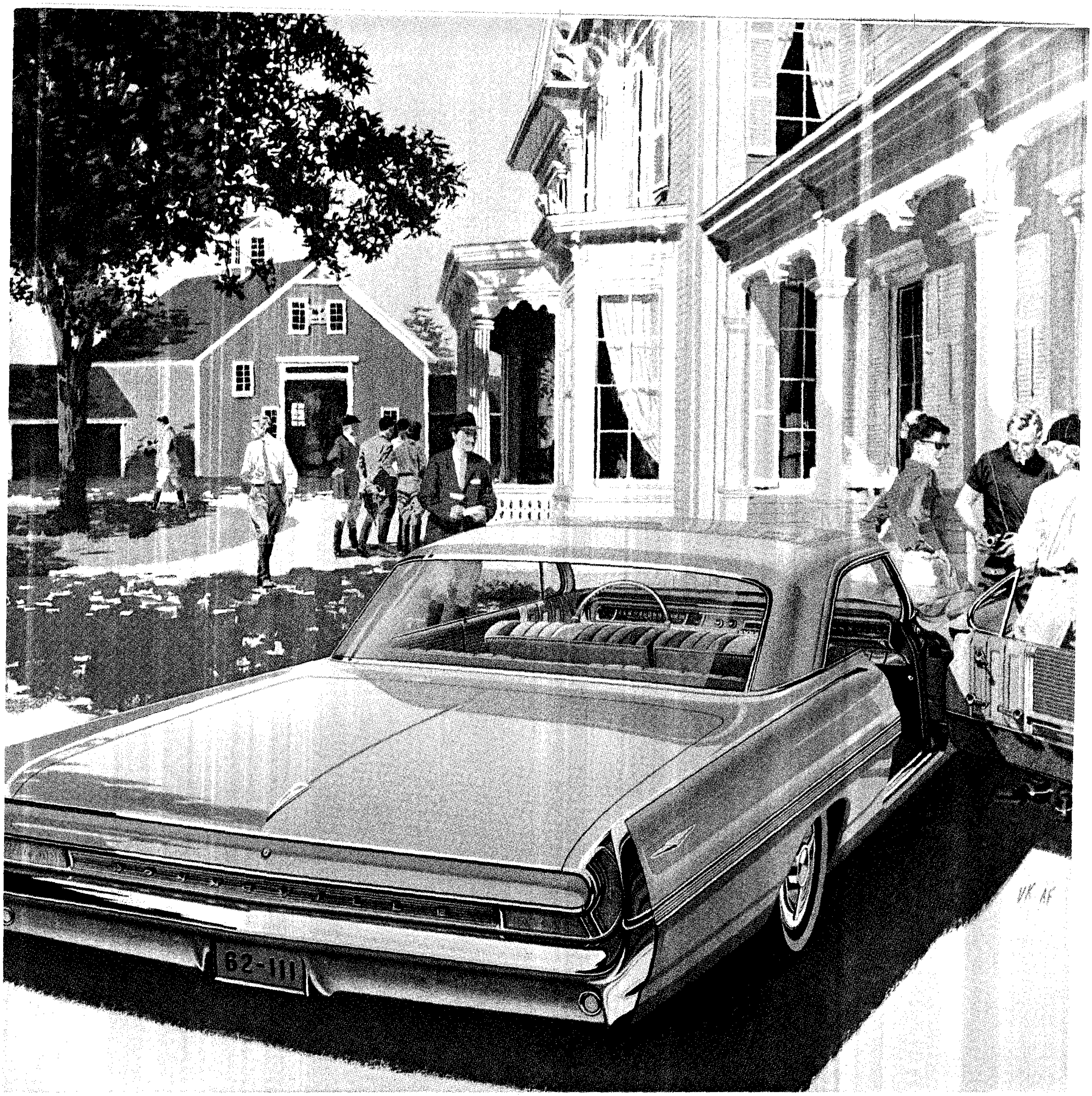

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WIDEST STANCE ON THE ROAD

concert of the season, with George Kleinsinger, narrator; Pamela Paul, twelve-year-old pianist; and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 31, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 7, at noon.) . . . **MILTON AND PEGGY SALKIND:** Piano music for four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 7, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **CAYKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Three Pigs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Saturdays at 11 and 1.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Punch and Judy" and "The Circus." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

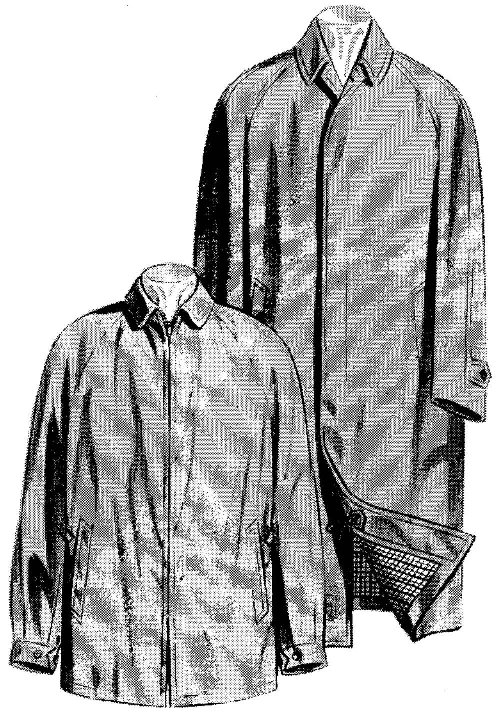
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in Color." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, April 3. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 31, at 1:45: Georgian furniture, paintings, nineteenth-century color engravings, decorative objects, window hangings, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Ann Goodman Farber and from other sources.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

La Belle Américaine—A French comedy full of very old-fashioned and therefore brand-new gags, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. If it isn't offensive to say so, this is a picture for the whole family. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 4, tentative.)

A Cold Wind in August—A somewhat faded stripper of twenty-eight and an immaculate Italian boy of seventeen fall in love. If their affair ends as badly as you might expect and offers few surprises along the way, the vigor of the writing and camerawork and the acting make this a film worth seeing. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 13, tentative.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—If you like pictures laid in the future, in which the world either comes to an end or doesn't, you might try this one. Your flesh will either creep or it won't, and the English settings are attractive, up to the point where the Thames runs dry. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if rather jaded, heroine of this handsome picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Joker—In as funny a movie as you could hope to see, Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters and consoled between conquests by a happy lunatic family in a lunatic house. The director, Philippe de Broca, is plainly a very great man. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 3, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—The brilliant Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni here studies a couple of upper-middle-class intellectuals who are so bored they could scream, if only screaming weren't so unattractive and exhausting. With Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney in eruption is a natural wonder well worth travelling miles to see. The unlikely setting for this successful farce is Berlin, and among Mr. Cagney's fellow-*farceurs* are Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 3. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; April 1-3.)

Only Two Can Play—An underpaid librarian in a small town in Wales can think of hardly anything except making love, preferably not with his wife, and since Peter Sellers is the troubled thinker, this turns out to be a very funny picture. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Outsider—A sad account of the life and death of one of the young Marines who raised the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima. Well directed by Delbert Mann and wonderfully acted by a much subdued Tony Curtis. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting April 4.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, which, though the plot is a bit of a cheat, justifies itself by admirable acting and romantic settings. The villain is played by Alain Delon, and the girl he pursues is Marie Laforet, who is very young and pretty. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 4, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A wartime French melodrama full of derring-do but also oddly and convincingly concerned with such ordinary, crucial matters as enemies' meeting and becoming friends. Starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière and directed by the formidable André Cayatte. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through April 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 4, tentative.)

A View from the Bridge—Grim but enthralling family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and splendidly acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

Viridiana—The Spanish director Luis Buñuel gives a shattering account of how evil flows out of good. His camera has a Gothic gusto, and the picture is sometimes literally hair-raising, as well as always beautiful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1-2.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 3-4.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 30-31.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper taking on some malefactors. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 29.)

Letters from My Windmill (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 30-April 2.)

Louisiana Story (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic account of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1-2.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 4.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 30-31.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 30-April 2.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 3, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last three programs in a series of films directed by Roberto Rossellini—Through March 31, showings at 3: "General Della Rovere" (1960), in Italian, with Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer. . . . ¶ April 1-3, showings at 3 and 5:30: "India Matri Bhumi" (1957), a documentary on India with a French narration. . . . ¶ Starting April 4, showings at 3: "Viva L'Italia" (1960), in Italian, with Renzo Ricci and Paolo Stoppa; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	29	30	31

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Satan in High Heels," Meg Myles, Grayson Hall.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 3 (tentative): "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.
From April 4 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 3: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.
From April 4: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 3 (tentative): "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness.
From April 4 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 31: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.
April 1-3: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.
From April 4: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "X-15," David McLean, Charles Bronson.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 3: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.
From April 4: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 3: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.
From April 4: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "X-15," David McLean, Charles Bronson.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"L'Atalante" (in French), revival, Michel Simon; and "Zero for Conduct" (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 31: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "The Great Adventure," revival, Dennis Price, Jack Hawkins.
April 1-3: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "The Tunnel of Love," revival, Doris Day, Richard Widmark.
From April 4: **NIGHT MUST FALL**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 3 (tentative): **THE THIN MAN**, revival; and "The Champ," revival, Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper.
From April 4 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 4 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 3: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.
From April 4: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "X-15," David McLean, Charles Bronson.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 3 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).
From April 4 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 1: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).
From April 2: "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4500)
Through April 4 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE NIGHT (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
VIRIDIANA (in Spanish).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
ONE, TWO, THREE; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 29: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **HIGH NOON**, revival.
March 30-31: **DEAD OF NIGHT**, revival; and **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival.
April 1-2: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and **LOUISIANA STORY**, revival.
April 3-4: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and "Blessed Event," revival, Lee Tracy, Dick Powell.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian), revival; and "The Most Wanted Man in the World," Fernandel, Zsa Zsa Gabor.

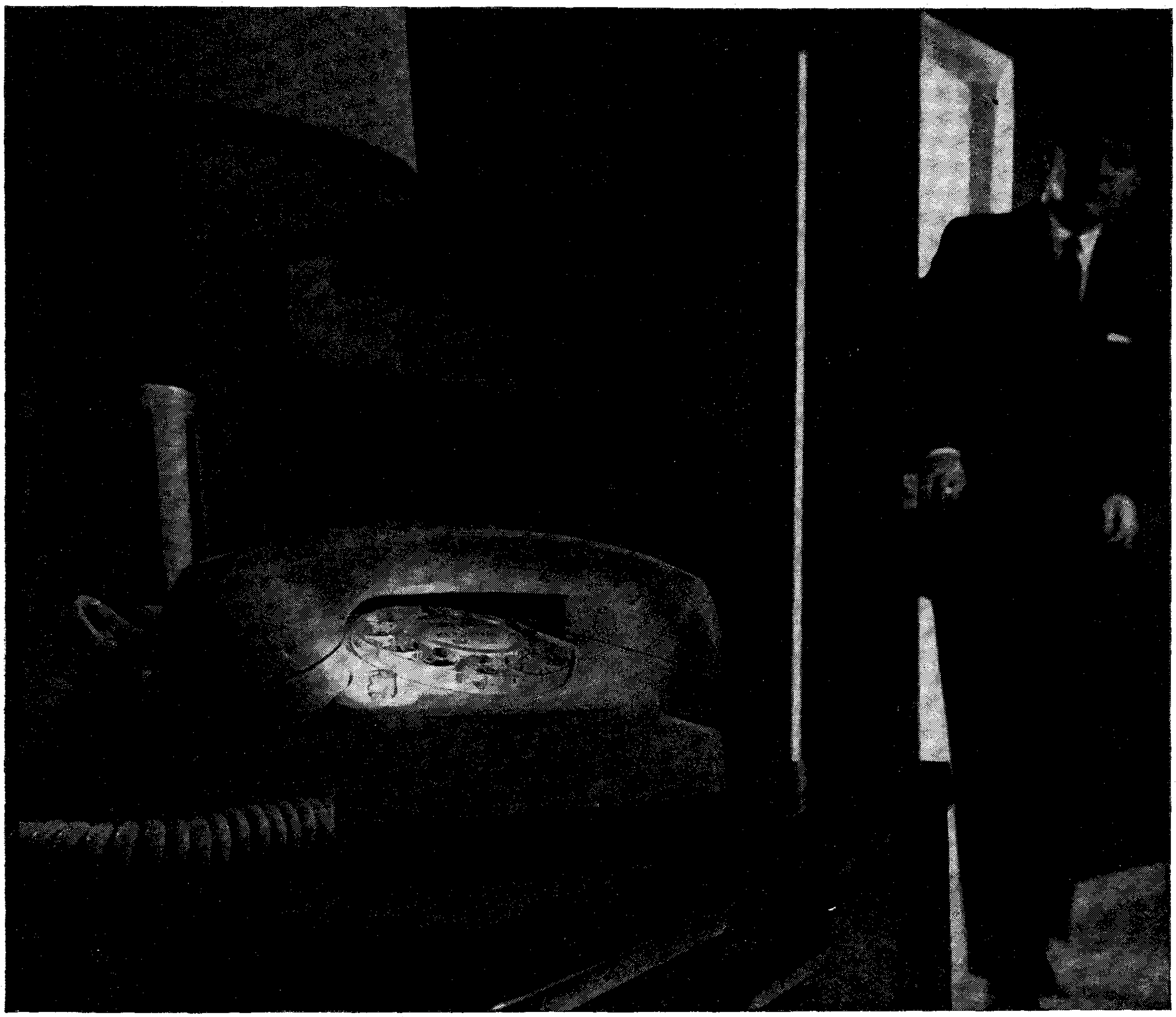
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 29: "Amphitryon" (in French), revival, Henri Garat; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary of Mexico.
March 30-April 2: **LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL** (in French), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
From April 3: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 3: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.
From April 4: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 3 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).
From April 4 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
ONE, TWO, THREE; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 3: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.
From April 4: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.



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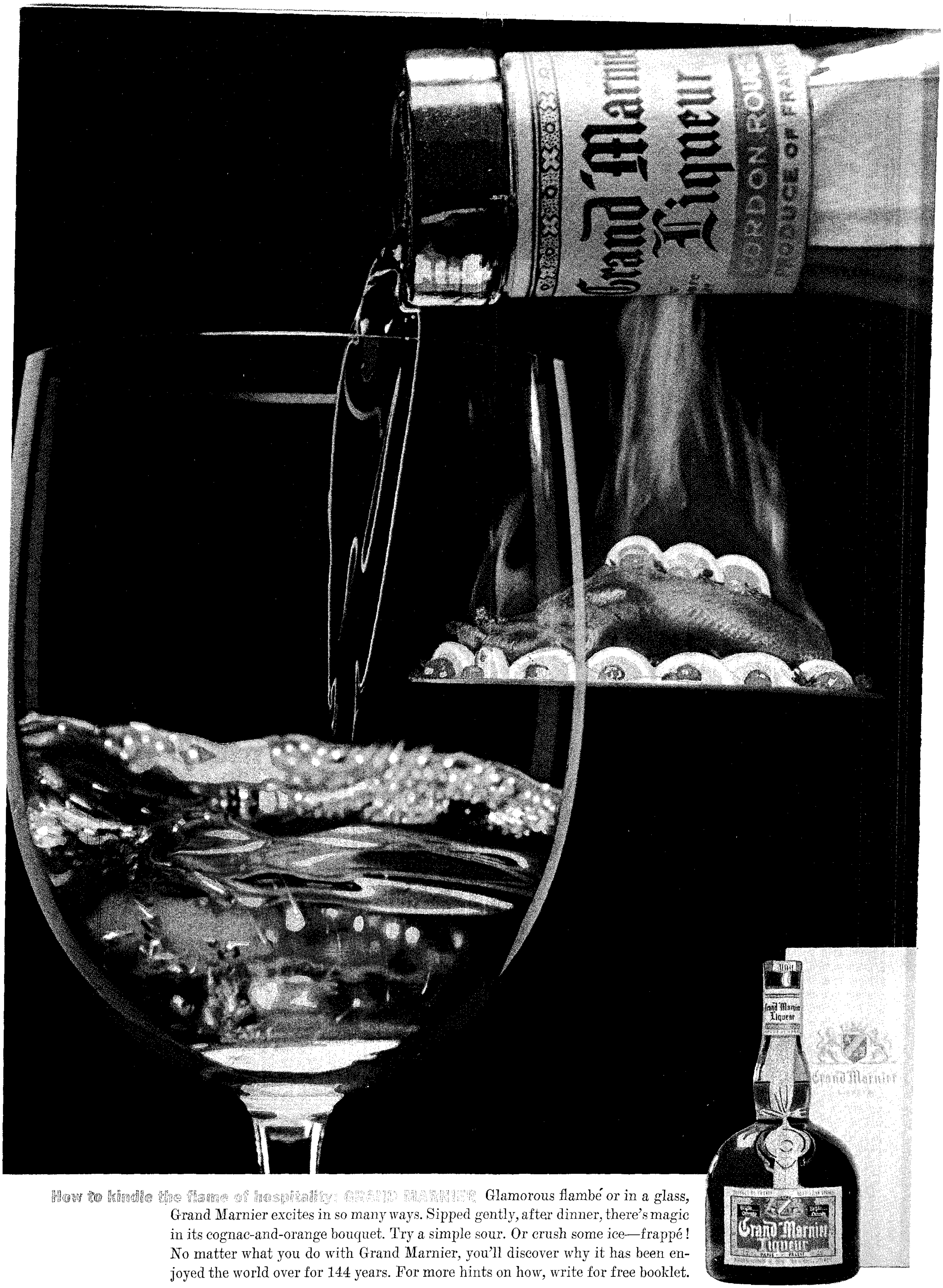
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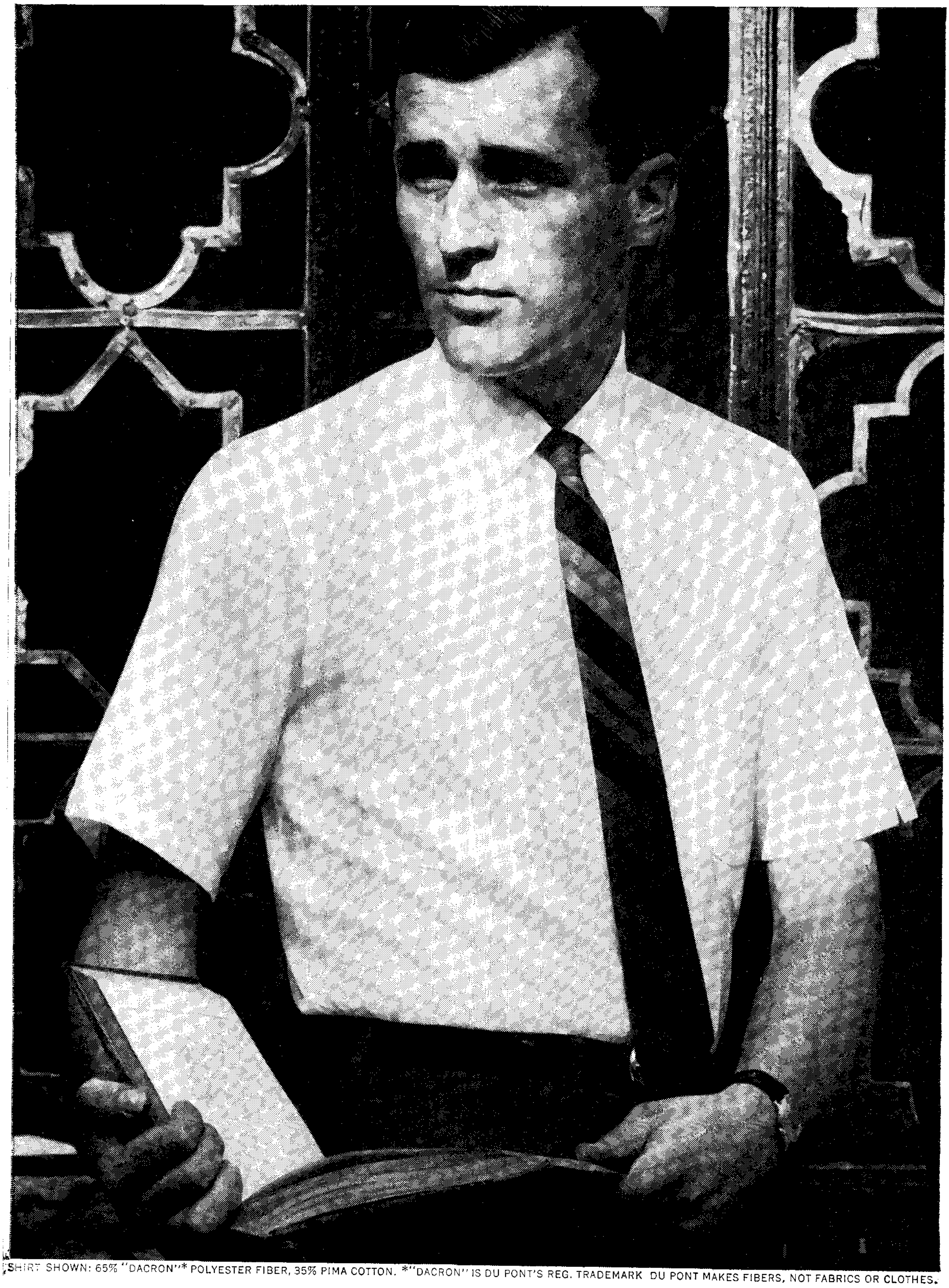

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GRAMMAR NOTE: Unlike the “DONT WALK” signs at New York City’s street intersections, the ones in Denver, Colorado (an earlier laboratory for Traffic Commissioner Barnes), have apostrophes.

Culture Chief

“LAST week, I was totally ignorant; this week, I’m a neophyte,” Mr. August Heckscher, Yale ’36, a former chief editorial writer for the *Herald Tribune* who has been the director of the Twentieth Century Fund since 1956, said to us the other day of his new, concurrent position as Special White House Consultant on the Arts. “I’ve just come back from Washington, after being sworn in. I had quite a time getting in and out of the White House. I had no badge, and guards had to be alerted all the way down the corridor to let me through.”

We asked Mr. Heckscher, whom we had buttonholed, by appointment, at the Fund’s spacious headquarters, in the old Walter N. Rothschild house, on East Seventieth Street, how his appointment to the Washington post, a brand-new one, had come about.

“I had a very nice letter from the President a couple of months ago,” he replied, taking off his glasses and polishing them. “It said that he was concerned with the whole problem of the relationship between the government and the arts, that he wanted to have it looked at a little systematically, and would I undertake to do this, on a part-time basis, for a period of six months? Well, I talked it over with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Pierre Salinger, who, with Mrs. Kennedy—as well as the President himself—have been very much interested in this field, and then I got permission to go ahead from Adolf A. Berle, Jr., our board chairman, and Francis Biddle, chairman of our executive committee. I think they and the other trustees were lenient because the Fund, too, has been very much interested in this problem. We were set up in 1919, by the late Edward A. Filene, for the purpose of improving economic, civic, industrial, and educational conditions by carrying on, publishing, and disseminating research studies, but over the past several years we have come to realize that you can’t make projections in the economic sphere alone. One reason is that there is such a lively interest in culture today, thanks to the increasing free time resulting from shorter working hours, longer vacations, later entry into the working force, and earlier retirement. This leisure has produced a tendency in people to look beyond their material needs. As a by-product, I think, they look at the *city* more. The old Jeffersonian idea that the city spells corruption and the farm embodies the ideal has gone by the board. The city as it might become is an ennobling and exciting factor. I suspect that the suburbs are changing, too. I used to think that no one could compose a symphony in a suburban house, but now I wonder. Art centers and musical groups are springing up in the suburbs. We are interested here at the Fund in the economic foundations of culture.”

Judith Shahn

We asked the Consultant for more dope on his new job.

“Up to now, cultural affairs have been dumped on the White House itself,” he said, replacing his glasses. “The administration wanted someone down there who could think seriously about the immense mass of proposals, desires, and needs in this area. After all, the government has a policy in relation to business, agriculture, foreign affairs, and so on, so why shouldn’t it have a policy—a less imposing policy, perhaps—in relation to the arts?”

We took this question to be rhetorical, and Mr. H. backed us up by continuing at once. “Hitherto, art has been a wild garden that grew by itself,” he said. “Nevertheless, it’s important to strengthen the *institutions* of art. The State Department has been willing to send ballet companies abroad, but many of our ballet companies have been leading a hand-to-mouth existence. Can they be helped? Will the supply of musicians be adequate for the next ten years? Should the government sponsor repertory companies? My own interest as coördinator is not in the field of foreign exchange—though I’m chairman of the Museum of Modern Art’s International Council, which *is* interested in it. This job is not that. It’s an attempt to look at the arts in our own country. The government is now doing an enormous number of things in the arts; it’s the great builder, the great decorator of public buildings, the coiner. But some of its building is done haphazardly. I don’t suppose that when it puts up a post office it always makes sure that aesthetic considerations get the greatest play. And what should be done in the field of art legislation? The relationship between that and the White House has to be worked out. We hope to work more closely with Congress. Secretary of Labor Goldberg is vitally interested in the sphere of the arts, as his intercession for the Metropolitan Opera has shown, and so is Secretary of the Interior Udall. And Secretaries Ribicoff and Dillon are both personally concerned with the work in their departments that affects the cultural life of the country.”

The distinguished neophyte, who now has a badge permitting him to roam the White House at will, expects to confer with these dignitaries; he is setting up an office, with a small staff, in the old State Department Building, which is today a corporate, if not an architectural, part of the White House. He plans to spend two days a week in it.

"There is a sort of discrepancy between the vastness of the possibilities and the amount of time I can spend on them, but I think it's an excellent way to begin," he said. "Though the government can't create culture, it *can* have a role in sustaining it and in creating the frame in which it can develop. Such a frame is now largely lacking. The dearth of public buildings in a city like New York is one of the sad things of our time. There's no place here except a hotel in which to entertain the Queen of England or de Gaulle. The government at all levels should think more in terms of art and architecture."

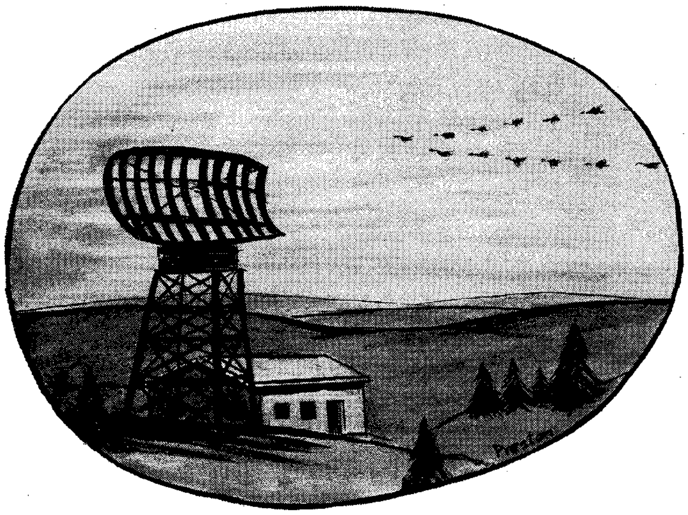
No Excuse

A FRIEND of ours has forwarded us this letter, addressed by Bloomingdale's to his mother, who died serenely at an advanced age last December:

> DEAR MADAM:
>
> A check dated 12/13/61 has been returned by your bank with the following notation: "Deceased." Your coöperation in redeeming this check by immediate payment for the amount shown below will be appreciated.

Pusego

A RECENT visit to the spring merchandising exposition of the beverage industry and allied trades at the New York Trade Show Building, on Eighth Avenue, provided us with our first glimpse of the electronic bar, or tavern of the future. It was not easy to achieve a thoroughly impartial view of the subject, for we found the participants divided into two hostile camps—the electronics people, who believe that tavern automation is long overdue (bars are practically Stone Age in respect to modern technology), and the distillers, who strongly favor the status quo (inefficiency and waste traditionally mean more gross liquor consumption). However, if the very phrase "electronic bar" seemed disturbing at first, we eventually concluded that it might offer some advantages, even to the consumer.



First, to clear up a point that the electronics people cite as the most prevalent of all popular superstitions about tavern automation, it will not eliminate the bartender; on the contrary, it will relieve him of a great many humiliating responsibilities, so that he can enjoy a new dimension of moral and physical freedom behind the bar. What it will eliminate is pusego—a handy catchall word in tavern electronics that covers pilferage (*p*), underpouring (*u*), spillage (*s*), evaporation (*e*), giveaways (*g*), and overpouring (*o*). To take just the *e* and *o* factors—since reliable statistics on problems like pilferage are more difficult to establish—it is estimated that evaporation (the average quart bottle of whiskey with a standard flip-nozzle dispenser "exhales" seven-eighths of an ounce per week), plus overpouring (the mere difference between the bottom and the top of the line in a shot glass amounts to an eighth of an ounce), costs the average successful bar seventy-eight hundred dollars per year in gross profits. However, an electronic-bar system insures everybody a shot of uniform size (the average in New York bars is seven-eighths of an ounce), or so nearly uniform that differences are imperceptible, the "drop variance" being no more than a hundred-and-twenty-eighth of an ounce. The consumer will benefit most from such precision pouring in the case of cocktails like Manhattans and Martinis, which, by comparison with a push-button system, even the most skilled bartenders concoct with gross incompetence. One of the leading tavern-electronics firms told us that its apparatus employs a formula of one and five-eighths parts gin to nine-sixteenths parts vermouth for a dry Martini, and one and three-quarters parts gin to seven-sixteenths parts vermouth for an extra-dry Martini.

In addition to conferring such benefits on bartender and customer, the automated bar records each drink dispensed on an electronic control meter, which is checked against cash-register totals at the end of the day, thus enabling the saloonkeeper to establish consummate inventory control—at least, of hard liquor. Owing to what is known electronically as "the variable-head factor," automated handling of draught beer is still in the experimental stage.

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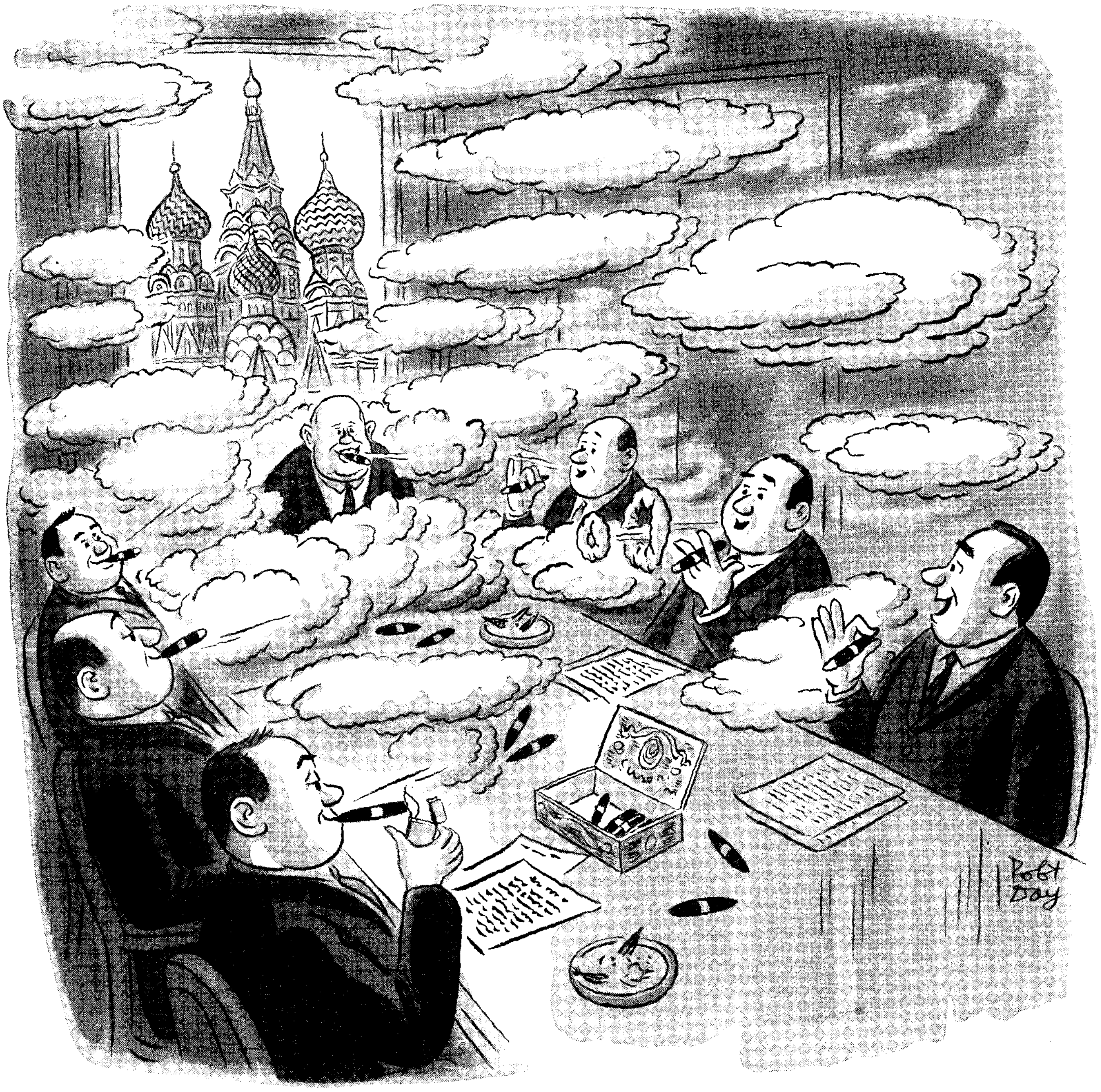
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Happiness Bake Shop, at Thirty-second Street and Third Avenue, is a fruit-and-vegetable stand.

This Season's Man

WE'VE had a talk with the British actor Paul Scofield, who has made his much acclaimed American début this season in the role of Sir Thomas More in Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons." Mr. Scofield has been living at the Hotel Algonquin, and we intercepted him there one evening as he was making an early start for the theatre. He was wearing a sheepskin-lined suède car coat, a black-and-white checked woollen muffler and matching cap, gray trousers, and a black jersey shirt, but he at once took off the cap, coat, and muffler, and led us to a quiet corner of the cocktail lounge, where he ordered a cup of tea for us and another for himself. "I'd never lived in the center of a big city before I came to America," he told us. "I'm sort of a country actor. When I'm in England, my schedule is bound up with my family: my wife, Joy; my son, Martin, seventeen; and my daughter, Sarah, ten. The children are now in England. Joy has been here for a brief visit, and may come back with the children for the Easter holidays. Our home is in Sussex, at the edge of the village of Balcombe; we live in an Edwardian house that my wife and I bought in 1951. Sussex is very beautiful. I was born there—in Hurstpierpoint, which is about eight miles from Brighton and forty from London. My parents still live there. My father used to be headmaster of Hurstpierpoint College, a Church of England school; he is now retired as headmaster, but he still teaches occasionally in nearby schools. My brother, John, who is three years older than I am, works as a local-government official in Brighton, in the Rate Office of the Town Hall. My sister, Mary, who is six years younger than I am, lives with my parents. Our family is still somehow very close, although parents so easily lose track of their chil-



"I hope they're enjoying the caviar."

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dren. My wife and I live a little bit inland, on the weald, where the plain is undulating and wooded. She's an actress, but not a dedicated one. Occasionally, she takes a part in a play—sometimes with me. My children aren't the least bit interested in what I do in the theatre. Children like to forget about their parents' careers, I think, and about all the claims that work makes on their parents. I recently bought Sarah a horse of her own—absolute lunacy—which we keep at a farm near our house. I ride a bit myself. I learned just in order to ride with Sarah, and now I love it. This is our first long separation. I had a letter from her the other day, in which she wrote, 'I hope you're enjoying yourself in America. I doubt it.' It pleases me that the theatre means nothing to the children. I like to leave it behind. I just like to go home. Commuting from the country, when I'm in a play in London, is quite hard work, but still sort of worth it. I like the silence of the country. I like to be by myself quite a lot. Mostly, I walk in the beautiful woods. Professionally, I've never done anything I haven't wanted to do. I could live without acting, I think. I could very easily work on a farm."

"When did you start acting?" we asked.

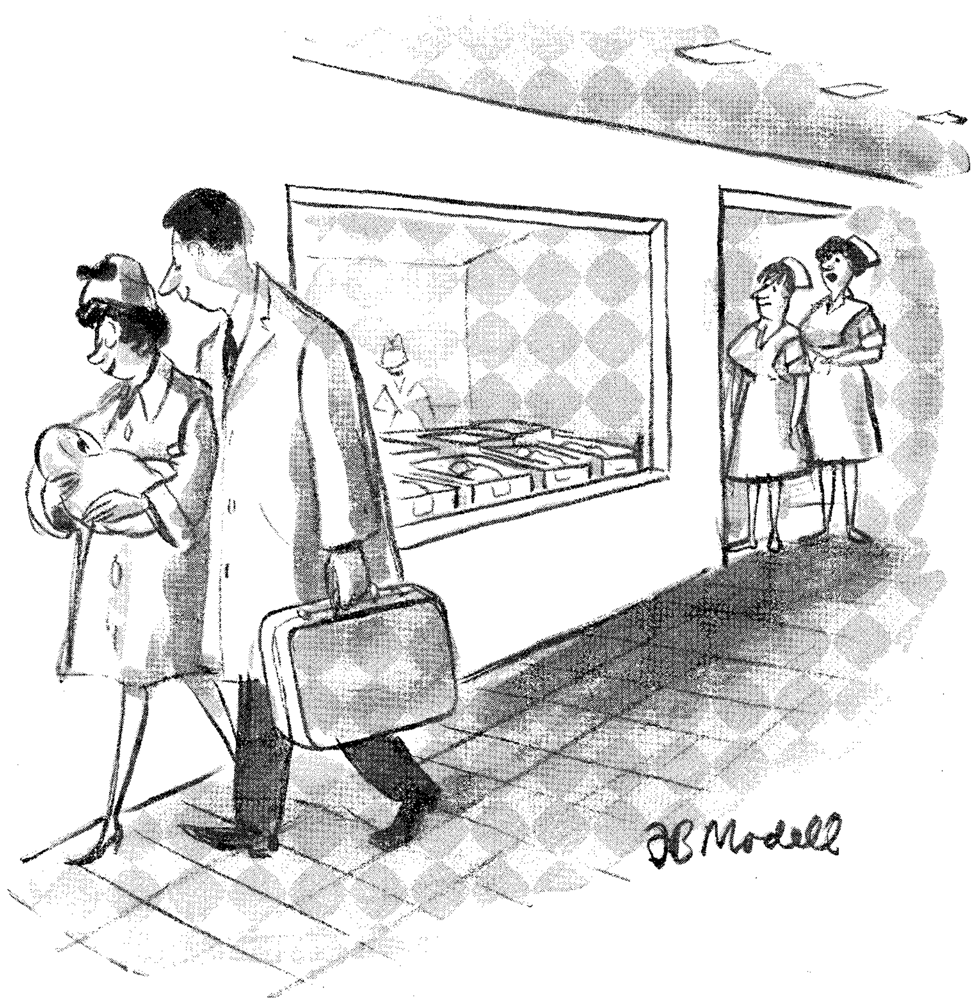
"At the age of nine, as Portia, delivering the 'quality of mercy' speech in a school recitation of the trial scene from 'The Merchant of Venice,' " Mr. Scofield said, taking a sip of tea. "I went to my father's school until I was twelve. Then I went to school in Brighton, commuting by train and bicycle to Varndean School for Boys. I was never a good student. I couldn't do mathematics. All I seemed to be good at was reciting poetry. I played Juliet at the age of thirteen, in a Varndean production. My Juliet was a sensation. It's the *only* part I've ever played of which I can remember every word. It's just stayed. At fourteen, I played Rosalind in 'As You Like

It.' Then my voice went a little low, and I next played Prince Hal in 'Henry IV.' For a boy who was quite hopeless at everything else, acting was a tremendous release. When I was fifteen, I made my professional début, as a volunteer in a crowd scene in a touring production of 'The Only Way,' at the Theatre Royal, in Brighton. The play was an adaptation of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' starring Sir John Martin Harvey, who was more or less the Henry Irving of his day. He was rather awe-inspiring, and I was deeply affected. In the middle of my last term at school, I got fed up with my failure to make headway as a scholar and left. It was just before the start of the Second World War. The manager of Brighton's Theatre Royal and the headmaster of Varndean School helped me get a scholarship to the Croydon Repertory Theatre School, in a suburb of London, where I got on with a bit of practice onstage, and then I attended the London Mask Theatre School, attached to the Westminster Theatre. There I made my student début, as the Third Clerk and the First Soldier in John Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln,' starring Stephen Murray. I was turned down for military service on medical grounds—I could only think it was because my toes were considered crooked, since I heard an examiner say I wouldn't be able to wear Army boots—so I worked as a touring actor and wound up in Birmingham with Basil C. Langton's production of 'Hamlet,' starring himself, in which I played Horatio, and in which I met my wife, who was playing Ophelia. I achieved a certain amount of technical balance as an actor during two seasons I spent working with Sir Barry Jackson's Repertory Theatre, also in Birmingham, and afterward I went along with him for three seasons at Stratford, where my voice developed and I had a chance to act with known and successful actors. In 1948, my third season at Stratford, I was asked to play Hamlet for the first time. The production was in Victorian dress, and Robert Helpmann and I played the lead on alternate nights. I played Hamlet again in 1955, in a more conventionally costumed production, which we opened in Birmingham, took to Moscow, and then brought to London. Anyone can play Hamlet. Any actor with facility and technical skill can play him, because the character has such universality. My Hamlet of 1948 was frail. Claire Bloom played Ophelia. She was so young then that she had a green ration book, the color of the books given to children. In 1955, Mary Ure played Ophelia. The second time, I did it with more positive assurance, and there was probably less of Hamlet in it."

"He done me wrong."

As Mr. Scofield took another sip of tea, we asked him what he thought of the many current references to him as "the new Gielgud" and "the new Olivier." "Every strong new actor is called the new Olivier at some point," Mr. Scofield said. "How can one be the new anything? I've never worked with Olivier, but I've always admired him. However, one doesn't pattern oneself after anyone else. One wants to go one's own way. In a sense, I feel that I'm part of no group in the theatre. I come sort of halfway between two schools—one the classic style of speaking, exemplified by John Gielgud, and the other exemplified by the Royal Court Theatre, which has so many of the good new playwrights. I'm somewhat detached from both groups, although I do come out of the same sort of stable as most English actors, in a general way. There's something about English actors that makes them depend on themselves. I was brought up in the theatre of articulacy. The plays of Shakespeare and Shaw deal with articulate people, who can express their thoughts. I don't have a psychological approach to acting; I have an intuitive approach. The totally intellectual approach, for me, is never satisfactory. My intuition for a part has failed me only once—in this one, as Thomas More. When I first read the play, I felt a tremendous warmth toward the character. Then I came to play him, and I didn't know how. The play is written in such a way as to give only the bare lines of what the man is saying. It's all in the lines. There is no opportunity for embroidery. I had to start from scratch and just work on facts, making myself totally faithful to what was on the page. More was a lawyer, a man of great faith, a complex and subtle character. Everything in him led toward a kind of inevitable forensic point of view. It was a rather cold-blooded way of ordering one's mind. I found that the part had what seemed like dogmatic exposition. Saying the lines for what they were worth made the man sound at first like a very pompous and noisy man. If I said the lines with all the intensity they seemed to require, he would seem an aggressive man. And he was not an aggressive man, so"—Mr. Scofield took another sip of tea and a deep breath—"I had to find a way of making the man sound not pompous and not aggressive. And yet he had to sound strong. If you can see it, then you can do it. First I had to find the way the man would feel; then I was able to find the way he should sound. I discovered that if I used a specific range of my voice, and characteristics of my voice that I had never used before, I might make him sound mild, even though what the lines themselves say is not mild. When I played Hamlet, I used a lot of voice. For Thomas More, I use a voice you wouldn't hear at all if I used it for Hamlet. I use an accent for More that is absolutely a bastard thing of my own. My relatives are Midland people, with very regional accents, and I drew somewhat on those accents and mixed them with some others. The way More sounds just comes out of my characterization of him as a lawyer. His dryness of mind leads him to a sort of dryness of speech. It evolved as I evolved the character. If I used a vowel sound in a certain way, it would give a flattening or elongating effect, or some other effect I wanted. One of the great traps in playing men of spiritual depth is that one is given only a certain number of lines for such a man, and if they are not made to sound absolutely true they can sound very self-satisfied and sentimental. The false note is so often struck. Fortunately, I discovered More's humor as the thing that would make him not smug. Then, More was a flesh-and-blood man, with strong family affections. He was not in the least led by his spiritual attitudes into a backwater of life. He was fully alive, and sensual in the true sense of the word. He used his senses. He enjoyed the things of life—food and wine and the rest. He had a reluctance for death. He didn't relish physical discomfort. And he wouldn't want to be hurt. At one point in the play, he says, 'This is not the stuff of which martyrs are made.' I don't go very far in my idea of how I look as Thomas More—thin and pale, with a hat on. And a gown on. That's the picture. Actors get into some awful habits in their amount of preoccupation with their faces. One has to look at one's face in order to get it looking right, but one gets more tired of one's face than other people do. I don't think very often of how I myself look; I've got hair, brown hair with gray in it, lines in my forehead, lines down past my mouth, and bags under my eyes, and my height is just over six feet—which is the kind of professional knowledge one has.

"I plan to leave the play in June. The production of it here is much better than the one we had in London. I hate London first-night audiences. They're so cold, and always very unrepresentative. I was braced to hate my first night here, but it went off with a bang. It was quite intoxicating. When I go back to England, I shall play King Lear, for the first time. I turned forty last January 21st. Forty is just the right age to play Lear. I long ago decided that I must not play him when I was too young. Yet to play that kind of old man, you need a particular kind of energy that an old man doesn't have. He must be old for the audience, but not an ordinary old man."



"There goes the last of the John Glenns."

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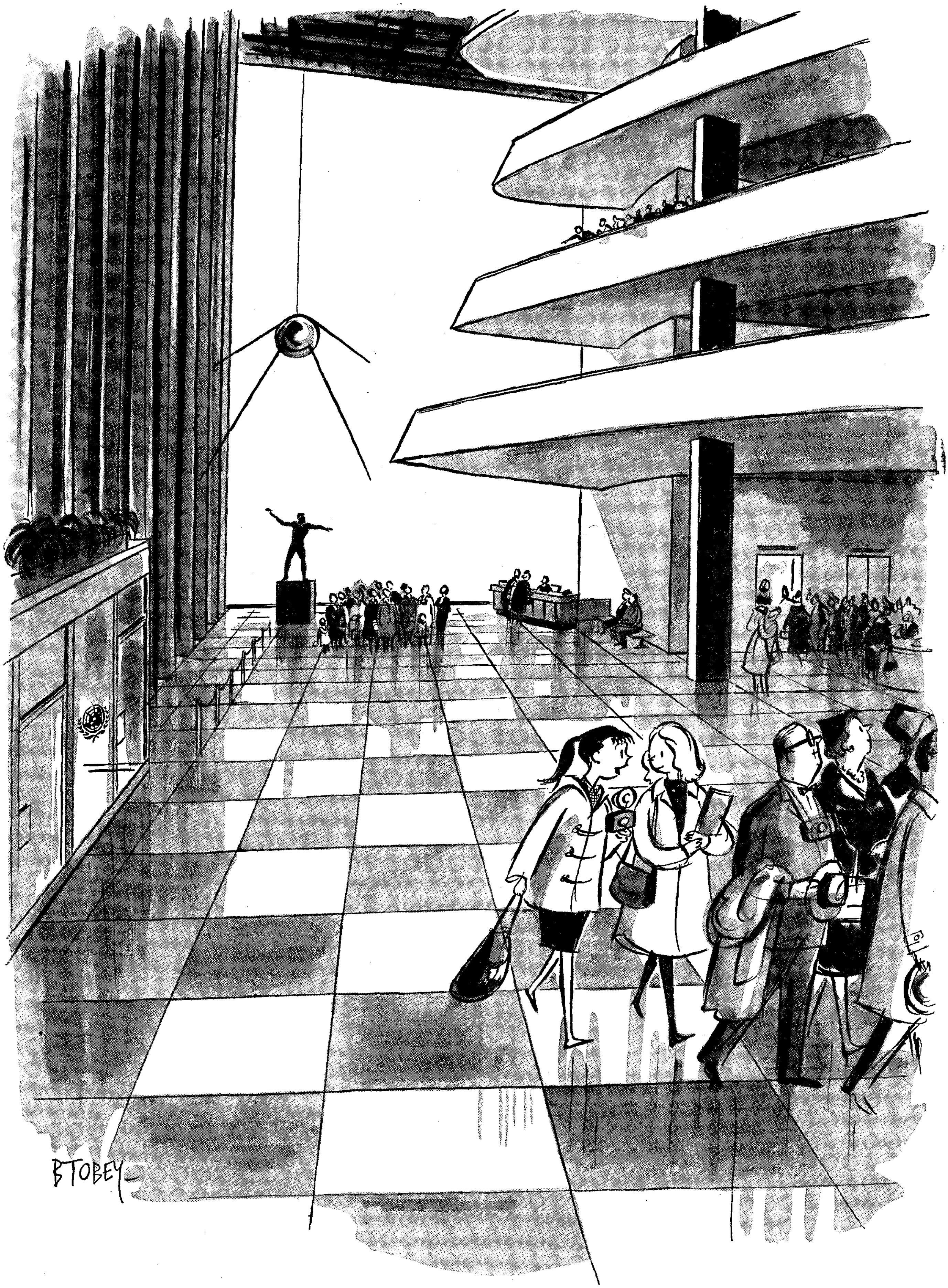
Whiz

A CONFIRMED *Times*-crossword-puzzle fan of our acquaintance, who practices his art on a commuting train, has told us of a fellow-traveller who consistently finishes the same puzzle in five minutes flat, morning after morning. Recently, our envious friend, being stuck on "Bark cloth" (four letters), violated the sacred code of puzzle fans and peeked at the other man's work, only to find that the presumed logophile was putting any old letters in the spaces, with not one answer making sense. Our man chalks it up to the dangerous status race on the Harlem Division.



"Now, remember, if we get separated, I'll meet you in the Meditation Room."

TOMORROW I DRIVE

I AM sitting on a bus that has just left Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. I'm going to work at the uranium mines. I drive a bulldozer, and the mining company is going to pay me a fat wage for a couple of days' work clearing an area at the edge of some cliffs. On the right I can see Lake Huron; it is placid this morning. The sun can't seem to come up. Every now and then it gives another try, but it's stymied by the thick mists, which are everywhere. I can see tall rushes all along the banks of the lake. They are very graceful, bending their heads, lacing them in and out of the mists.

Well, the lake isn't much up here, but it goes south, down to the big cities on my right. Often on the Great Lakes you can see the ore boats that come from the mines in Minnesota, especially if you happen to be at some place where the channel is narrow. And you can see freighters from other countries, too, ships that have crossed the oceans. I remember my own short experience on the sea. I was young at the time. . . .

Salt has always troubled me, and that day it lay all about us in the sun's pallid glare—splinters of salt, half out of solution. There was so much salt it seemed that it had risen from the sea and permeated the air, too. It pricked and stung our skins; the paint on the steel all around us gave up without much of a struggle, and on the steel itself, where the paint had flaked away, there were big rust sores. The rust and the flaked paint had to be chipped off with hammers by the crew. I was the "fifth mate" on a cargo ship travelling the Hong Kong-Liverpool run—"fifth mate" was what the crew called me because I was the only child on the ship. Someone gave me a hammer so that I, too, could pound, and we banged away at the steel, seeming only to open up more surface for the salt to work on. The whole ship was alive to the sound of the hammers. Some beat on hollow steel, some on solid steel, arranging their strokes to an incessant, repetitive rhythm. The sun pressed down upon us. The hammer sounds seemed to be a plea to the sun to change, to alter the flow of its beams in some way. Just a little—any way would have been a change. But there was no answer except the steady pressure of the sun upon the wet handkerchiefs we had knotted into hats—flimsy tissues that were baked dry by the sun as soon as we could wet them. . . .

Well, we're beginning to get away from the lake now. It looks, too, as though it may rain. The land on my right is poor. All over the fields there are outcroppings of rock. I wonder how anyone can make a living from this meagre soil. In my mind, I can see across the water southward to where there are all those lush fields and red barns. . . .

Another day on that ship, in the tail of a typhoon, I stood by the railing on the upper deck watching the sailors in oilskins fighting to get across the open stretch of the main deck below me. They gripped the sides of the hatches as they went. I was not afraid; I had a good hold on the railing, and the upper deck was still dry. As the waves pounded the ship, they would disintegrate into clouds of spray that flung themselves at my face, slapping me with little stings. The waves didn't come in any regular pattern, so now we were wallowing sidewise, now we were pitched up and down. Even as unordered as they were, they seemed to be toying with the ship. And all the while the wind screamed around the sky, shunting the clouds off to the horizon. Nearer the ship, the wind lifted the tops off random waves and made them into flying barrages of spray. With each heave of the ship, streams of water fought with each other to get out at the scuppers—as though someone had cried "Fire!"—only to be met by a new wave and thrown into the ship again. I was looking the other way when a great wave broke over the upper deck. If I hadn't been gripping the rail, it would have taken me with it, that wave. As it was, it swept my feet out from under me—I can still remember the salt water swilling about my bare legs (I was wearing shorts). I lay in midair for those moments, held only by my hands. Someone finally came out from the cabin behind me and hoisted me inside. . . .

THE bus I am on is a local, as slow as a milk train. We stop often to pick up Indians who are going into the market town some miles down the highway. They come in from little roads and wait by the side of the highway for us. Then they flag us. Gradually, the bus fills with them. They sit impassive in the seats. It's true that, unless they wish them to, the Indians' faces show no emotion. The towns we come to gradually grow larger, though they are still puny. Finally, we come to the one town where the Indians are getting off. There are no sidewalks, only pools of mud. The Indians all wear boots. I can imagine how they will spend their time. They will buy the little they can afford. Later in the day, they may go to some Western. Still later, they will crowd onto the evening bus going the other way. Gradually, the bus will get less crowded. They will stand by the driver and tell him exactly where to stop—by narrow tracks that, however rough, are the paths to their homes. And late, when it is dark, the driver will pull into Sault Ste. Marie with an almost empty bus.

I am very careful by nature. I think that's why the people up at the uranium mines have asked me to come, since the job is going to be a risky one. Whenever I sit in a bus, I plan exactly what I would do in case of an accident. I know where the emergency door is and I know about the windows that push out. I think of how I would release people trapped in seats. I have ways to put out fires. . . .

I was at a small town beside a lake, where the people were having a regatta. There had been swimming and canoeing races all morning. Now, in the blazing sun of early afternoon, they were holding the motorboat races. People from the surrounding area had brought their boats, and there were some exhibition teams sponsored by outboard-motor companies. I sat on the grass watching the races. The little Sea Fleas are the most exciting to watch. Seeing them plane around a curve is really something, and there are those miniature rooster tails that they kick up behind themselves. Halfway through the afternoon, I saw one of the patrol boats go to the far side of the racecourse. I couldn't see it clearly, because of the big sun and the glare of the water. A little later it came in to the dock. A man was lifted out with some aqualung equipment strapped on his back. There were two diagonal slashes, neatly parallel, on his forehead. Blood poured from the wounds and gathered around his eyes. Then I couldn't see any more, because people crowded around him. All I could see was some well-meaning idiot who had tried to give mouth-to-mouth respiration. His mouth was ringed with a wide circle of blood. And as he stood there on the dock, the blood dripped from the ring in vertical lines. Some of it fell on his bare chest, where it was diluted into thin streams in his sweat. The sun hardened it into crust before he noticed it.

It was all so needless, because the man was breathing, even if he was unconscious. He had been out diving for a lost outboard motor, I learned later. He thought he was outside the course and surfaced, but he surfaced inside it. No one ever knew which of the boats hit him. I wonder if he had even the smallest hint of what was going to happen to him. He must have heard the drone of the motors underwater, because you can hear so far underwater. I suppose he must have run out of air, and decided to surface in a panic, gasping for breath. The sound of a motor under the water is the same if you are ten or a hundred feet from it. Add all the motors together. Then the surprise, and the two swift strokes of the propeller on the skull. . . .

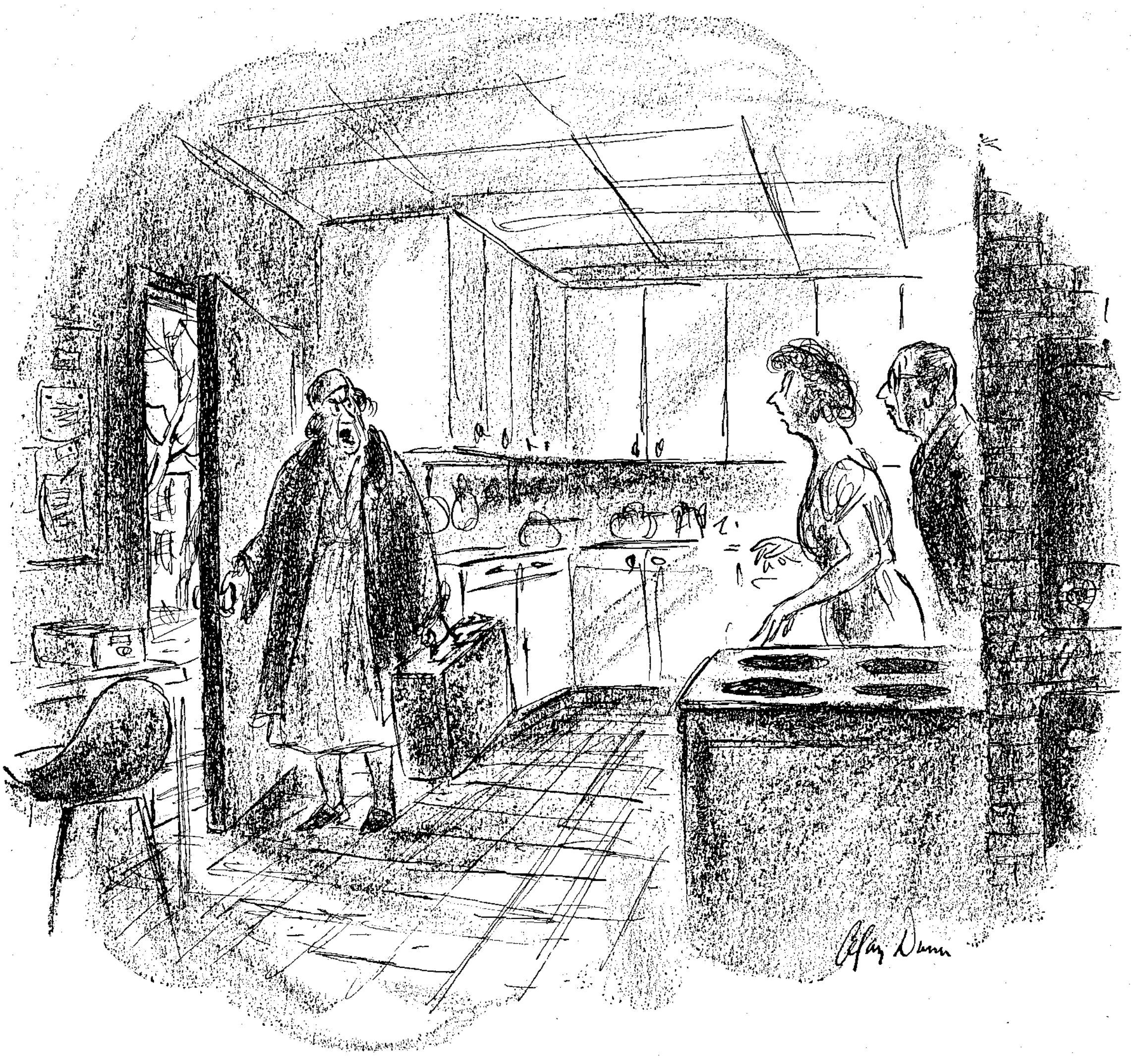
I move across the aisle to a vacant seat on the left-hand side of the bus. The sky above us is gray, but, looking out the window, I can see the sun playing with the tops of some hills in the distance. On the left there are a few, very few, farms. Then beyond there are hundreds of miles of brush and timber and a few railway tracks between the highway and Hudson Bay. People? A few, scattered desultorily over the face of the land—not enough to subdue it. The driver is going up a gentle hill now. He will have to shift down from fourth to third. He pushes in the clutch and shifts into neutral. For a moment there is the sound of the racing of the engine, and then, as the driver pushes in the clutch and shifts into third, there is the reassuring sound of the lower-whining engine.

I wish the sun would come out. It is warm enough, but I'd like to see the land about me under a different light. The lake is completely behind us now, and we are going farther inland at every moment. The land is changing, too. It's more hilly. Just now the driver had to shift to second for a while. I don't think he would have had to shift if the truck ahead wasn't going so slowly—but he might have. I've driven a bulldozer in all kinds of country. I can appreciate the way the driver changes gears. I'm going to be driving in dangerous country this time, and I'll be getting good pay. The company has to clear an area at the edge of some high cliffs. They say that two men have gone over already. I don't know whether the men were just careless or whether the cliffs are made of some flaky rock. I've always been very careful, and I think I have a reputation among the fellows for being careful. That's why I was offered the job.

We cross a small, muddy river. When I was a kid, I had a penchant for rivers. I used to read books about the steppes of Central Asia, and about the rivers that empty into the Arctic Ocean. The Lena, the Yenisei, the Mackenzie. God, how glorious it must be to stand up there far away from everyone and watch those great rivers empty themselves into the sea, unmindful of the rest of the world. No dams across them. They flow free and powerful, gliding luxuriously by their virgin banks.

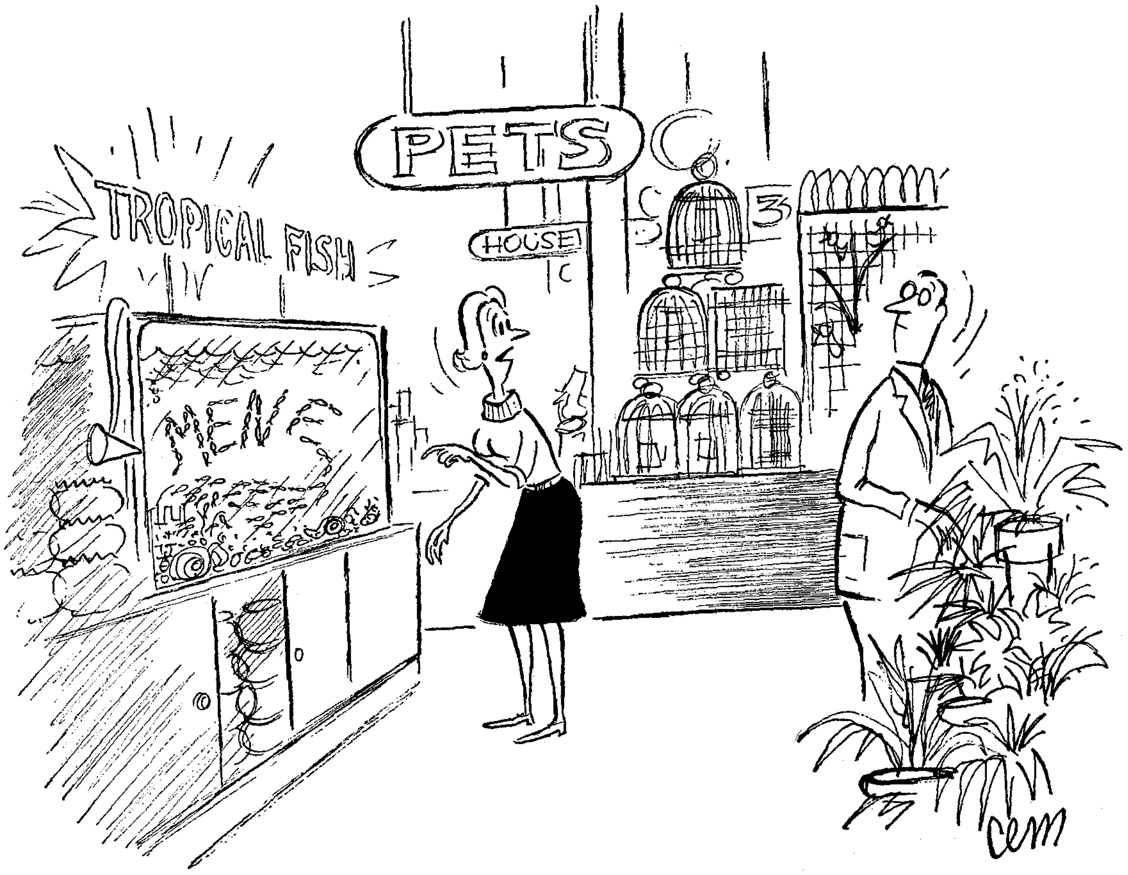
We stop at a town, where I get out to stretch my legs. It feels good to walk. I like the feeling of the ground under my feet. I get some coffee at a lunch stand. I climb back onto the bus and sink into the seat again. It won't be long before I have to get out and wait for the man who is going to take me up to the cliffs. I wonder how the men fell. What did they think as they hurtled through the air? Did they stay with the bulldozers to the end, or did they manage to fall free? I wonder, was it all one free, swaying fall? I think it must have been like some rapids I know.

They were perhaps thirty yards long, with the bedrock worn smooth by centuries of flow to a gradient of about thirty degrees. Usually there was only a six-inch layer of water flowing over the rock, and a swimmer could slide down without any fear. At the bottom there was a pool cut from the rock by the swirling current of the river. The rock was rounded so that it forced the waters into a whirlpool. And when the water was low you were tossed into that pool, swirled around its outer limit, and gently pushed out into the main stream once again. But after a rain the water flowed white and heavy. You swam at your own risk. Everyone knew that several people had drowned in the rapids, and yet people still swam there. There was some sort of strange attraction to it. You wondered if you dared let yourself loose into the tumbling



"Polyunsaturated fats—that's why!"

water. You wondered whether you had the guts to let the current carry you where it would, without fighting it a bit. They say that a whirlpool will always toss you out, of its own accord, if you don't fight it. But the guts it takes toward the end! You want to beat it, to thread your way up to the top of the vortex to relieve your bursting lungs. No one ever tries the rapids, though, after the spring thaw. When the river is as swollen as it is in the spring, you know that, fight it or give in to it, you will be swirled to the bottom and won't come up again. It must have been like that for the men who fell from the cliff. They got tumbled into it. No amount of flailing of pinwheel arms would do any good. But if it wasn't for the lungs and the fear, what a ride!



"Mr. Bradley! Quick! Come here!"

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THE driver stops the bus and calls to me that this is where I get off. I'm a little surprised and not quite ready, to tell the truth, because I thought that I had a little farther to go. I take my bag and get off the bus hurriedly. I stand by the side of the highway and watch the bus and listen to the skillful changing of gears as the bus starts up. Of course, it's not difficult with a bus on a flat road, but still there is a certain rhythm to it, a certain rising in pitch that I like.

I cross the highway and sit on a rock by the side of the gravel road that runs into the highway. I wait for someone to come to take me up to the cliffs. I suppose they have some sort of headquarters there, where a few people live. The man does not come for some time. The sun has been glimmering feebly through the haze, and I doze with my head against a rock. I am in that most pleasant state of all for humans—half awake and half asleep. I know that I'm dreaming, and the dream flows in my head, yet I have just a little initiative left. I can change the direction of the flow by little exertions of will. . . .

I'm careering through the night in a small foreign car. The other two in the car, one beside me and one behind, are telling stories while I drive. We are driving through the tail end of a hurricane, named, as always, for a woman—Deborah. The wild wind sweeps us back and forth across the highway. The wind is throwing bucketfuls of rain at the windshield, and inside we are smoking the Dutch cigarillos that we have bought somewhere. The smoke inside and the rain outside make it nearly impossible to see. Only occasionally do I catch a glimpse of the white line in the center of the road. I am surprised sometimes to see it on my right-hand side. But I don't care. There has been a drought in this part of the country. Now all the frogs, which have stayed at home during the drought, are leaping about the road, mad with unbelief at the rain. We kill hundreds of the frogs as we career along. There is nothing else for it. They insist on dancing on the road, and we have to use it, too. I see their white bellies all over as they leap. We can't open the window to let out the blue smoke, which is stifling us, because we will be drenched if we do. It never occurs to us to stop smoking. The fellow in the back seat is telling a hilarious story about a dolphin who swallowed a whale. He rests his arms on the back of the front seat and leans forward so that both of us in the front seat can hear it. We stop at a hamburger joint and drink coffee. We change drivers, so it is my turn to sit beside the driver. Then the road comes to a stop in the middle of nowhere. We see that if we hadn't stopped we would have dropped over an embankment and into a swollen river. We turn around and a great truck hurtles toward us. . . .

No. It is a jeep. I open my eyes and see that a jeep has stopped near me. The muscular Indian driver is getting out and coming toward me. I get up and wipe my hands over my eyes to wake myself up completely. He puts my bag into the back of the jeep. I climb in, and we set off away from the highway. After climbing over a low hill we do not even see it any more. The driver doesn't seem eager to talk, and in any case it is hard to hear above the sound of the wheels on the gravel road. We are travelling along a fairly level stretch now, with brush and second growth on each side of us.

I was a little reluctant to leave the highway, but I don't complain, since I will be driving the bulldozer tomorrow and I have the promise of pretty fat pay. People use "bulldozer" in the same way they use "bludgeon" and "bull in a china shop." But the Cats can be instruments as delicate and powerful as any trained elephant. It's comforting to know, when I drive, that the great engine is throbbing and straining ahead of me. I've got so that I can tell exactly how a bulldozer will act at any time. Each one is a little different from the next. You have to have an understanding with the machine. "What? An understanding with a machine?" They all laugh. But

I don't care, you have to. Only then does it become your instrument. . . .

My baptism as a driver was by fire. I was still new to bulldozers at the time—too new, thought my boss. A call came in for volunteers to fight a mammoth forest fire that was approaching a town fifty miles from where we were working. People were needed who could operate heavy equipment, so my boss let me go, with a curse that covered up his blessing. The men who volunteered rode to the fire in an open truck. I can still remember how I stood at the front of the truck and watched for the fire. I began to see the smoke miles away; then, as we came closer, I saw the great leaping flames. When a lull in the wind let the flames die down, the people at the headquarters took me to a bulldozer and told me to try and cut a fire line through the woods—a clear swath beyond which the fire could not burn. I drove that machine for hours on end, stopping only to refuel. There was always the danger that the bulldozer would become so hot that it would catch on fire. We were given heavy clothes to wear. The whole time has jelled into one mass of flame, smoke, and sweat in my mind. They told me later that I had driven for thirty-six hours. I don't remember. Several times, the lines that we cleared were won over by the fire. Several times, we retreated and began all over again to clear the second growth away, until, finally, we were all so exhausted that we could only make one last stand. We cleared one final line and then sat back to watch as some men set a backfire. And from my vantage point on the bulldozer seat I saw how the two fires approached and mingled fiercely with each other. And I saw how the wind, which had been playing tricks with us for all that time, held steady. The trunks smoldered to embers while we slept. I left a scarred bulldozer behind me. The paint had blistered from the heat. . . .

The Indian driver begins to go up into slightly higher country now. The gravel road is still quite good, and the gradient is even. I can see that someone has done good work with a bulldozer, and I am glad, because it probably means that there are other drivers up at the cliffs who know their machines. We're a fairly small bunch, those of us who drive the big Cats in hard places. We see each other, off and on, at different jobs. It is a strange life—tossed together for the length of a job, usually in some out-of-the-way place, then separating at the end of the job and picking up again much later as though no time had come between.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY, SHEFFIELD VICTORIA TO BANBURY

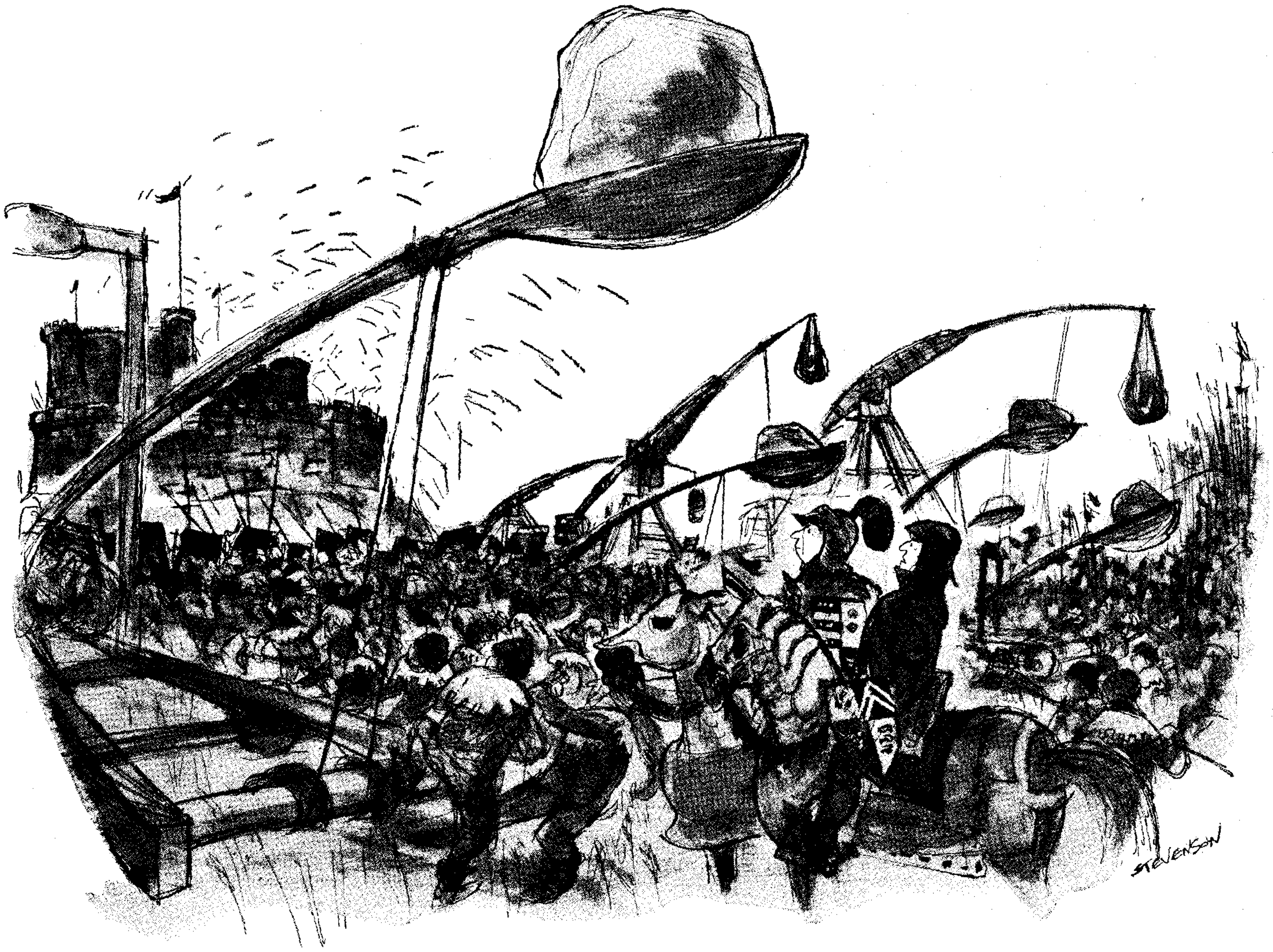
"*Unmitigated England*"
Came swinging down the line
That day the February sun
Did crisp and crystal shine.
Dark red at Kirkby Bentinck stood
A steeply gabled farm
Mid ash trees and a sycamore
In charismatic calm.
A village street—a manor house—
A church—then, tallyho!,
We pounded through a housing scheme
With telly masts a-row,
Where cars of parked executives
Did regimented wait
Beside administrative blocks
Within the factory gate.
She waved to us from Hucknall South
As we hooted round a bend
From a curtained front-room window did
The diesel driver's friend.
Through cuttings deep to Nottingham
Precariously we wound;
The swallowing tunnel turned the train
To London's Underground;
Above the fields of Leicestershire
On arches we were borne,
And the rumble of the railway drowned
The thunder of the Quorn;
And silver shone the steeples out
Above the barren boughs;
Colts in a paddock ran from us
But not the solid cows;
And quite where Rugby Central is
Does only Rugby know—
We stopped to watch the station wait
And sadly saw it go.
By now the sun of afternoon
Showed ridge and furrow shadows,
And shallow, unfamiliar lakes
Stood shivering in the meadows.
Is Woodford church or Hinton church
The one I ought to see?
Or were they both too much restored
In 1883?
I do not know. Toward the west
A trail of glory runs,
And we leave the old Great Central line
For Banbury and buns.

—John Betjeman

• •

The driver is going up a pretty steep hill now. There is no need to double-clutch in a jeep, because it's such a light machine. The driver pushes in the clutch and there is quite a gap of time while the gear tries to find a comfortable niche for itself; then it slips in. We whine up the hill now in second gear. A jeep engine is small, but it is well geared, and riding in second on even such an easy gradient as this gives me a good feeling. The day is wearing on, though, and as I am pretty tired, I fall asleep for a while.

I wake when the driver stops and engages the four-wheel drive. We are in much rougher country now, I see. The road is broken up into short pitches of upstretch and bits of downstretch. But I have the feeling that we are mostly moving up. The gears whine at a lower ratio now, because of the increased drag of the other drive. This driver is pretty good. He shifts at just the right



"In a way, I hate to do it. That's one of the finest examples of twelfth-century fortified Norman."

• •

places on the road. And he knows how to use the gears for braking. Now we go down some hairpin turns, and I push my feet against the floorboards in spite of myself. Now we are at the bottom, and we pass through a shallow, clean stream. We travel on a level stretch for a short time. A faint glow behind the clouds to the west tells me that the sun is about ready to set. We still have to go up the hill that I see ahead of us.

I think of my job on the cliffs tomorrow. I've worked in almost every kind of country you can name, but I've never worked on the edge of cliffs. Nothing can happen if you're careful. I have a reputation for carefulness among the other drivers. That's probably why the company wants me. They are certainly giving me good pay.

We begin to climb this hill, which I think will be the last. I sit forward, because of the steepness, so that I can see what is ahead on the road. I notice for the first time that I am covered with dust. It begins to grow dark quickly now. The Indian turns on the lights, but the road is so crooked that the lights never stay on it for longer than a second. The driver seems to know the road. I sit forward, though, holding on to the dashboard. And just ahead of me I hear the steady grind of the engine. It churns out the yards behind us. . . .

I am on a beach on the coast, far from the beaches where tourists go. Though the sun is setting, it is still hot. The tide is out and there are acres and acres of hard-packed sand. Up where the water never comes there is loose sand. Tall, cutting rushes grow at the edges of the loose sand, fencing the beach off, except in one place where a stream runs into the ocean. We stand—there is a woman with me—in the ankle-deep waters, and I wonder whether the salt water has already infected the clean water of the stream. The stream has cut through the sand of the beach, and I see how carefully the sand has been laid down. And I see that tomorrow the stream may not even run this same course. Far across the hard sand, the breakers are swishing in. The sound comes to us a little later than the sight. The air grows cooler, so we join our hands and run along the hard-packed sand. We run and run until our lungs will bear it no longer. Then we fall on the sand, gasping. That night we sleep on the beach, listening to the sound of the wind in the rushes behind us and to the coming of the tide before us. . . .

THE Indian driver turns around a bend and I see a clearing that must be the headquarters. He stops the jeep. I climb out. The ground beneath my feet feels strange after so much riding. It's like after being on the ocean, when you can still feel the heaving of the ship hours after you dock. The headquarters people show me to the kitchen, where they have saved some food for the Indian and me. I eat. I go to the cabin where my bunk is. I undress quickly and climb into bed. I fall asleep very soon, looking forward to tomorrow's work on the edge of the cliffs (I am careful) and remembering how, when I was a child, I used to want sleep to come so that my birthday the next day would be there all the sooner.

—DAVID SAUNDERS

THE DIVINER

DURING twenty-five years of married life, Nelly Devenny was ashamed to lift her head because of Tom's antics. He was seldom sober, never in a job for more than a few weeks at a time, and always fighting. When he fell off his bicycle one Saturday night and was killed by a passing motorcycle, no one in the village of Drumeen was surprised that Nelly was not heartbroken. She took the death calmly and with quiet dignity and even shed a few tears when the coffin was lowered into the grave. After a suitable period of mourning, she went out to work as a charwoman, and the five better-class families she asked for employment were blessed for their prompt charity, because Nelly was the perfect servant—silent, industrious, punctual, spotlessly clean. Later, when others, hearing of her value, tried to engage her, they discovered that her schedule was full; all her time was divided among the bank manager, the solicitor, the dentist, the doctor, and the prosperous McLaughlins of the Arcade.

Father Curran, the parish priest, was the only person she told she was getting married again, and he knew she told him only because she had to have a baptismal certificate and letters of freedom.

"He's not from around these parts, Nelly, is he?" the priest asked.

"He's not, Father."

"Is he from County Donegal at all?"

"He's from the West, Father," said Nelly, smoothing down the hem of her skirt. "Of course, Mr. Doherty's retired now. He's not a young man, but he's very fresh-looking."

"Retired?" the priest said promptingly.

"Yes, Father," said Nelly. "Mr. Doherty's retired."

"And you'll live here in Drumeen with—with Mr. Doherty?"

"That is our intention, Father."

"Well, I wish you every blessing, Nelly," said Father Curran in dismissal, because he was an inquisitive man and Nelly was giving nothing away. "I'll see you when you get back." Then quickly—an old trick of his—"The wedding is in the West, did you say?"

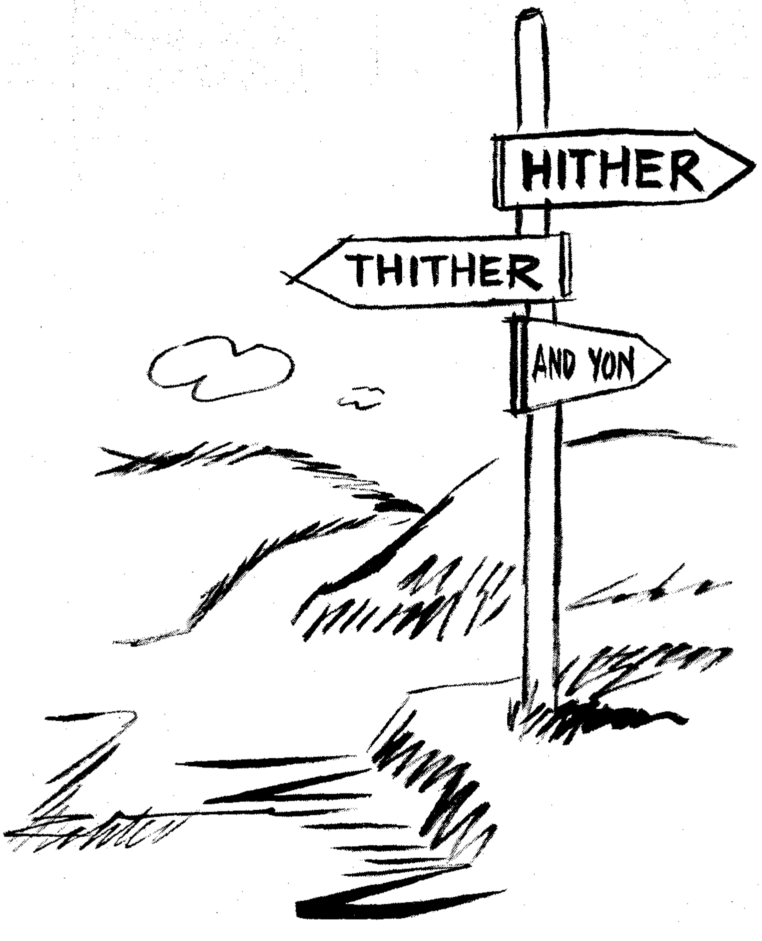
"That has to be settled yet, Father," said Nelly calmly. "It will just be a quiet affair. At our time of day, Father, we would prefer no fuss and no talk."

He took the hint and let her go.

Nelly Devenny became Nelly Doherty, and she and her husband moved into her cottage at the outskirts of the village. Drumeen's speculation on Mr. Doherty was wild and futile. What age was he? Was he younger than Nelly? What part of the West did he come from? What had he been—a train driver, a skipper of a fishing boat, a manager of a grocery shop, a plumber, a carpenter? Had he any relatives? Had he even a Christian name? Where had they met? Was it true that she had put an advertisement in the paper and that his was the only answer? But Nelly parried all their probings and carefully sheltered Mr. Doherty from their clever tongues. The grinding humiliation of having her private life made public every turnabout in bars and courthouses for twenty-five years had made her skilled in reticence and fanatically jealous of her dignity. He stayed in the house during the day while she worked, and in the evening, if the weather was good, they could be seen going out along the Mill Road for a walk, Nelly dressed entirely in black and Mr. Doherty in his gabardine raincoat, checked cap, and well-polished shoes, the essence of respectability. And in time the curiosity died and the only person to bring up the subject now and again was McElwee, the postman, who had been a drinking pal of Tom Devenny, her first husband. "I'm damned if I can make head or tail of Doherty!" he would say to the others in McHugh's pub. "A big, grown man with rough hands and dressed up in good clothes and taking walks like that—it's not natural!" And McElwee was also puzzled because, he said, Mr. Doherty had never received a letter, not even a postcard, since the day he arrived in Drumeen.

On the first Sunday in March, three months after their marriage, Mr. Doherty was drowned in the bog-black water of Lough Keeragh. Several of the mountainy Meenalaragan people who passed the lake on their way to last Mass in the village saw him fishing from Dr. Boyle's new punt, and on their way home from the chapel they found the boat, waterlogged, swaying on its keel in the shallow water along the south shore. In it were Mr. Doherty's fishing bag, his checked cap, and one trout.

Father Curran went to Nelly's house and broke the news to her. When he told her, she hesitated, her face a deep red, and then said, "As true as God, Father, he was out at first Mass with me," as if he had accused her of having a husband who skipped Mass for a morning's fishing. (When he thought about her strange reaction later that day, he concluded that Mr. Doherty most likely had *not* been out at first Mass.) He took her in his car out to the lake and parked it at right angles to the shore, and there she sat in the front seat right through that afternoon and evening and night, never once moving, as she watched the search for her husband. When Father Curran had to go back to Drumeen for the seven-o'clock devotions—in an empty chapel, as it turned out, because by then the whole of the village was at Lough Keeragh—he



had not the heart to ask her to get out. So he borrowed the curate's car, and the curate took the parish priest's place beside Nelly. Every hour or so, they said a rosary together, and between prayers Nelly watched quietly and patiently and responded respectfully to the curate's ponderous consolings.

Everyone toiled unsparingly, not only the people to whose houses she went charring every day—her clients, as she called them: Dr. Boyle; Mr. Mannion, of the bank; Mr. Groome, the solicitor; Dr. Timmons, the dentist; the McLaughlins—but the ordinary villagers, people of her own sort, although many of them were only names to her. Logan, the fish merchant, sent his lorry to the far end of Donegal to bring back boats for the job of dragging the lake; O'Hara, the taximan, sent his two cars to Derry to fetch the frogmen from the British Admiralty base there; and Joe Morris, the bus conductor, drove to Killybegs for herring nets.

The women worked as generously as the men. They condoled with Nelly first, each going to her where she sat in the parish priest's car and saying how deeply sorry she was about the great and tragic loss. To each of them Nelly gave her red, washerwoman's hand, said a few suitable words of thanks, and even had the presence of mind to inquire about a sick child or a son in America or a cow that was due to calve. Then the women set up a canteen in Dr. Boyle's boathouse and made tea and snacks for the workers on the lake. Among themselves they marvelled at Nelly's calm, at her dignified resignation.

"The poor soul! As if one tragedy wasn't enough."

"Just when she was beginning to enjoy life, too."

"And they were so attached to each other, so complete in themselves."

"Have his people been notified?"

"Someone mentioned that to Nelly, but she said his people are all dead or in England."

"He must have got a heart attack, the poor man."

"Maybe that . . ."

"Why? What did you hear?"

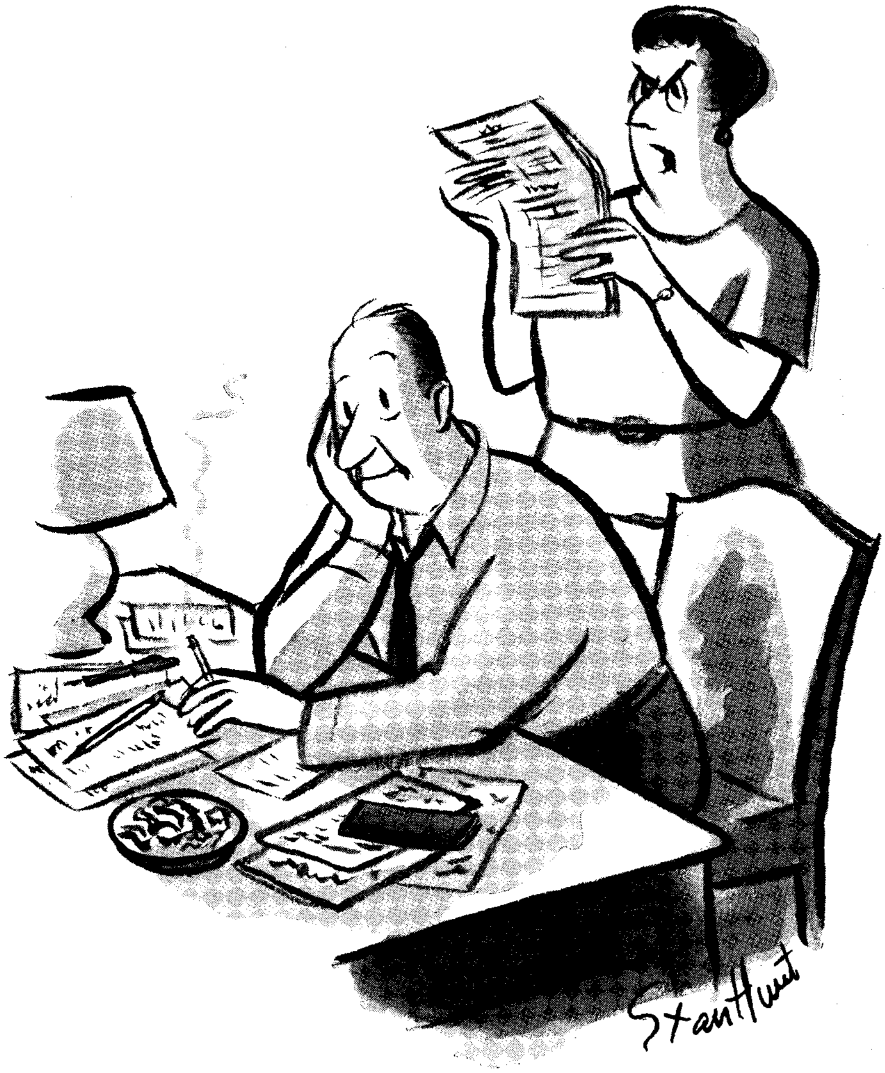
"Nothing, nothing. . . . Nobody knows for certain but himself and his Maker."

"Is it true that he took the Doctor's boat without permission? That he broke the chain with a stone?"

"Sure, if he had gone to the Doctor straight and asked him, he would have got the boat and welcome."

"Poor Nelly!"

"Poor Nelly indeed. But isn't it people like her that always get the sorest knocks?"



"Just who does the Internal Revenue Service think they are, anyway?"

• •

It was late afternoon before the search was properly organized. The mile-long lake was divided into three strips, which were separated by marker buoys. Each strip was dragged by a seine net stretched between two yawls. The work was slow and frustrating, the men unskilled in the job. Ropes were stretched too taut and snapped. The outboard motors got fouled in the weeds. Then dusk fell and imperceptibly thickened into darkness, and every available vehicle from Drumeen was lined up along the shore and its headlights beamed across the water. Submerged tar barrels were brought to the surface, the hulk of an old boat, the carcass of a sheep, a plow, and a cart wheel, but there was no trace of Mr. Doherty. At intervals of half an hour a man in shirt and trousers went to the parish priest's car to report progress to Nelly.

"Thank you," she said each time. "Thank you all. You are all so kind."

And immediately the priest beside her would resume prayers, because he imagined that sooner or later she would break down.

Father Curran had just returned from devotions and released the curate when the two frogmen arrived. They were English, dispassionate, businesslike, and brought with them all the complicated apparatus of their trade. Their efficiency gave the searchers new hope. They began at the north end, one taking the east side, the other the west. Carrying big searchlights, they went down six times in all and then told Dr. Boyle and Mr. Mannion that it was futile making any further attempts. The bottom of the lake, they explained, had once been a turf bog; the floor was even for perhaps ten yards and then dropped suddenly to an incalculable depth. If the body were lying on one of these shelves, they might have found it, but the chances were that it had dropped into one of the chasms, where it could never be found. In the circumstances, they saw no point in diving again. They warmed themselves at the canteen fire, loaded their gear into O'Hara's taxis, and departed.

The searchers gathered behind the parish priest's car and discussed the situation. Nelly's clients, the executives, who had directed operations up to this point, now listened to the suggestions of the others, the workers. Some proposed calling the search off until daylight; some proposed pouring petrol on portions of the lake and igniting it to give them light; some proposed calling on all the fire brigades in the county and having the lake drained. And while the Drumeen people were conferring, the mountainy Meenalaragan men, who had raised the alarm in the first place and had stood, silent, watching, beside the drowned man's waterlogged boat throughout the whole day as if somehow it would divulge its secret, now bailed out the water and, armed with long poles, searched the whole southern end of the lake. When they had no success, they returned the boat and slipped off home in the darkness.

THE diviner was McElwee's idea. The postman admitted that he knew little about him except that he lived somewhere in the north of County Mayo, that he was infallible with water, and that his supporters claimed that he could find anything provided he got the "smell of the truth in it."

"We're concerned with a man, not a spring," said Dr. Boyle testily. "A Mr. Doherty, who lies somewhere *in that lake there*. And the question is, should we carry on with the nets or should we wait until the morning and decide what to do then?"

"He'll come if we go for him," McElwee persisted. "They say he's like a priest—he can never refuse a call. But whether he takes the job on when he gets here—well, that depends on whether he gets the smell of the—"

"I suggest we drag the south end again," said Groome, the solicitor. "The boat was waterlogged when it was found; therefore, it can't have drifted far after the accident. If he's anywhere, that's where he'll be."

"We'll wait until the morning," said McLaughlin of the Arcade. "There's no great urgency, is there? Wait until we have proper light."

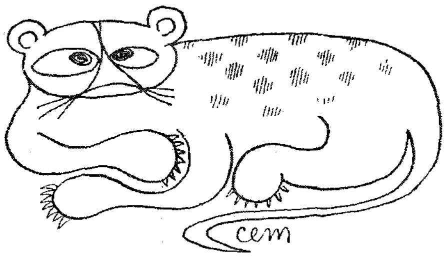
"I vote for getting the diviner," said McElwee. "He likes to work while the scent is hot."

"It's worth trying," said one of Logan's men. "Anyhow, what are you going to do tomorrow—try the nets again? After what the frogmen told you?"

Most of the men agreed.

"All right! All right!" said Dr. Boyle. "We'll get this fellow, whoever he is. But we'll tell Father Curran first." They went round to the front of the car, and the Doctor spoke in to the priest.

"It has been suggested, Father," he said, choosing his words as carefully as if he were giving evidence at an inquest, "that we send for a diviner in County Mayo, a man who claims to be able to—to locate—"



"A what?" the priest demanded.

"A diviner, Father. A water diviner."

"What about him?"

"It appears, Father, according to McElwee and some of the men here—it appears that this diviner has been successful on occasion in the past. We are thinking of sending for him."

Father Curran turned to Nelly.

"They're going to send for a water diviner now," he said, putting a little extra emphasis on the word "now."

"Whatever you say, Father," said Nelly. "I'll never be able to repay you all for all your kindness this night."

"Well, Father?" said the Doctor.

"It's up to yourselves," said the priest. Then, in dismissal, "Let us begin another rosary. 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, creator of Heaven and earth . . .' "

FLOWERS IN THE CRANNIED WALL STREET

When daffodils begin to peer,
  With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Arriveth then that time of year
  When lo! the proxy floodeth the mail.

Sing heigh, sing ho, the proxy!
  Again across the nation
    Goes forth the plea
    For fools like me
  To guide the corporation.
    And bulls and bears
    In smoke-filled lairs
  Grow feverishly foxy.
Sing heigh again, sing ho again,
Sing sign your name below again,
  The proxy!

Whenas in prose the common stock
  Of English words is not preferred,
And legal clauses interlock,
  My simple mind becometh blurred.

Sing ho, sing hum, the proxy.
  Sing baritone, sing tenor,
    Sing Mr. Smith
    And all his kith—
  Pierce, Merrill Lynch, and Fenner!
    Sing all who meet
    On curb and street
  When fields are fresh and phloxy.
Sing ho again, sing hum again,
Sing blithely let it come again,
  The proxy.

When bloometh Wordsworth's golden host
  And Tennyson's seductive lotos,
Again it burdeneth the post
  And bluntly sayeth "SECOND NOTICE."

—W. W. WATT

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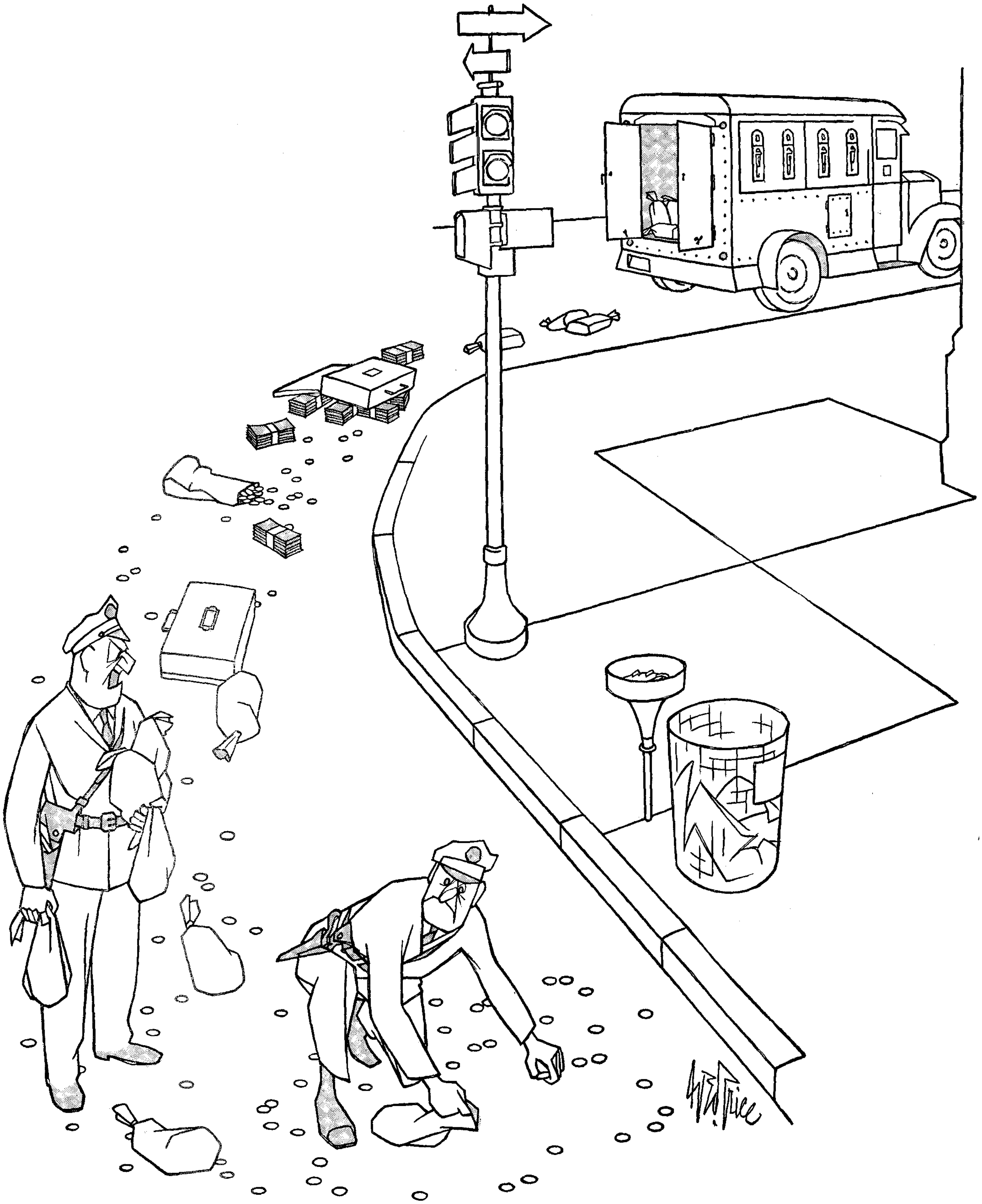
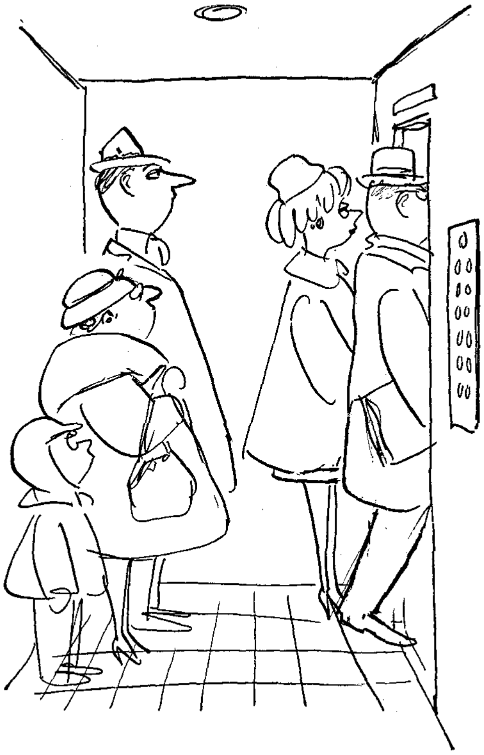


"*When you drive,* I *lock up. When I drive,* you *lock up. Right?*"

• •

McElwee and one of McLaughlin's apprentices set off after midnight for County Mayo. None of Nelly's clients offered a car, so they travelled in a fifteen-year-old van belonging to McElwee's brother-in-law. After they left, the searchers broke up into small groups, sat in the cars and lorries and tractors lined along the shore, turned off the headlights, and waited. The night was thick and breathless. The men talked of the accident and of Mr. Doherty. Each group knew something more about the man than had been known previously. In one car, it was known that his name was Arthur. Two lorries away, it was decided that Mr. Doherty was not as retiring as one might have thought; one night a boisterous bass voice was heard coming through Nelly's kitchen window. In the Arcade delivery van, someone said that Dr. Boyle was seen going into the cottage at least once a fortnight, and Nelly was never known to be sick. In one of the tractors, Nelly's frequent visits to the chemist were commented on. But these scraps of knowledge meant nothing; they were the kind of vague tales that might attach themselves to any stranger with a taste for privacy. The man at the bottom of the lake was still that respectable stranger in the good raincoat and the well-polished shoes.



The night was at its blackest when the pale lights of the returning van came bobbing over the patchy road. Immediately, fifty head lamps shot across the water and picked out tapering paths on the gleaming surface. Car doors slammed and the lakeside hummed with subdued excitement. Father Curran had been dozing. He opened his eyes and smacked his lips a dozen times. "What? What is it?" he asked.

"They're back," said Nelly, sitting forward in her seat. "And they have him with them."

The diviner was a tall man, inclined to flesh, and dressed in the same deep black as Nelly and the priest. He wore a black, greasy homburg, tilted the least fraction to the side, and carried a flat package, wrapped in newspaper, under his arm. The first impression was, What a fine man! But when he stepped directly in front of the headlights of one car there were signs of wear—faded, too active eyes, fingernails stained with nicotine, the trousers not a match for the jacket, the shoes cracking across the toecap, cheeks lined by the ready smile. He spoke with the attractive, lilting accent of the west coast.

McElwee and McLaughlin's apprentice, fluttering about the diviner like nervous acolytes, led him to Father Curran's car. He opened the door, removed his hat, and bowed to Nelly and the priest. His hair was carefully stretched across a bald patch. "I am the diviner," he said with coy simplicity.

Father Curran leaned across Nelly to get a closer look at him.

"What's your name? Who's your parish priest?"

He ignored the questions and addressed himself to Nelly. "I will need something belonging to your husband, something that was close to his person—a tie, a handkerchief, a—"

"Will this do?" asked McElwee, thrusting the checked cap over the man's shoulder into the car.

"Yes, that will do," the diviner said. "Thank you." Then, to Nelly, "His name was Arthur Doherty."

"Arthur Doherty," Nelly repeated, almost in a whisper.

"And he was born and reared in the townland of Drung, thirteen miles north of Athenry."

"Drung," said Nelly. She licked her lips. "Did you know him?"

"I travel the country and I meet many people. I will search for the stonemason, but I will promise nothing."

"How did you know he was a stonemason? You *must* have known him."

"In a manner of speaking. Just as I recognize you," he said.

She leaned away from him. "You don't know me! I never saw you before!"

"You are Nelly Devenny, a highly respectable and respected woman. You work for the best people in Drumeen."

"That dirty toper McElwee," McLaughlin of the Arcade broke in.

"I will do my best," the diviner said, withdrawing from the car and smiling at her—a sly, knowing smile, a sort of wink without an eye being closed.

"Father—!" Nelly began. She clutched the priest's elbow, her face working with agitation.

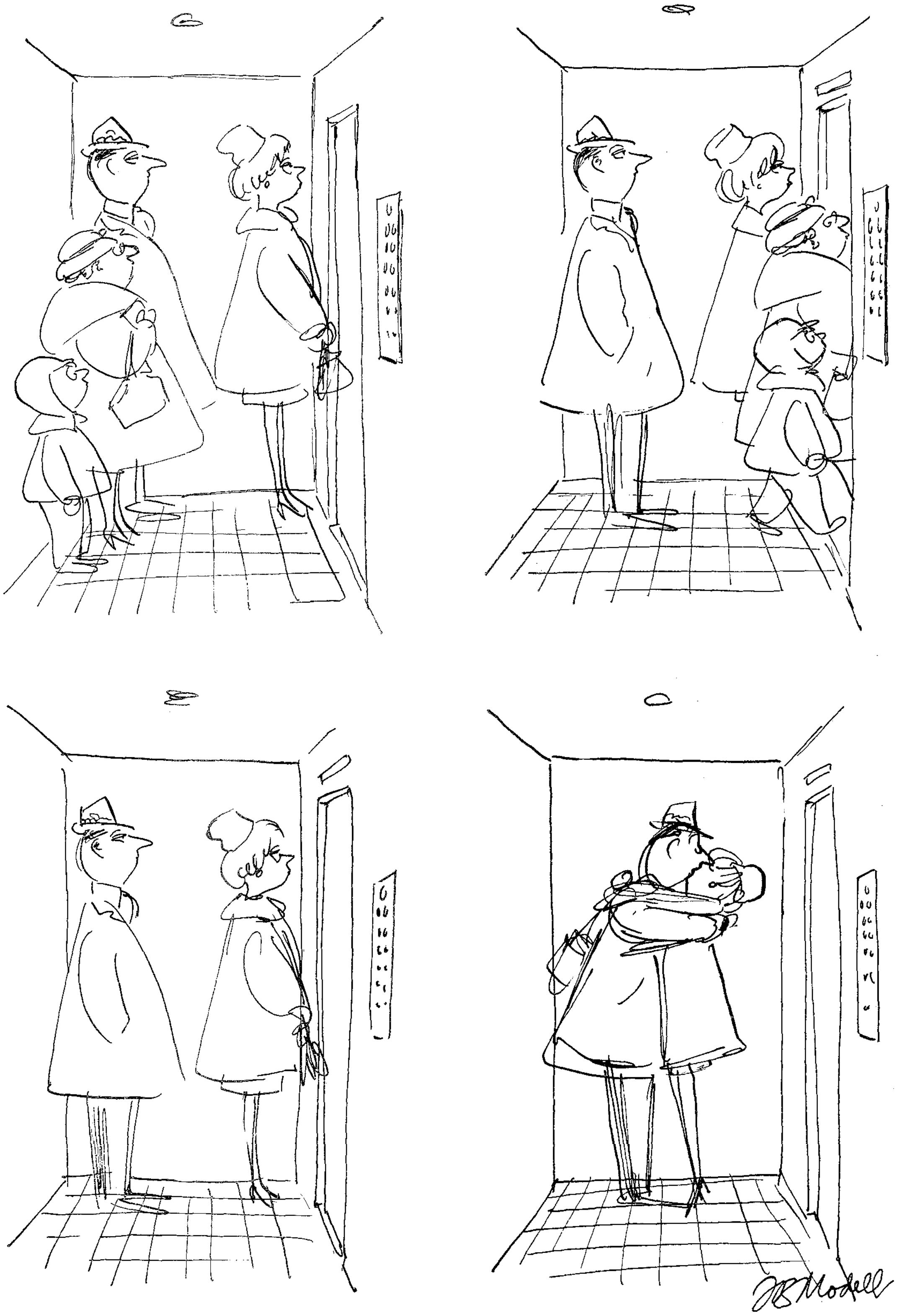
Father Curran did not heed her; he was sniffing the air. "Whiskey!" he announced. "That man reeks of whiskey!"

"Father, what will he do? D'you think he's going to do anything, Father?"

"A fake! A quack! A charlatan! Get a grip on yourself, woman! We'll say another rosary and then I'll leave you home. They're wasting their time with that—that pretender!" And he blessed himself extravagantly.

NEITHER Dr. Boyle nor Mr. Groome nor Dr. Timmons nor Mr. Mannion nor McLaughlin of the Arcade volunteered to take the diviner out. McElwee and he went alone, the postman at the oars, the diviner sitting on the bench across the stern. The checked cap lay on his knees. He had removed the newspaper wrapping from his package, revealing a Y-shaped hazel twig, and now he held it carelessly in his hands by the forked portion, the tail of the Y pointing away from him. The others gathered along the shore in the gloomy corridors between the headlights and watched them pull out. Before the boat was ten yards from the edge of the water, Nelly left the priest's car for the first time that day and ran to join the watchers. The women gathered protectively around her.

The boat moved evenly up the lake. One minute it was part of the blackness, the next it was caught, exposed, frozen in a line of light projected by a headlight, then lost, then caught. Calmly, imperturbably, exasperatingly it went on revealing itself and losing



itself, until the minutes of blackness seemed endless and the seconds of exposure mere flashes. But the pattern was regular—the vehicles were evenly spaced—and soon the eyes of the watchers knew to relax when the boat and blackness were one, but when it crossed a ribbon of light they devoured it, noted the new position of the oars, the slant of McElwee's back, the hunched, tensed shoulders of the diviner. No one spoke; no one dared speak. A word to a neighbor, a glance at one's watch, a look at Nelly's face and one might never find the punt again.

Then it disappeared. The watchers fastened on the next beam, waited, blinked, wondered had they missed it, stared again, murmured. Had it stopped? Where was it? Why the delay? Had it found something? Then it appeared again, moving slowly into the spotlight, first the bow, then McElwee, then the oars poised above the water, then the diviner, now standing rigid, his elbows bent, his hands at his chest, his head stiffly forward. There it sat, a yellow picture projected against the night. Seconds passed. A minute. Two minutes. Three minutes. To watch was pain. The picture dissolved, men and boat merging in a blur, then took shape again.

"Come out! Come out! Bring out the boat hooks!"

McElwee was on his feet, his face screaming into the light, his arms gesticulating wildly to an audience he could not see. "He's here! Bring out the boats! He's here!"

No one stirred. Then, after a minute, a youth broke away from the crowd and leaped into a yawl, and another followed him, and then everyone was moving and calling for oars and lighting cigarettes and wading heedlessly out into the water. The women held Nelly's arms, because she was trembling violently.

The body lay in twenty feet of water directly below the diviner's quivering twig. They brought it in to the shore and carried it up to the gravel immediately in front of Father Curran's car. There they laid it on top of a brown sail.

McElwee got down on his knees beside the body. He closed the eyes and the sagging mouth and knitted together the fingers of the rough hands. Then he adjusted the good gabardine raincoat and the trousers and placed the two feet together.

"He was a good man," said the priest. He was standing beside the car door, close to the group of women that surrounded Nelly. He lifted his chin and allowed his eyelids to droop. "He was a man who lived a quiet life and loved his God and his neighbors," he said in his oratoric voice. "At this moment, he is enjoying his just reward. At the hour of his demise, he was carrying his rosary beads—am I correct, McElwee?"

"I'll see, Father," said McElwee.

He knelt again. While he worked, the men and women in the circle around the body looked away, gravely studying each other or staring off into the darkness beyond the cars. Then McElwee rose to his feet and moved quickly out of the circle, holding the dead man's belongings against his chest, his shoulders rounded as if to protect them. "I—I—we'll have to look again, Father," he said, facing away from the car. He took off his jacket and placed it on the ground and laid several objects on it. Then he folded the jacket around them.

"Did you not find the beads?" the priest said.

"The clothes are soaking wet, Father. It's hard to get your hand into the pockets."

"What do you have there?"

The postman straightened up and turned toward the light. "There are these," he said, holding something in his wet hands.

"Is that his wallet?"

"Yes. And the watch."

"Give them to me."

Someone handed the wallet and the watch to the priest, who gave them at once to Nelly.

"What else is there?" the priest asked.

"Nothing, Father."

"There is something else in your jacket there, McElwee."

"Show him, McElwee," said the Doctor quietly.

McElwee looked at his jacket on the ground. Then he opened it. There were two dark-green pint whiskey bottles lying on it, side by side. One of them had no cork; the other had been opened, but the cork was still in it.

"Ho-ho, so that's it!" said Father Curran. "And what are you doing with two bottles?"

"I found them," said McElwee quietly.

"He *found* them!" the priest cried. "And what—" He saw the faces in the circle, and then realization hit him. He opened his mouth to speak again, but closed it without a word.

Imperceptibly, it was dawn, a new day vying with the priest's head lamps. No one spoke; no one moved. Then McElwee bent and folded his jacket over the bottles once more. He turned and glanced at the priest, and then, in a voice that was no more than a whisper but which carried clearly above the lapping of the water and the first uncertain callings of the birds, he said, "We'll say a rosary for the repose of the soul of Arthur Doherty, stonemason, of Drung, in the County Galway." He began the Creed, and they all joined him.

While they prayed, Nelly cried, helplessly, convulsively, her wailing rising above the drone of the prayers. Hers, they knew, were not only the tears for twenty-five years of humility and mortification but, more bitter still, tears for the past three months, when appearances had almost won, when a foothold on respectability had almost been established.

Beyond the circle around the drowned man, the diviner mopped the perspiration on his forehead and on the back of his neck with a soiled handkerchief. Then he sat on the fender of a car and waited for someone to remember to drive him back to County Mayo. —BRIAN FRIEL

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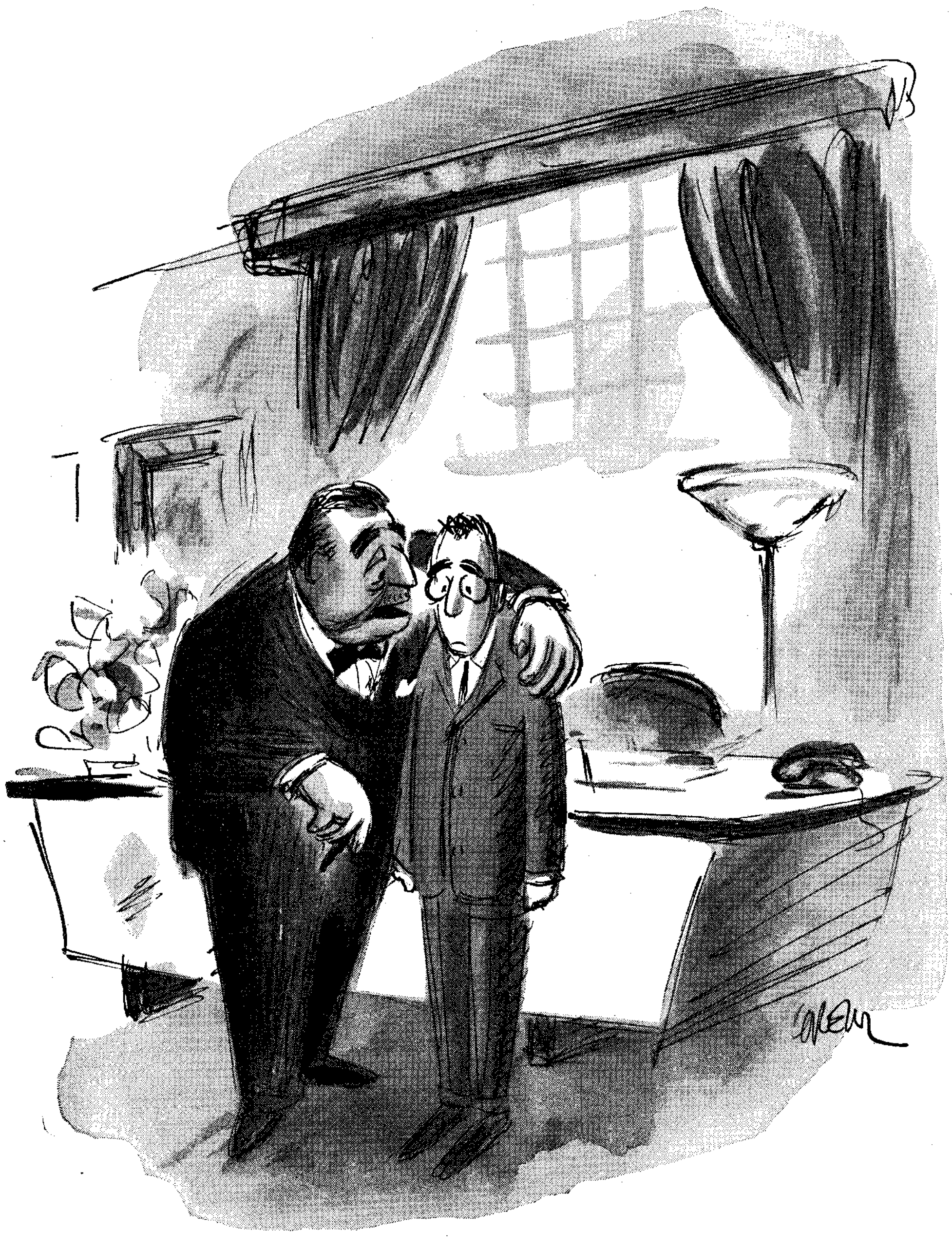


"Do you think I want to let you go, Haley? We're both victims of the system."

The physical world of the Tyler art student remains unseared by the encroachments of commercial traffic. Its psychophysical complexion is in the garden tradition of Epicurus, the 17th and 18th centuries and contemporary Westchester County. Students frequently romp on the campus between classes, deriving pantheistic pleasure in the natural splendor of grass, air, trees, and sky. The incongruity of finding art in an arboretum is reinforced as students amble from one building to another transporting their latest works. Collectively, the student body blends in with the landscape and sculptural adornments on campus to form a felicitous organic unity conjuring up an improbable image of scenic and spiritual rightness. —*Temple University Alumni Review.*

The rightness that follows a good romp, sort of.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE STRAGGLERS

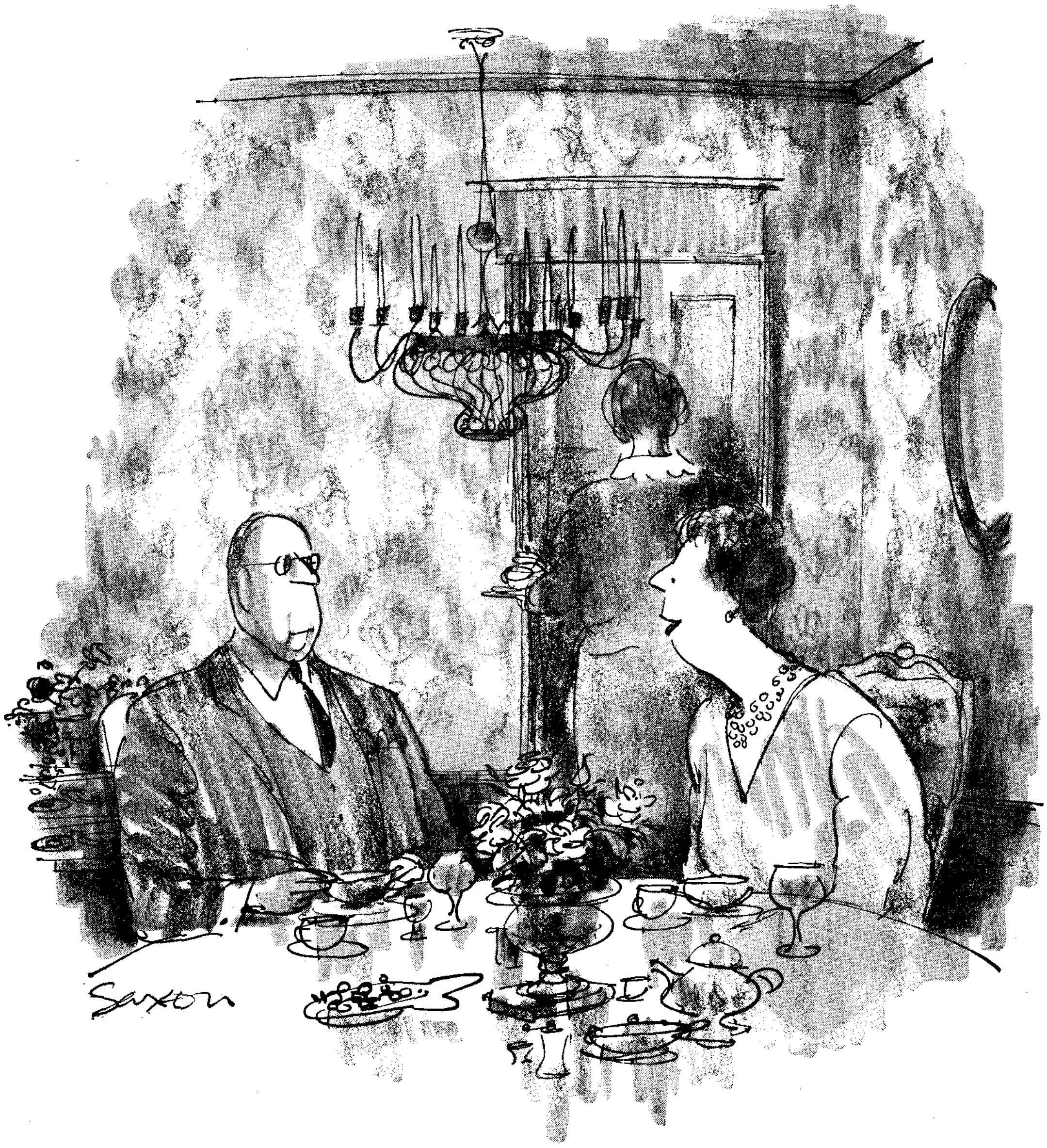
III—COME BACK, HIRO-CHAN!

ON December 19, 1944, while General Douglas MacArthur's forces were poised to land at Lingayen Gulf, on the island of Luzon, to begin the final phase of the reconquest of the Philippines, two young Japanese Army second lieutenants, Hiroo Onoda and Shigeichi Yamamoto, boarded a light bomber in Tokyo and were flown to Clark Field, outside Manila. Both officers were from Wakayama Prefecture, southwest of Tokyo, and both had recently graduated from an Imperial Army course in guerrilla and sabotage techniques. Upon reaching the Philippines, the two men almost at once went their separate ways, and they never saw each other again, but they were fated to enjoy a common celebrity. Yamamoto, who is now a schoolteacher in Japan, and Onoda, who was officially declared dead by the Japanese government in December, 1959, became two of the most renowned of the *zanryūsha*, or stragglers—those remarkably hardy men who, on one Pacific island or another, held out, in defiance or ignorance, long after their compatriots had acknowledged defeat in the Second World War.

Both Yamamoto and Onoda had thankless tasks assigned to them. By mid-December, it was all but inevitable that MacArthur would soon retake the Philippines, and just four days before the lieutenants left their homeland, an Allied amphibious force, undeterred by cruel punishment from kamikaze planes, had gone ashore on the island of Mindoro, a hundred miles south of Manila. Mindoro itself was not a major Allied objective, but San Jose, at its southeast corner, had been selected as a fine spot to base American fighter aircraft supporting the invasion of Luzon. Yamamoto had been given command of an outfit, a couple of hundred men strong, whose job it was to wreck, or at least damage, the landing strips and other facilities that Allied engineers had feverishly begun constructing. Yamamoto and his men were supposed to slip silently into the San Jose base, surprise its garrison, preferably at knife point, and dynamite its installations. Even if they succeeded, their chances of getting away alive were slim; the two hundred were, in effect, walking kamikazes. If they should be detected before they could plant their explosive charges, they were to make a frontal attack, and for such a banzai assault Yamamoto had been issued a broad white sash, which he was to don as he led his men to annihilation. Onoda, for his part, had been sent to the little island of Lubang, just off the northwest tip of Mindoro, and his orders were to prevent Allied use of an airstrip that the Japanese had previously carved out there. He reached Lubang on December 31, 1944, and, in the opinion of some of the residents of that island, he may still be there today.

Mindoro, with an area of thirty-seven hundred square miles, is the seventh-largest of the seven thousand islands that make up the Philippines. Most of Mindoro's inhabitants, who number slightly over a hundred thousand, live along the coast, are fairly civilized, and are Christians. Because of the island's mountainous topography, there are no direct communications between the east and west coasts, and practically no roads, and in the largely inaccessible interior dwell some twenty thousand pagan aborigines, whose ancestors emigrated from the mainland of Southeast Asia. The aborigines are known collectively as Mangyans, which means "hill people" in Tagalog, but in fact there are at least eight distinct tribes of Mangyans, each with its own customs and language. The one trait that most Mangyans share is an astonishing primitiveness. They seldom stray from their tribal preserves; a seventy-year-old man who has spent his whole life within sight of the sea does not regard it as strange that he has never traversed the few miles that separate him from the shoreline. The Mangyans are rarely visited by outlanders. Occasionally, a missionary or an anthropologist will drop in, or, even less frequently, a prospector, bolstered by the hope that Mindoro will someday live up to its alluring name, which is derived from "*mina de oro*," the Spanish for "gold mine;" legend has it that the place is a repository of vast mineral resources. If these exist, practically none have ever been tapped, and over the years the island has been celebrated mainly for a trio of features: its Mangyans, its extremely high incidence of malaria, and its timarau—a breed of animal, now nearly extinct, that looks like a cross between a deer and a carabao, or water buffalo. The aborigines are not especially fierce. As far as is known, none of the Mangyan tribes go in for either head-hunting or cannibalism. During the war, almost all of them, it is believed, became terrified of the Japanese. Mindoro was not heavily garrisoned while Japan occupied the Philippines, but enough Japanese spent enough time in its interior for reports to circulate over the hill people's grapevine that anybody unfortunate enough to fall into the intruders' clutches would probably have his nose or his ears sliced off. Accordingly, the natives were not apt to be charitably disposed toward any Japanese who fell into their clutches.

It was across part of the Mangyans'



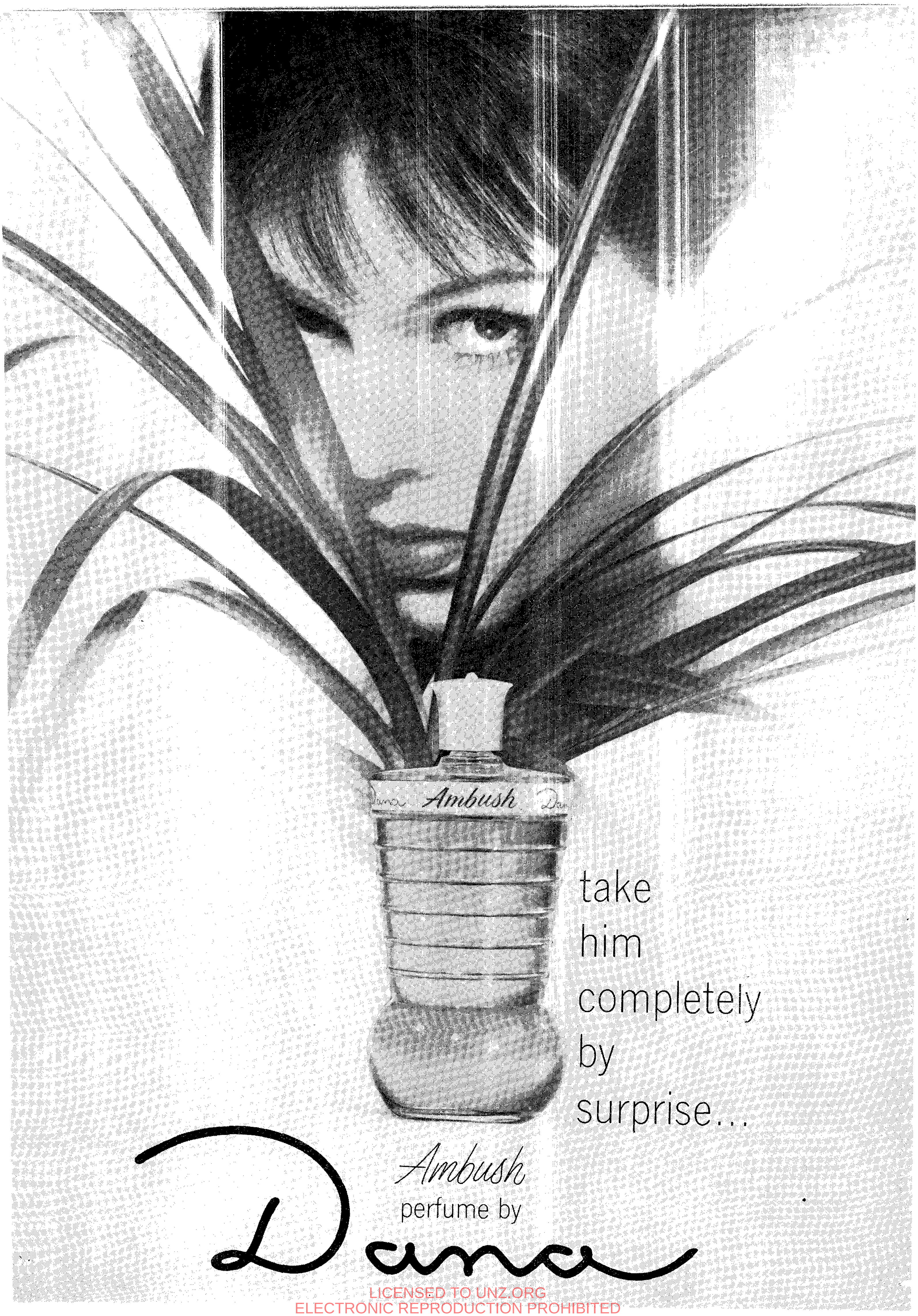
"A Professor Hartwell spoke to the club today. He had some rather hopeful things to say about English music."

• •

forbidding and inhospitable terrain that Yamamoto and his fellow-saboteurs resolutely marched, having been put ashore east of San Jose. They got close to their destination, but they had no chance either to sneak up on the base quietly or, with the lieutenant draped in his ceremonial sash, to charge in clamorously. Outside San Jose, the night they arrived, the sky was suddenly lit up with lurid flares. In the glare, Allied troops opened up with withering fire, and the little band of infiltrators was chopped down. It was an experience dismayingly familiar to Japanese the length and breadth of the Philippines; of some six hundred and thirty thousand Imperial Army soldiers on the islands, four hundred and seventy-five thousand were killed in the course of MacArthur's emphatic return.

Yamamoto and thirty enlisted men survived the abortive raid, and, like other Japanese soldiers reeling from other routs in many a Pacific combat zone, they found themselves wandering around in the jungle, hungry, sick, scared, bewildered, and helpless, but not hopeless. They were convinced, as were the majority of their fellow-Japanese stragglers elsewhere, that sooner or later their Emperor would send someone to get them out of their fix. Like other *zanryūsha*, Yamamoto and his men were, in the course of their travels, to happen upon Allied leaflets informing them that the war was over, that Japan's military sun had set, and that they should surrender; but, like other stragglers, Yamamoto, who had been taught that the enemy was capable of all sorts of underhanded tricks, dismissed such importunities as hokum. Besides, for many months after the first of the leaflets appeared, there was evidence annoyingly close at hand that hostilities had not ceased. Filipino guerrilla units were ranging the hills, eager to wipe out any Japanese pockets of resistance that might remain, and some of the Mangyans had been issued weapons and invited to assist. In their first year or so on Mindoro, Yamamoto's band engaged in no fewer than eight skirmishes with these guerrilla bands. The lieutenant was wounded four times—once by a rifle bullet, the other times by grenades. One of the oldest men in his party, a farmer from Nagasaki Prefecture named Seiji Izumida, was shot in the leg during one of these encounters, and couldn't walk for three months. On being wounded, Izumida, feeling he would be an intolerable burden, besought Yamamoto to kill him. But Yamamoto refused, pointing out that Izumida had a wife and two sons at home. The stragglers by then had no medical supplies, but the lieutenant improvised a bandage out of softened tree bark and directed that the wounded man be carried by his companions, and Izumida pulled through. Not all those wounded were as lucky; most of the soldiers were before long in such weakened condition that superficial injuries proved fatal. By the end of 1945, only fifteen of the original thirty men in the contingent were alive.

Yamamoto feared that they would all perish if they kept on drifting. Their only hope, he told them, lay in establishing a permanent base and growing some crops. The Filipino guerrillas, in the tradition of Mindoro, were sticking fairly close to the coast, so Yamamoto led his men far inland. Fifteen men, he then declared, would be too many for a single commune. He left seven of them on an arable mountain slope and, with the remaining seven, moved two days' march away, to the top of a thirty-six-hundred-foot hill called Mount Ayamitan. The eight stragglers appropriated a handy cave, and, with their foot-and-a-half-long sabres, plus a single axe, their only proper tool, began clearing a half-acre patch of soil. The next need was for something to plant. Scouting the area around their site, the Japanese found a village of natives a half hour's walk distant. The stragglers warily approached the natives—who, it seems from avail-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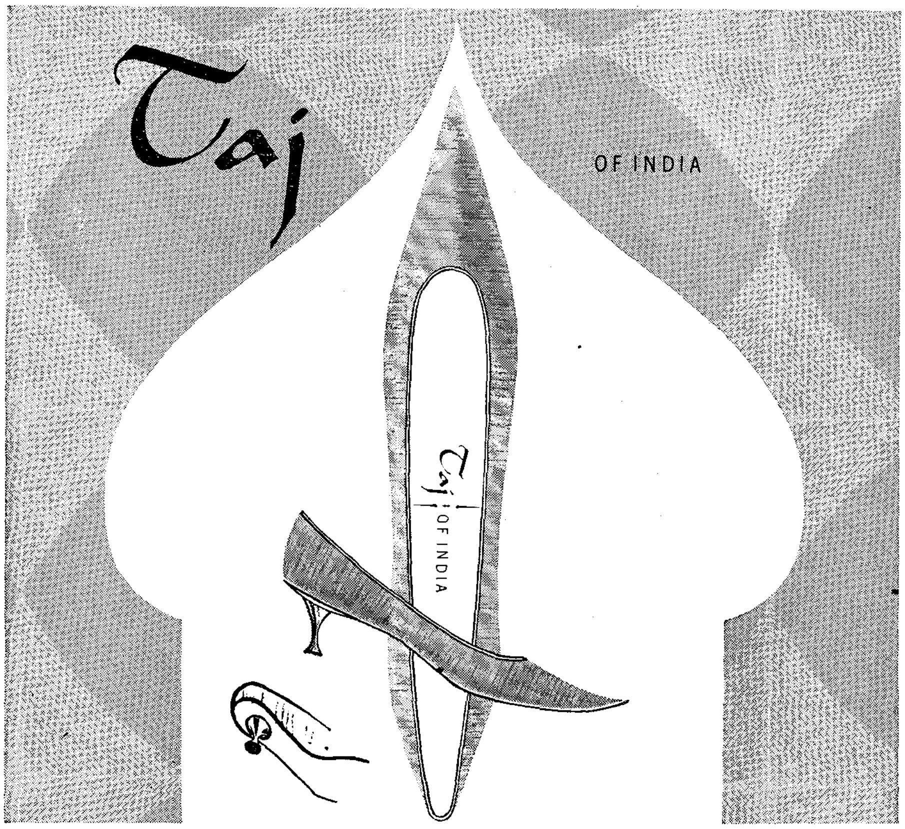

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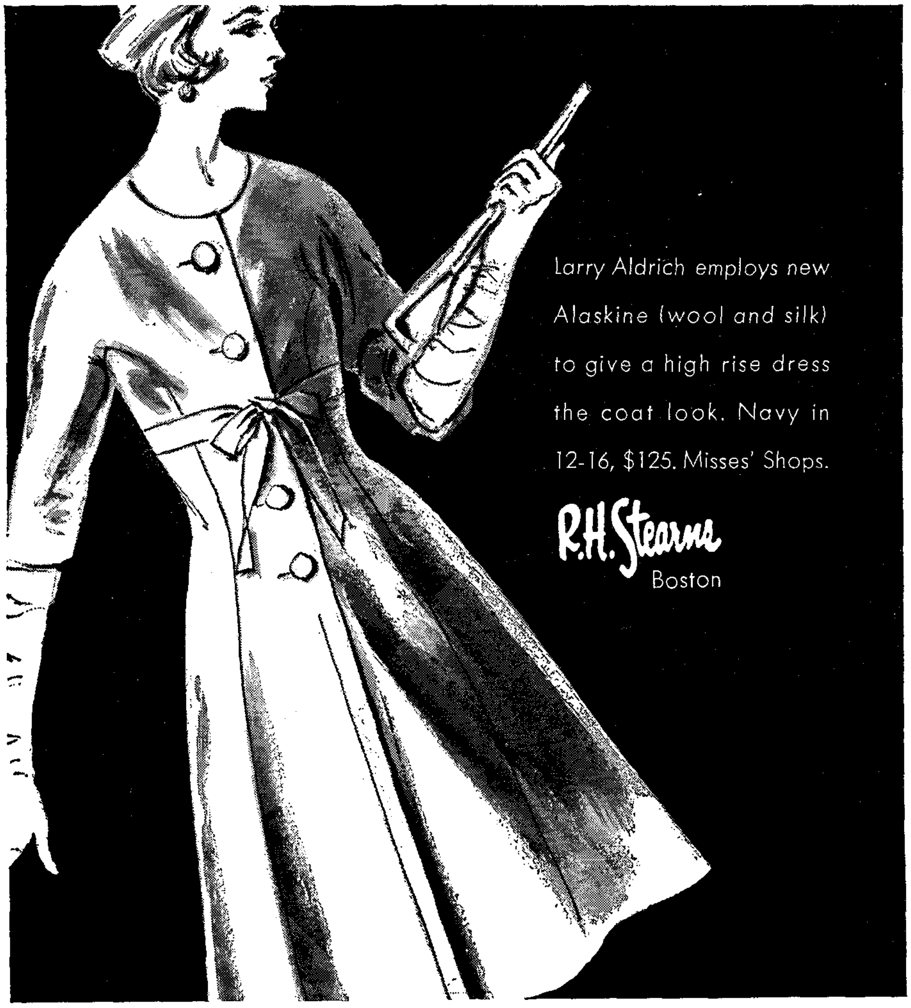


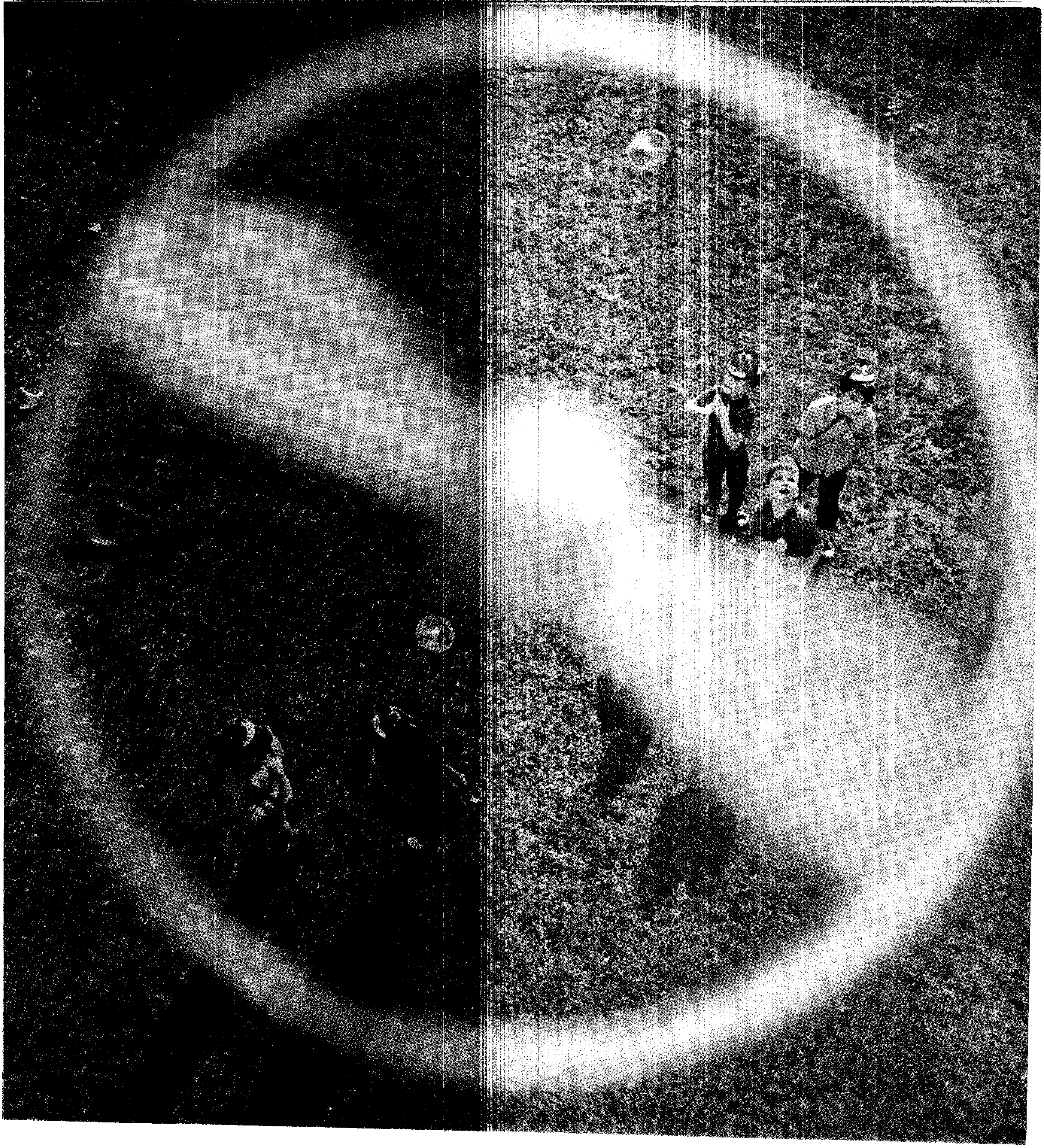
Larry Aldrich employs new Alaskine (wool and silk) to give a high rise dress the coat look. Navy in 12-16, $125. Misses' Shops.

R.H. Stearns
Boston

able anthropological information, were probably members of a Mangyan tribe called the Buhid—and, to their relief, were greeted without rancor. Soon the stragglers were swapping some of their meagre possessions for sweet potatoes and corn, which were to become their staple foods, and also for some chickens and pigs. A pair of Army underdrawers got them a sow. Several of the stragglers had wristwatches, and the natives were curious about these, and fascinated by the ticking. A watch strap or watch case fetched merely a couple of handfuls of seed, but the inner works were good for a hen. (When the works stopped ticking, the natives disassembled them and used the gears as earrings.) In May, 1946, the stragglers were ready to plant, and in September, after a lean interval during which they lived mostly on wild fruits and vegetables, it was harvest time. The first crop was a bumper one. "Our happiness when we ate this food was the high point of all the years we spent on Mindoro," Yamamoto has said.

Heartened and strengthened, the men built a log hut. Behind it they constructed a *yasukuni*, a shrine memorializing their fallen comrades-in-arms, and having been informed by the Buhid in sign language of a few native beliefs, also deferentially put up a shrine honoring the god of Mount Ayamitan. They placed in the *yasukuni* some hair and fingernail parings they had taken from the bodies of their companions who had died, and every morning and every evening they took an offering of sweet potatoes to the hallowed spot. By the beginning of 1947, they were so well off that they were able to throw a lively New Year's party. They butchered a male pig (a sow and some piglets were snoozing promisingly nearby), made a ceremonial offering of its head, and feasted on roast pork. Then they sang their national anthem, the "Kimigayo," and other songs—among them one composed for the occasion by Shigehira Nakano, who in civilian life had been a barber in Iwate Prefecture, in northeast Japan. It was a martial air called "On the Way to Mindoro." Next, they held a storytelling contest, and a soldier named Yamada, whose entry was a tender and passionate reverie about his girl friend, was unanimously adjudged the winner.

Not long after Yamamoto and his men had begun trafficking with the natives, an exhausted Japanese soldier stumbled into their compound. He was one of the seven members of their earlier contingent they'd left behind on the



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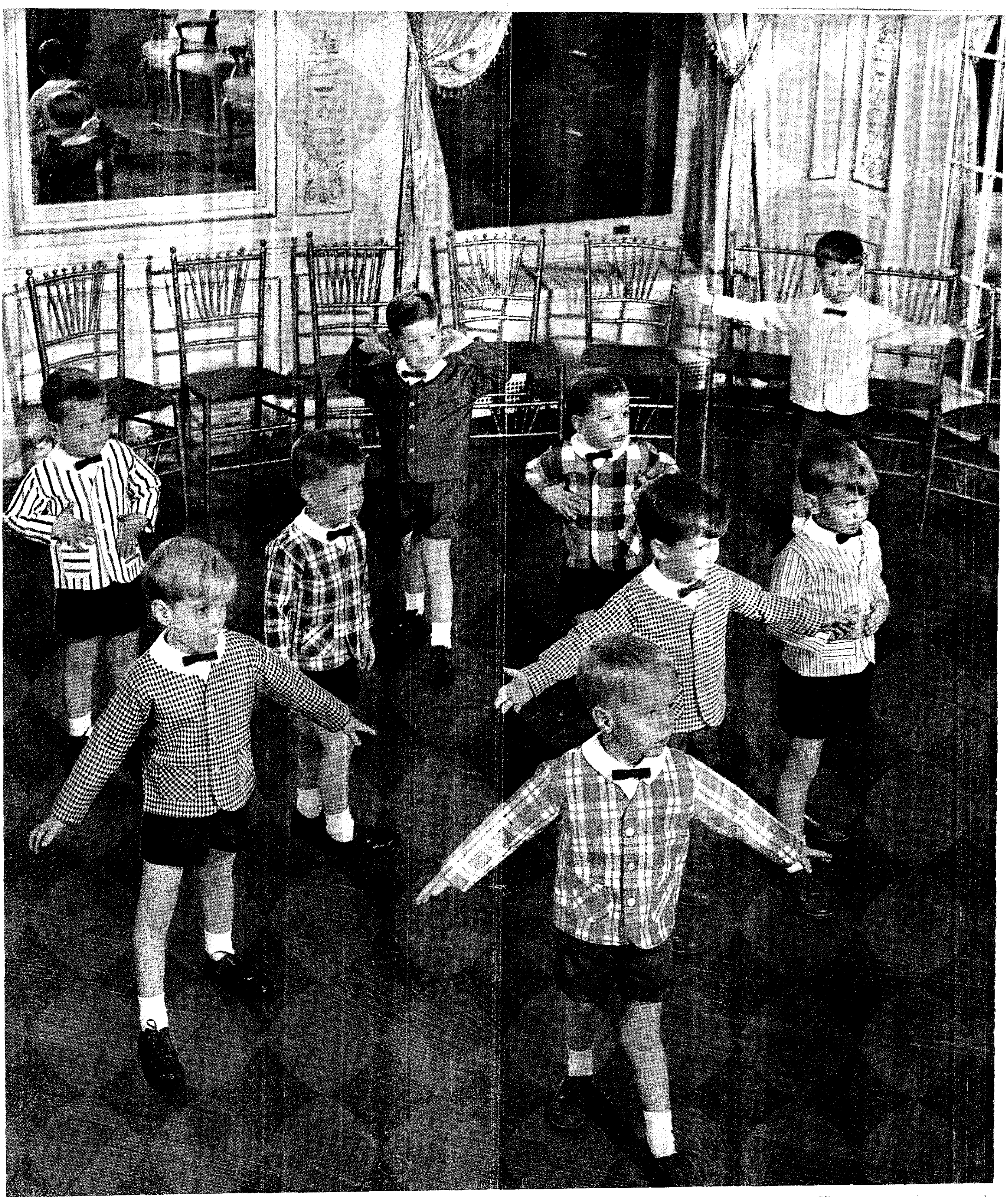

12:12 p.m. [illegible] as all [illegible] A [illegible] picture little boys waltzin[illegible] -tex Eton su[illegible] More proof secret compiled by our spy mothers that Health-tex is the most lyrical but man wearables on earth. Is your child wearing Health-tex? Look for the [illegible]

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STANTOGS

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Little by little, the group cleared additional land—about half an acre a year. Corn and sweet potatoes remained the principal crops, but, as time went on, the Japanese came upon other plants and seeds, and soon they were cultivating sugar cane, pineapples, bananas, tobacco, onions, garlic, ginger, and pepper. These last were especially welcome, for the men had absolutely no salt, and now they could at least give some zest to their fare. They ate twice a day, as a rule—potatoes being their staple for breakfast, corn for dinner. At first, they concocted side dishes out of rats, snakes, lizards, snails, and monkeys (the monkey skins they used for blankets), but after about a year, so rapidly had their livestock multiplied, they were able to substitute pork and fowl. Later, they had seventy chickens and twenty pigs.

Before long, the men built a bigger and more comfortable house, which had sleeping rooms, a living room, rattan floor mats, a bathtub, a veranda furnished with armchairs, and a kitchen with a clay oven and running water, piped in from an upland stream through bamboo tubes. Nakano, the songwriting barber, had managed to hang on to his scissors and a razor, and he gave his mates haircuts and shaves. Contraptions were fashioned for grinding corn and mashing potatoes. Izumida, by now recovered from his leg wound, began fooling around with mashed bananas, and produced some home brew. He started modestly, with canteen-size lots, but his product had such an uplifting effect on his comrades that he soon switched to a one-and-a-half-gallon jug, and added a corn-flavored extract to his line. The other men were delighted that they had carried him on their backs while he was ailing, and paid him high compliments, but he thought they were making too much of his accomplishment. "I only did it because I wanted

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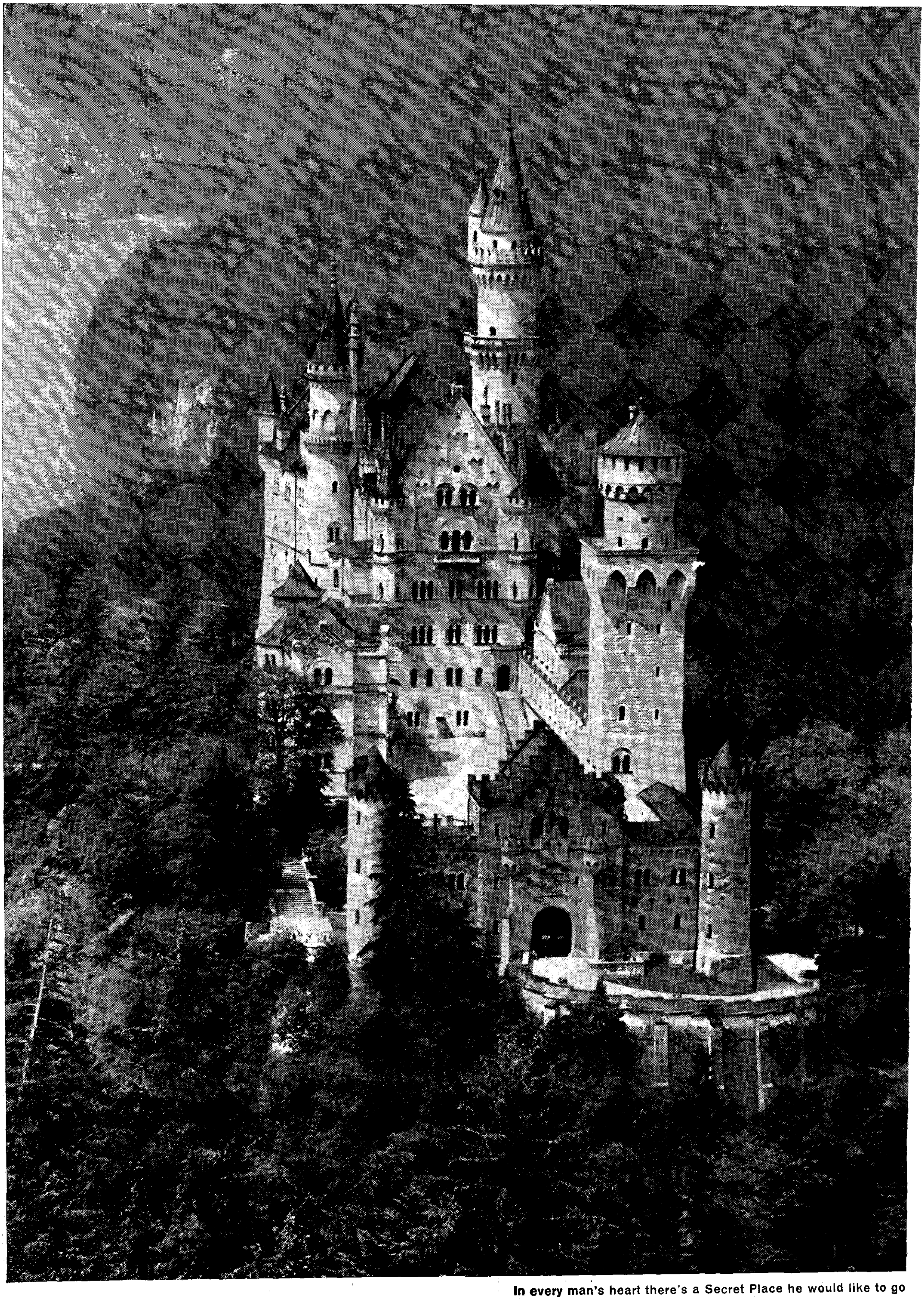

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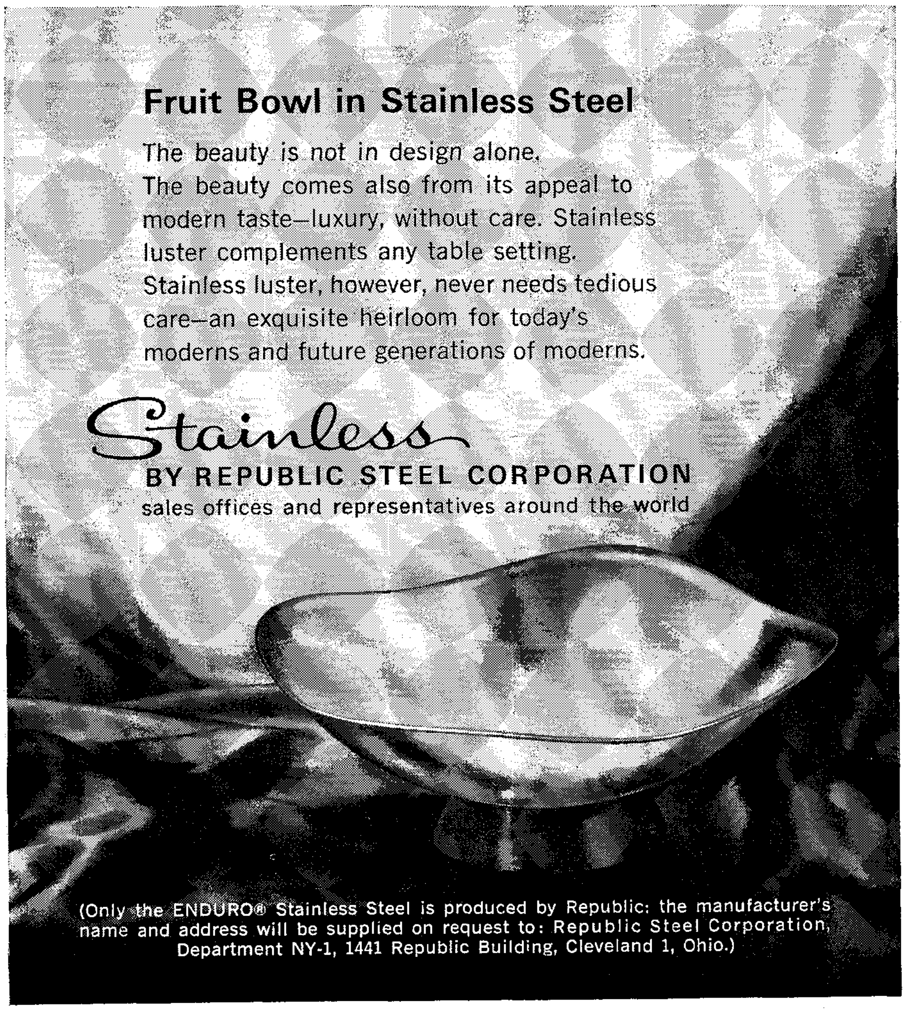

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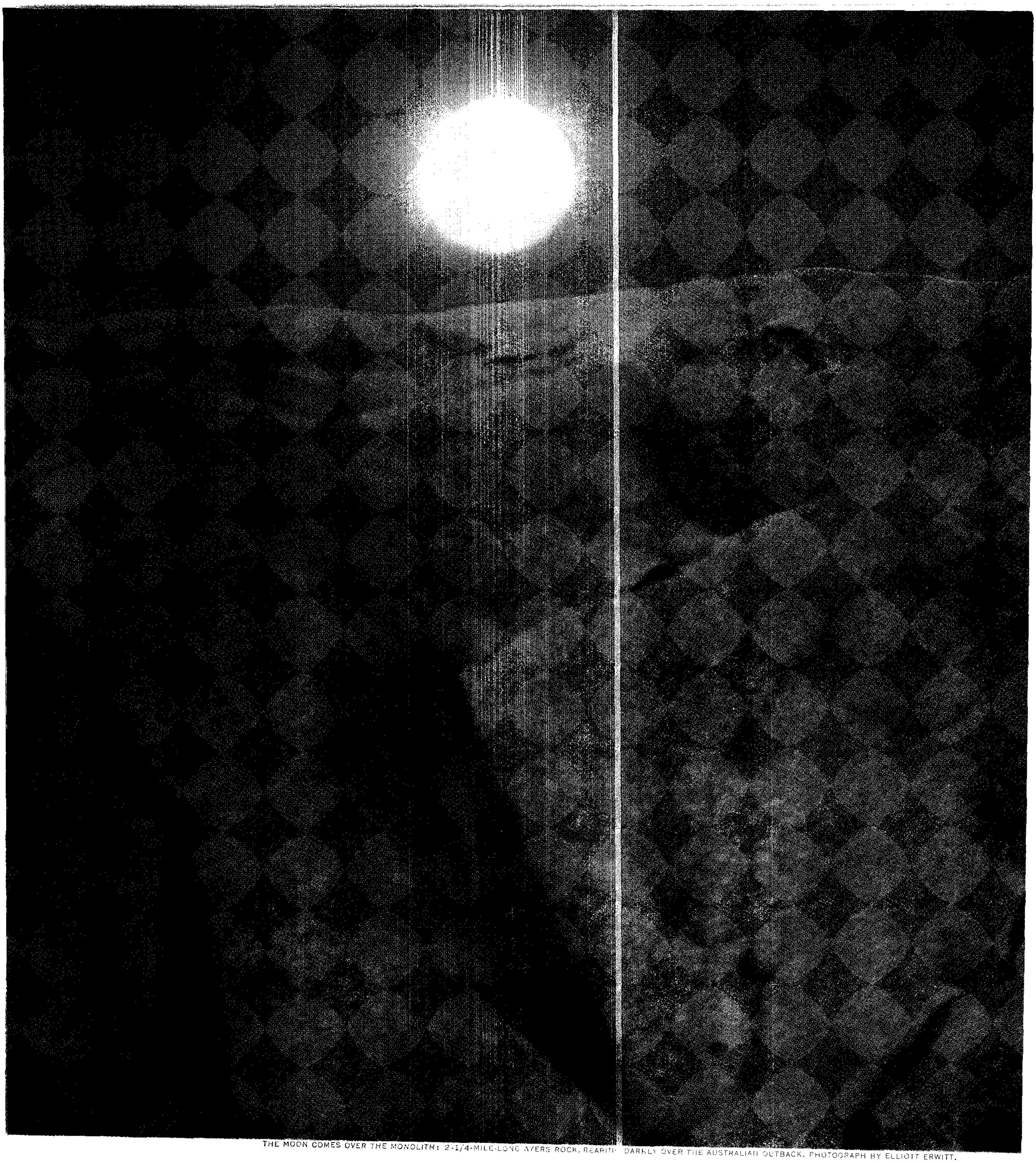
a drink more than anybody else," he has since diffidently explained.

By and large, the stragglers lived in harmony, but every now and then two of them would have a falling out. Whenever that happened, Yamamoto, whose comrades addressed him as "Commander," took pains to stay neutral. Had he sided with either disputant, the argument would have ended then and there, according to Japanese military custom. The loser in the squabble would also have lost considerable face, and that would have been awkward in such a small and close-knit community. To forestall such disputes, the Commander started making special efforts to keep his men cheerfully occupied. "It was important for me to sustain my men's morale, because I had one unwavering belief," he says. "After all that time, I didn't really expect the Japanese *Army* to come back for us, but I was convinced that the Japanese *people* couldn't be destroyed by a war, and I told my men that sooner or later *somebody* would be coming back for us. And when that happened—whenever it might be—I wanted at least one of us still to be alive, so he could report to the Japanese people that we had tried to do our best."

Yamamoto had graduated from a teachers' training school in 1942, and had taught school for a year before he became a soldier. Now, discovering that of his subordinates only one had finished high school and the majority had got nowhere near that far, he instituted regular academic sessions, during which his students sat around him in a circle, on logs. In this Mark Hopkins-like setting, he conducted classes, beginning with third-grade subjects. Nakano, whose protean talents included a flair for carpentry, made an abacus, which was a big help in elementary arithmetic. None of the pupils had any paper, so they scratched their lessons on slatelike stones. Yamamoto was gratified to observe that under his tutelage Izumida's writing, which had been atrocious, improved almost as rapidly as his banana cordial.

The Commander had a solitary pencil, and also a worn military map with a blank back. At the end of every day, he would jot diary notes on slats of wood, and once every couple of months he entered an abridgment of this bulky journal on the back of the map, in order to keep a permanent record. To buck up his own morale, he would periodically compose *haiku*, the lean, clipped verses so beloved by Japanese. "We know the purity of man only when exposed naked to each other," one of his poems



THE MOON COMES OVER THE MONOLITH: 2-1/4-MILE-LONG AYERS ROCK, REARING DARKLY OVER THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK. PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT.

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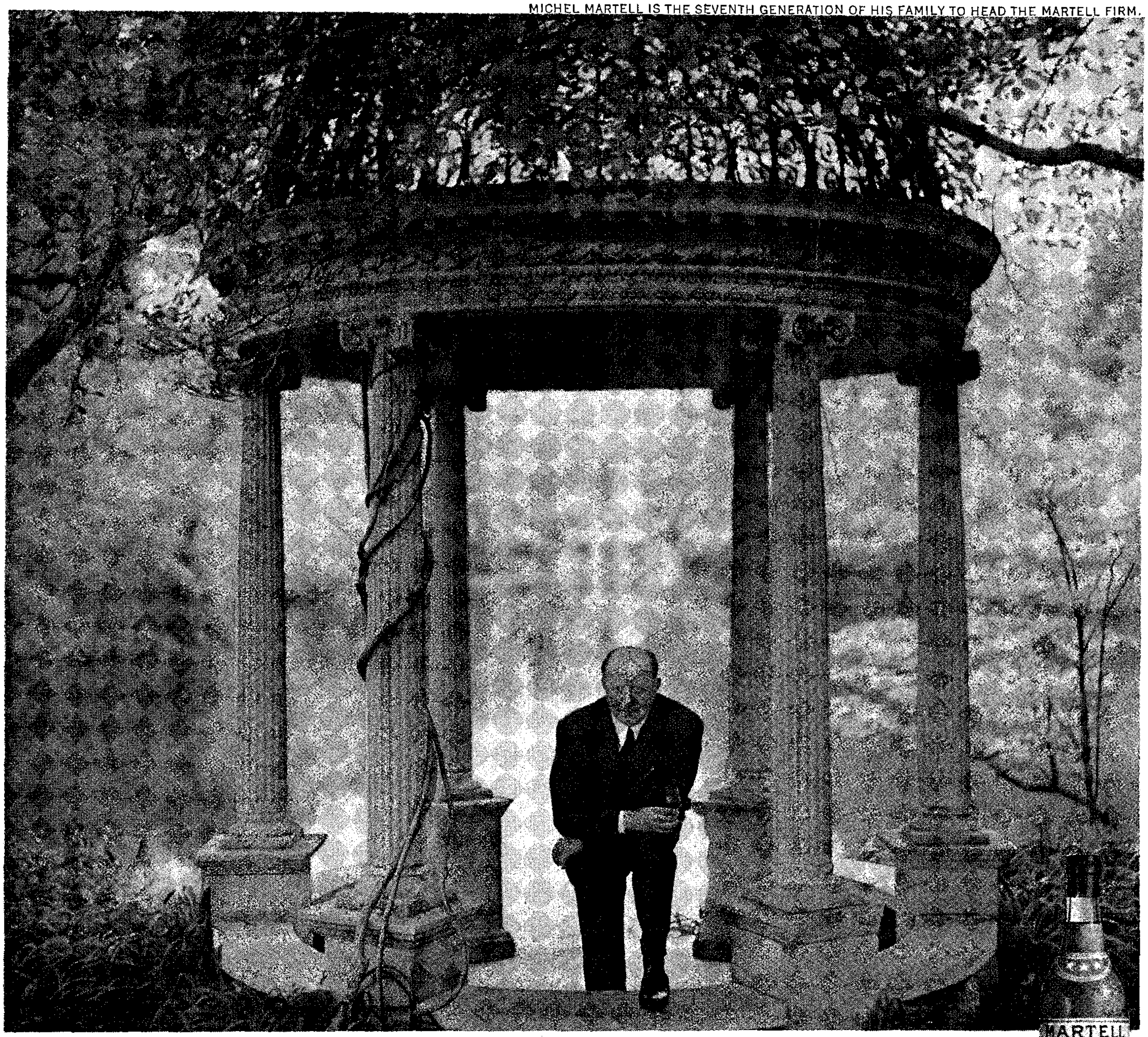

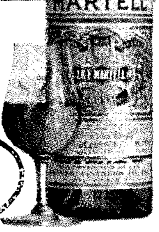

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went. To provide himself and his men with extracurricular diversion, he organized games. There were cerebral ones, like the traditional Go, and there were muscular ones, like leg-pushing and stone-throwing contests. The winners got an extra ration of pork or of hand-rolled cigarettes. In 1950, Yamamoto had his men build a little stage, and there they began to produce shows. The indefatigable Nakano manufactured bamboo flutes and other instruments. One of the most popular performances was a dramatization of Yamada's prize-winning love story about his sweetheart.

Sometimes, in the evenings, the stragglers would just sit around and talk. One night, they got onto the subject of an old Japanese legend, the tale of a young man named Urashima who had been kind to a turtle and as a result was invited to visit a magical palace beneath the sea. Life was so pleasant there that, in his blissful self-indulgence, he hardly gave a thought to his life at home, and when he returned to dry land after what had seemed to him a mere three years of submerged hedonism, he found that he was a white-haired old man. Yamamoto thought that the story pointed a moral for *his* men: that they must never, like Urashima, become so absorbed in their otherworldly existence on Mindoro as to stop thinking about their homeland, their families, and their own precious identities, all of which, some far-off day, might be theirs to reclaim.

Mindoro was, of course, no fairyland. However tolerable an existence the stragglers succeeded in wresting from the jungle, none of them was ever in really good health. The region abounded in fierce, insatiable leeches, and malaria was another dreadful, ever-present plague. Yamamoto became so despairingly feverish at one point that, in a spell of delirium, he resolved to blow himself up with a grenade, but one of his men snatched it away in time. The stragglers were constantly trying to decoct medicines. From a certain kind of grass they stewed a juice that seemed to relieve headaches and toothaches; the petals of a tiny rosebud, boiled in water, produced a syrup that they thought was good for stomach aches. Nevertheless, illness took a steady toll, and by June of 1951 five of the nine men had died.

The number four is considered unlucky in much of the Orient. It is associated with death, and, just as in the United States some office buildings pretend that they have no thirteenth story, Asian buildings ignore their fourth. Yet on Mindoro (and, coincidentally, in Netherlands New Guinea, where just

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four *zanryūsha* survived of an original band of sixteen) the number four proved to be lucky. After nearly twelve years of straggling, four Mindoro men were to come out alive. They were Yamamoto, Izumida, Nakano, and a soldier named Nitaro Ishii, who had been a miner in Akita Prefecture, in northwest Japan.

BY mid-1951, Yamamoto, Izumida, Nakano, and Ishii had come to take it for granted that, unless illness or misadventure picked them off one by one, they would be together on their Mindoro hilltop for as long as they lived. But the more they talked about this interminable prospect, the more they began wondering about what was happening beyond Mount Ayamitan. There seemed to be only one reasonably safe way of making contact with the rest of the world, and that was through the Buhid. Curiosity finally impelled the Japanese to seek a reunion with the natives, and in the fall of 1954, after almost nine years of isolation, the stragglers once more ventured toward the neighboring village. This time, they brought with them a likely icebreaker—a batch of Izumida's finest banana brew. The Buhid had never before tasted liquor, and found it enchanting. In return, they gave the Japanese some salt—the first they'd had in nine years. The stragglers' systems were so unaccustomed to pure sodium chloride that when they first ate some of it their faces swelled up.

From then on, the Japanese and the natives fraternized continuously. (Rumors of this association reached an American anthropologist studying a native tribe a day's march from Yamamoto's settlement, but he was so busy recording indigenous mating songs that he didn't bother to seek out the Japanese. He later regretted this; it would have been anthropologically rewarding to observe how two sets of persons with such different cultural backgrounds were getting along in the same natural environment.) The Buhid were not the most congenial or informative acquaintances imaginable. They were wholly unconcerned about what was going on across the next mountain, let alone in Manila or Tokyo. They were dirty, slovenly, superstitious, and, by Japanese standards, abysmally ignorant. They didn't even know their own ages; it was their custom to plant a tree when a baby was born, so whenever a straggler asked a native how old he was, the fellow would respond by pointing to a tree. Furthermore, Yamamoto had the impression that the natives indulged freely in incest. After he had learned

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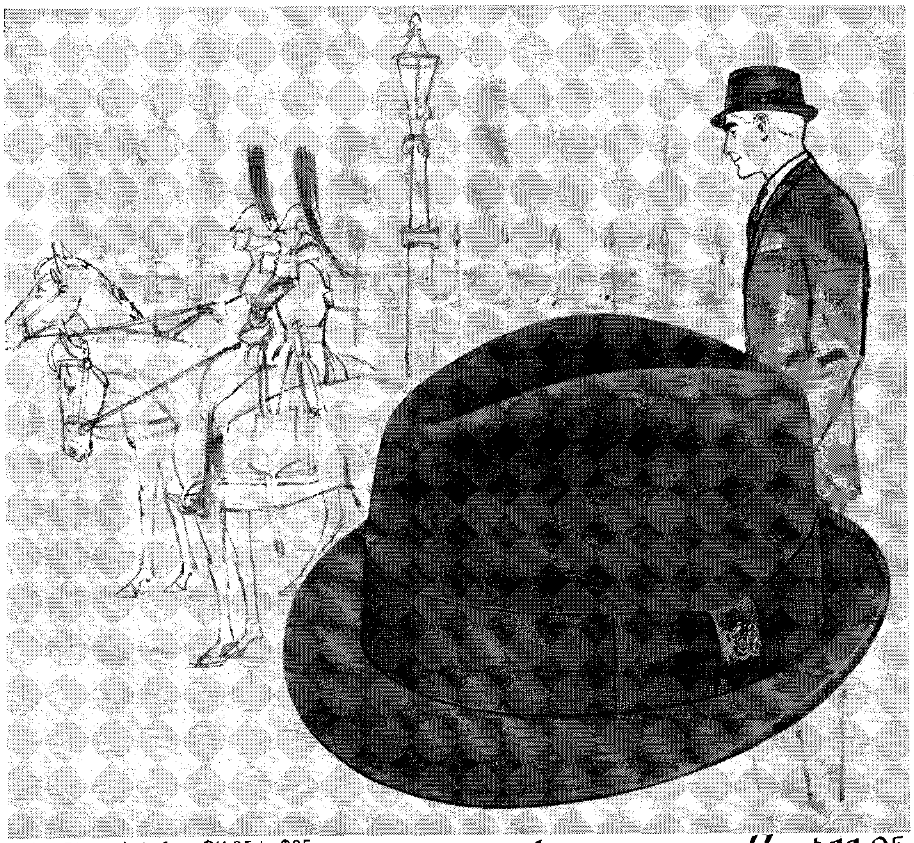

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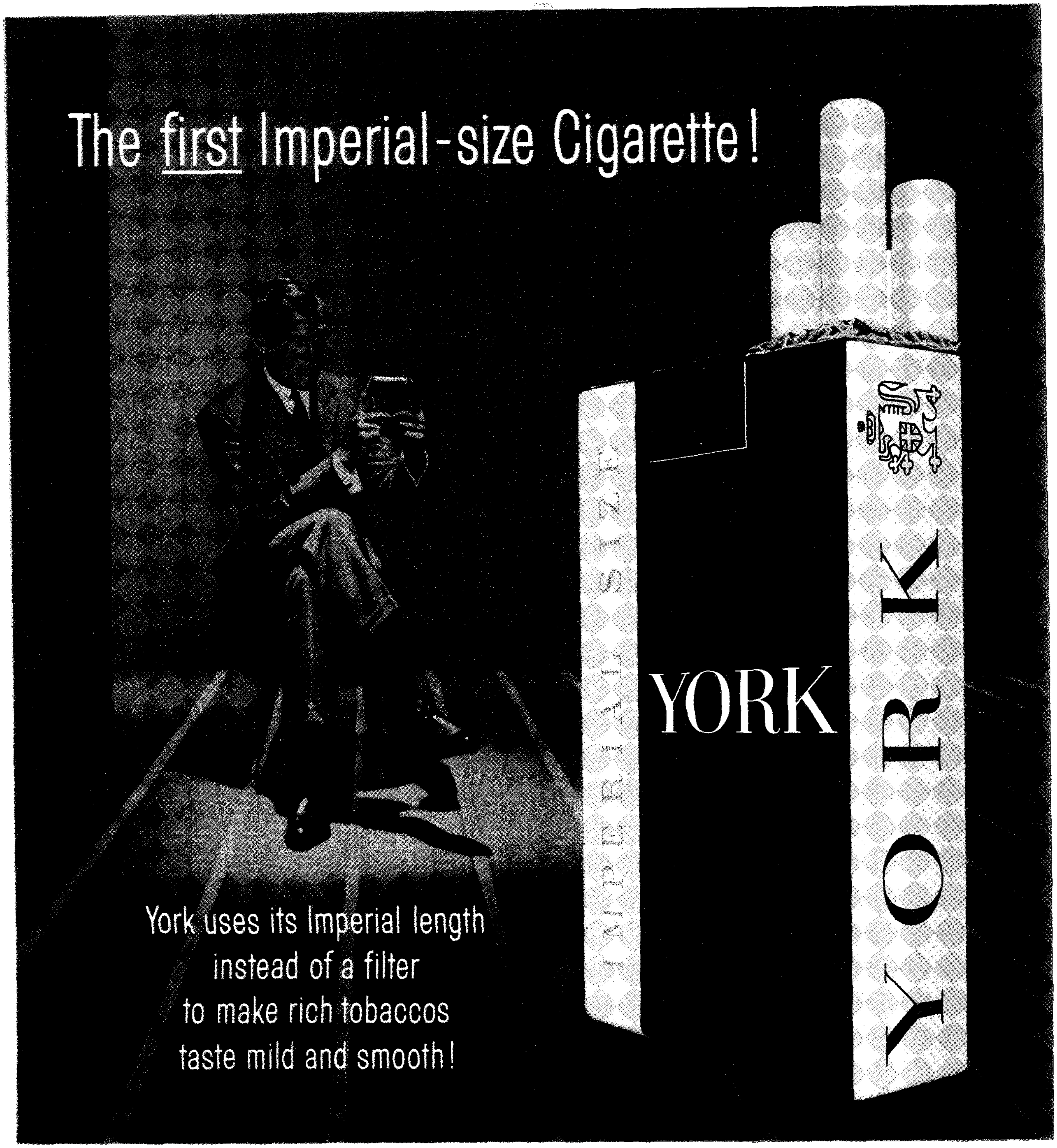
enough of their language to be able to scold them, he reproached them for this. Calling their attention to a number of youngsters who, though their natal trees were straight and sturdy, were themselves pitiably misshapen, he informed them that incest was responsible for the deformities. The natives replied that this was nonsense; the unfortunate children had had a curse put on them by the spirits of cats and snails their elders had eaten. Yamamoto's possibly erroneous ideas about the prevalence of incest may have stemmed from the fact that in some Mangyan circles women habitually address all older men—including older husbands—as "Grandfather."

Most Mangyans being egalitarian, this village had no single chief, but there was one grandfather who was universally respected. Every so often, Yamamoto learned, a few of the natives would bestir themselves enough to walk to a village nearer the coast, and it occurred to him that if one of his men could go along, it might be possible to learn something of interest. The patriarch, however, said it was unthinkable for anyone to join such a sortie who did not belong to the tribe. To that Yamamoto had a ready reply: the old man had a marriageable daughter, and whoever became her husband would be a perfectly authentic member of the tribe, so why not give her hand to one of the stragglers? The old man thought this a logical enough proposition, but he said that Yamamoto was too tall for his girl, who, like many of her kinsmen, stood well under five feet. With Yamamoto eliminated because of size, and Izumida because he was already married, Ishii and Nakano were left. Ishii was the shorter of the two—about five feet three inches—and Yamamoto and the Buhid elder agreed that he would make a splendid bridegroom. Ishii had some reservations, but, coming from a land where arranged marriages are routine, and having been instructed by his superior officer to marry the girl, he put up only token resistance. (The bride, naturally, was not consulted.) The wedding date was set for early November, 1956.

This marriage of convenience never came off, for in October the four stragglers were returned to civilization. Ishii was quite relieved, but the Buhid were crushed. By that time, they had developed a powerful thirst, and were forever coming around to the stragglers' hut to cadge drinks. Unfortunately, they had never inquired how to make the stuff themselves, and now all at once their only source of supply had dried up. Izumida suspects that today those par-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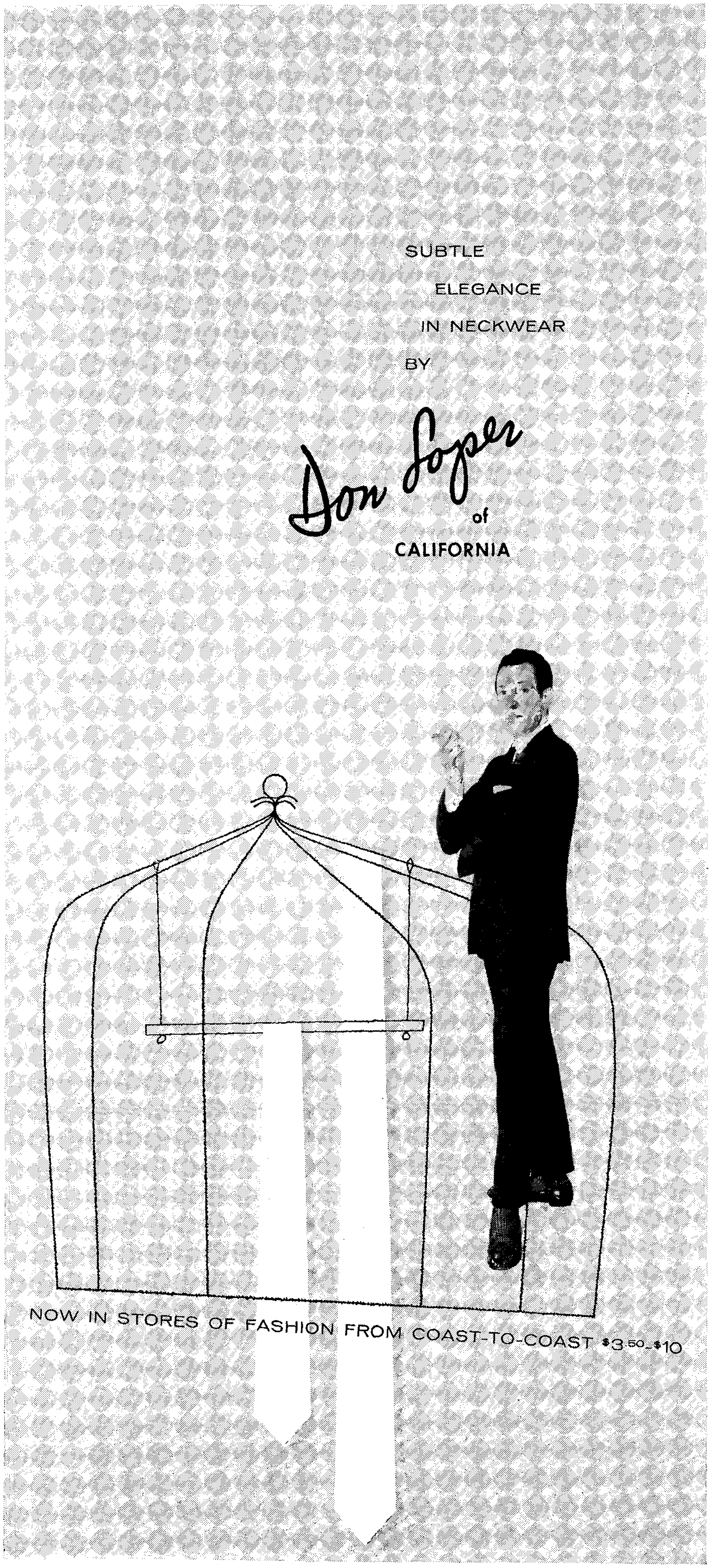
THE news that there were Japanese living up among the hill people reached the coastal residents of Mindoro by way of a mineral prospector, who had heard about Yamamoto in the course of a trek into the interior in May, 1956. The trek lasted for four months, so it wasn't until late September, when the prospector arrived at the east-coast port of Roxas, that he was able to inform anybody of his discovery. He said that the inland natives who had told him about the Japanese had called their commander "Tonari." This information was correct. The four stragglers had decided some time earlier that they would conceal their identities from the Mangyans by using nicknames. For all they knew, they were being sought, under their real names, as war criminals. Accordingly, Yamamoto became "Tonari," which in Japanese means "neighbor;" Ishii, who had served briefly on Cebu Island, became "Cebuto;" Izumida, who was then in his early forties, and nearly a decade older than the others, became "Jiisan," a variant of the Japanese for "grandpa;" and Nakano became "Taro," a common Japanese first name.

Formal diplomatic relations between Japan and the Philippines had been resumed only in July of 1956, and when the newly posted Japanese ambassador in Manila, Koichiro Asakai (who is now his country's envoy in Washington), heard the report from Roxas, he asked the Philippine government to pluck the stragglers from their mountain hideaway and deliver them, intact, into Japanese hands. The rescue job was entrusted to the Philippine Constabulary, a national military-police force that was established under United States auspices in 1901 and, because of the colorful shoulder tabs on its uniforms, is known as the Khaki and the Red. General Manuel Cabal, who was then head of the Constabulary (he was later chief of staff of his nation's Army), held a conference in Manila, which the mayor of Roxas, a small-town politician named Francisco Pamero, was invited to attend. Pamero informed his fellow-conferees—none of whom had any reason not to believe him—that he had actually been to the stragglers' lair, that the place was a four-day march from Roxas, and that there were fifty-three Japanese in the group, led by an English-speaking captain named Murai. Pamero added that some of the soldiers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lived in caves and some in treetops, and that at least three had married Mangyans and raised families. Cabal ordered the Constabulary to mount an expedition, of which friendliness was to be the keynote. Its members were equipped with gifts for the stragglers—whiskey, *sake*, cigarettes, rice—and also with placatory gifts, mostly of the bead and trinket variety, for the Mangyans, who, it was rumored, might be inclined to shower poisoned arrows upon trespassers. The very name of the task force was a pun brimming with amiability. The Japanese word for "friend" is "*tomodachi*," which, in parts of Asia, where transliteration is far from an exact science, has become "*tumadachi*." The expedition, which would be operating in the Second Military Area of the Philippines, was accordingly called "Task Force II MA Dachi" (the last two syllables here having no independent meaning, but being thrown in just to go along with the gag), pronounced "Tumadachi."

The original plan was for Mayor Pamero to return to the stragglers' home and negotiate with them; he would carry a powerful radio, over which, if the Japanese proved amenable, he could send back word for the Constabulary to come on in. The Japanese soldiers, Cabal and his aides reasoned, would be more hospitable, or at any rate less hostile, to a civilian than to a military courier. In case Pamero couldn't make it all the way to the Japanese camp this time, General Cabal had some bilingual safe-conduct passes printed up, to be air-dropped to the stragglers. These instructed the recipients, in Japanese, to march to a clearing, carrying a bamboo stick with a piece of cloth or paper, or even some leaves, attached; to carry their weapons, if any, at the position of sling arms, unloaded, with the barrels pointing down; and, when they reached the clearing, to pile up their weapons in one place and their ammunition in another, and wait there until they heard from the Constabulary. In English, the safe-conduct passes read, "The Japanese soldier who carries this safe-conduct pass is using it as a sign of his sincere wish to come down and live in peace. He should be given full protection, food, and medical attention by members of the armed forces of the Philippines." At the same time, Toyokichi Nakagawa, the First Secretary of the Japanese Embassy in Manila, prepared a long letter to the *zanryūsha*, which went, in part:

> We are trying to get you back. We have heard from the Filipinos and the Constabulary that there are fifty of you on Min-

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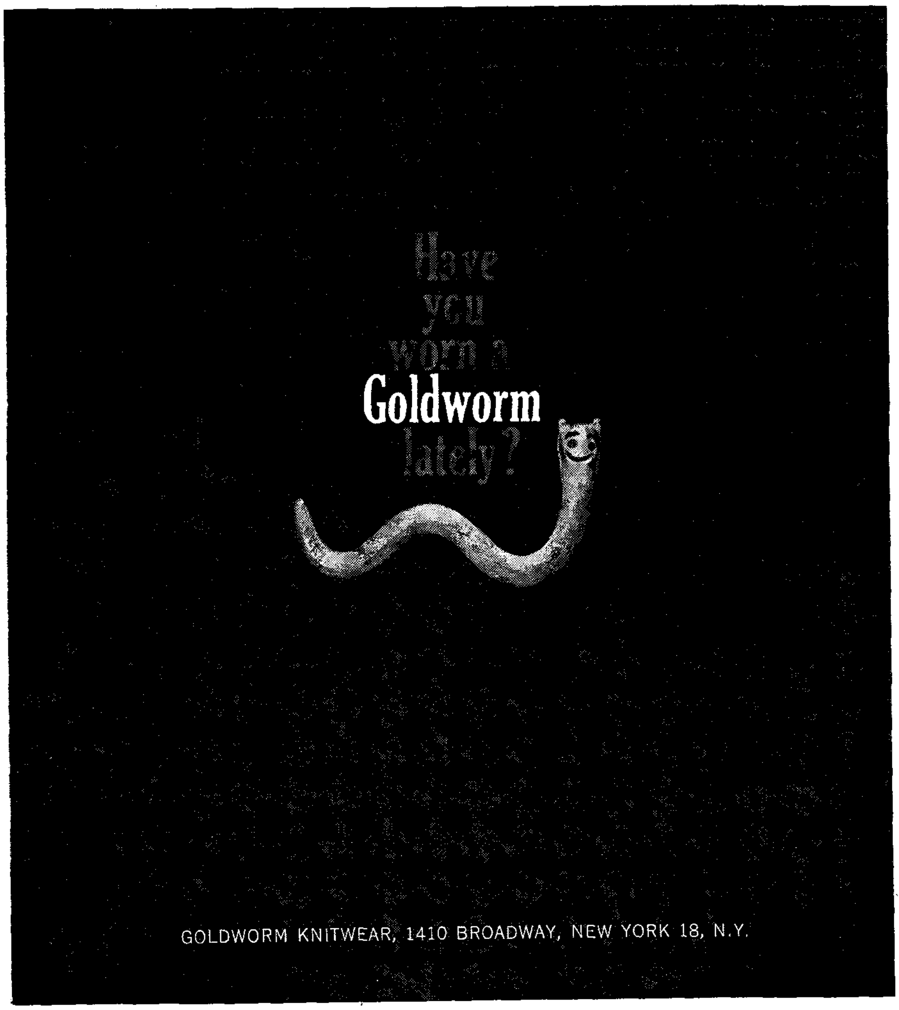
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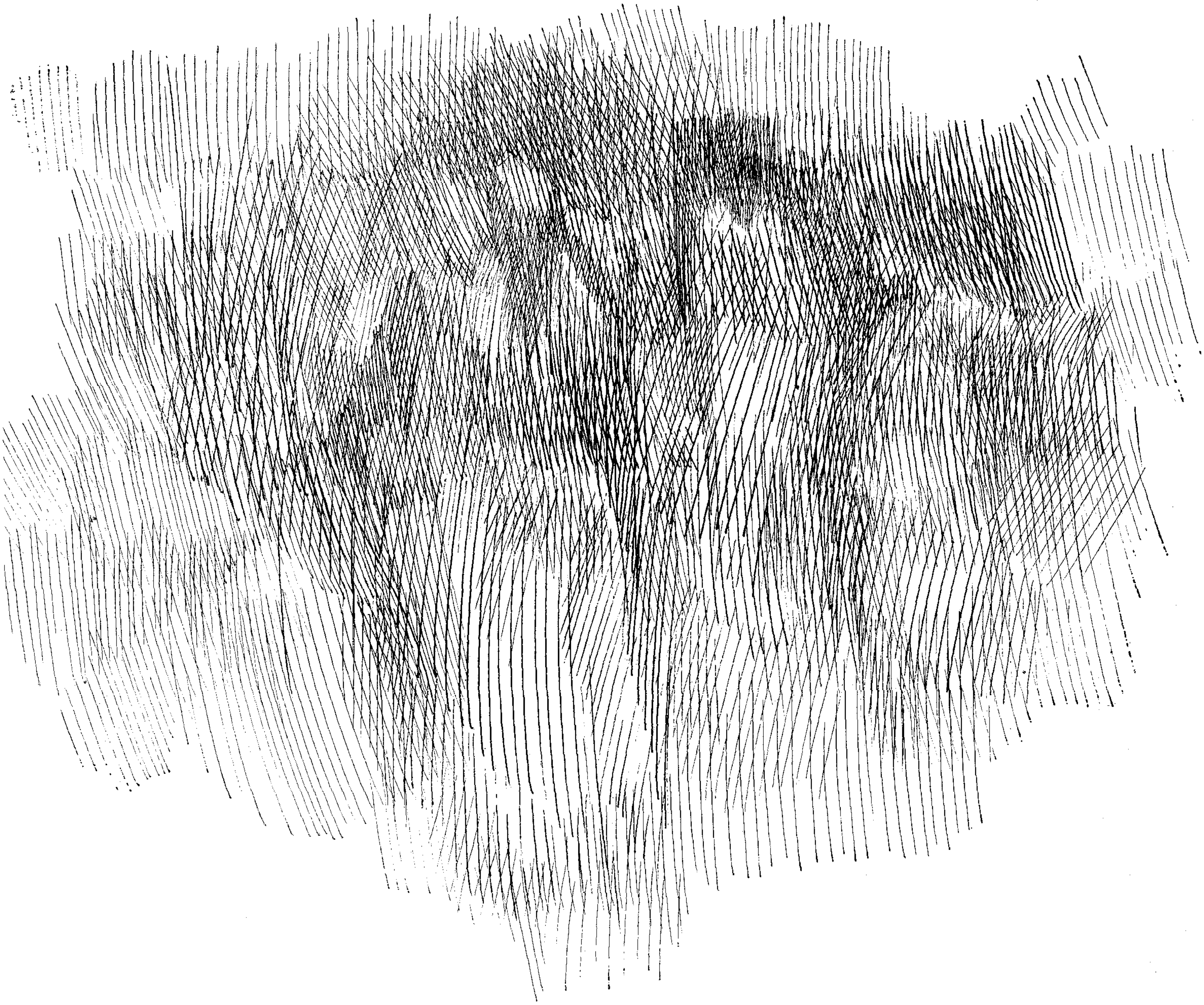

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Task Force Tumadachi was scheduled to get moving on October 22nd, and on that day its leader learned from an apologetic Mayor Pamero that he had never laid eyes on any of the Japanese and had imagined all his details about them. Pamero was still given a place in the advance party, however—now not because of superior knowledge but because he wanted to atone for his previous mistake. The party, with a former guerrilla fighter from northern Mindoro named Lucio Daguno in charge, consisted of twenty-eight men—civilians, soldiers, signalmen, medical-aid men, bearers, Mayor Pamero, and two Mangyan interpreters—none of them in uniform. On the afternoon of October 24, 1956, as they climbed the stragglers' mountain, the Mangyan interpreters ran into Ishii, who was out for a stroll, clad in a G string. As they approched him, they cried out "Tumadachi!" and ostentatiously pointed their weapons toward the ground. Ishii was wary, but he let them come close enough to hand over the First Secretary's letter. Then he told them to stay where they were, and rushed back to the stragglers' hut, waving the letter excitedly. Yamamoto took it, read it to himself, and then read it aloud. What, he asked, did the others make of it? None of them could quite believe what it said, but none of them were willing to ignore it. Finally, it was agreed that Yamamoto should go and talk to the Filipinos. If he didn't return in a reasonable time, the others would assume that he'd met with foul play, and would commit suicide.

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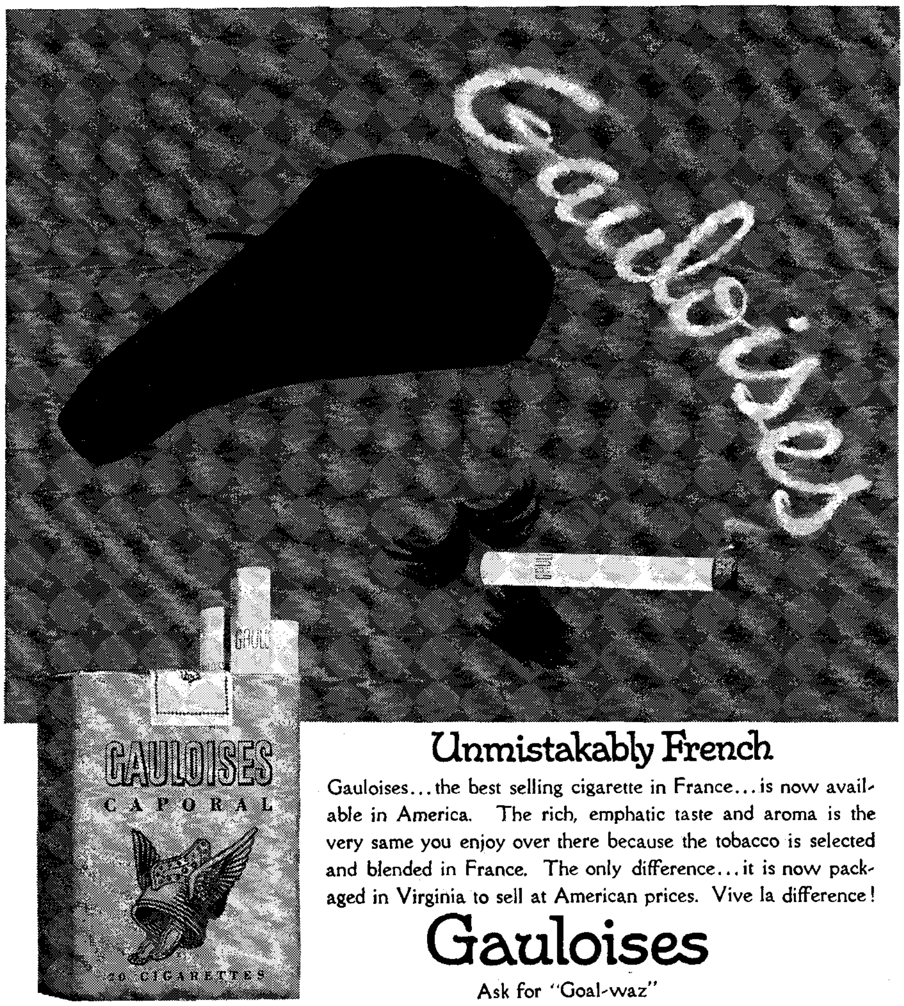

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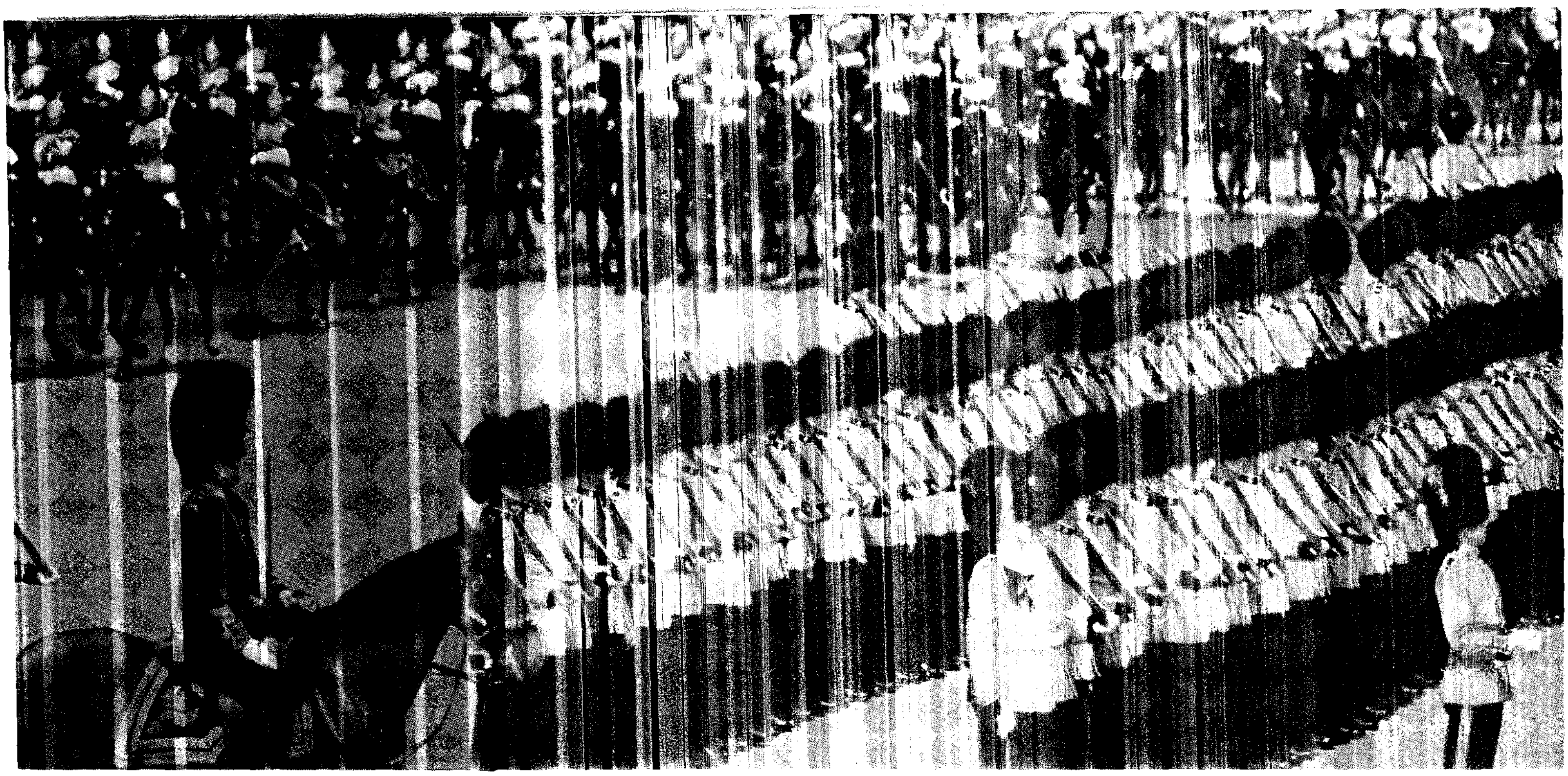

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of it—and marched to the rendezvous. When he met the waiting men, one of them addressed him in Japanese, and Yamamoto asked, "Are Filipinos and Japanese friends now?"

"Yes," said the Filipino.

"If we come down, will the lowlanders hurt us?" Yamamoto asked.

"If they do, we will shoot them."

"Very good," said Yamamoto.

He invited the rescue party to accompany him to the stragglers' hut. That night, the four Japanese, dazed by the good fortune that appeared to have befallen them, treated their guests, themselves dazed by the comparative elegance of the stragglers' home life, to a feast of roast chicken and roast pork. After dinner, one of Izumida's jugs was fraternally passed around, and soon all voices were joined in convivial harmony. A medical-aid man gave the Japanese some vitamin shots, and also dosed them with assorted pills and tonics. Yet not even all this cozy camaraderie induced the Japanese to unbend completely. Three days were to pass before they divulged their real names.

The Constabulary had hoped to evacuate the stragglers by helicopter, but after Daguno's men had spent three days clearing a landing area on a slope of Mount Ayamitan, the pilot of their copter declined to risk alighting on such uneven terrain. The stragglers therefore had to walk to a lower-level clearing, whence they were transported, by several stages, to the Khaki and the Red headquarters, in Quezon City, just outside Manila. For their arrival, all four men were decked out in new uniforms—that is to say, in clean sets of the long since outmoded trappings of the no longer existing Imperial Army—presumably obtained from some almost forgotten stockpile of Japanese Army surplus in the Philippines. The men were feeble, and they were sick, and they were thin, but upon catching sight of a welcoming committee, they snapped to attention and marched toward it with military precision. Then, standing stiffly in formation, they produced their homemade musical instruments and briskly rendered the Japanese national anthem.

A FEW weeks later, the four men were home. Aboard the ship that took them to Japan, Yamamoto conscientiously wrote a report to his government on their experiences. In this, he revealed how concerned he and his companions were about a dismaying turn of events they'd learned of. Izumida's wife and sons, it developed, had

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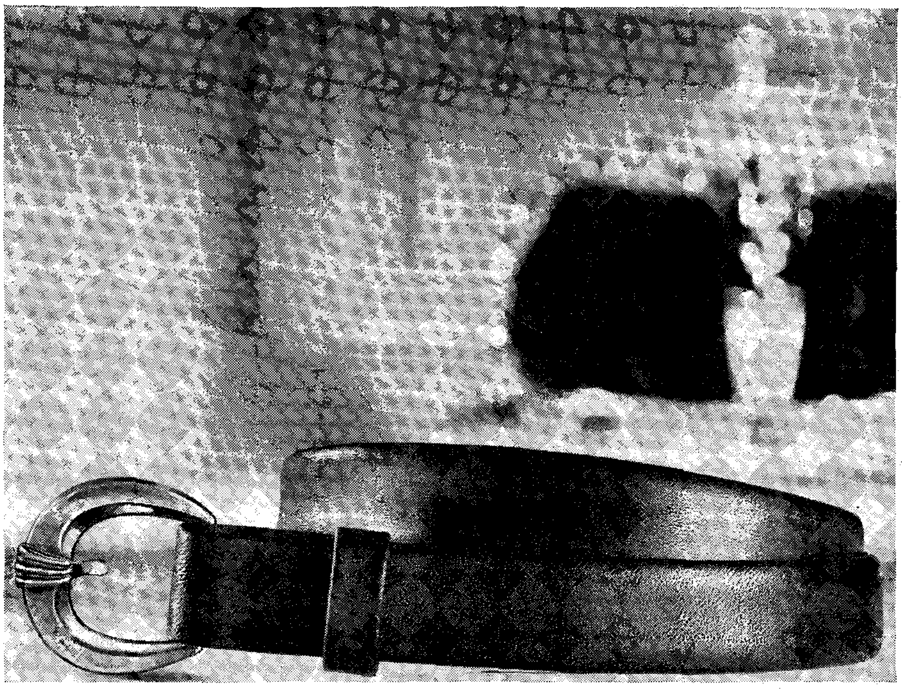

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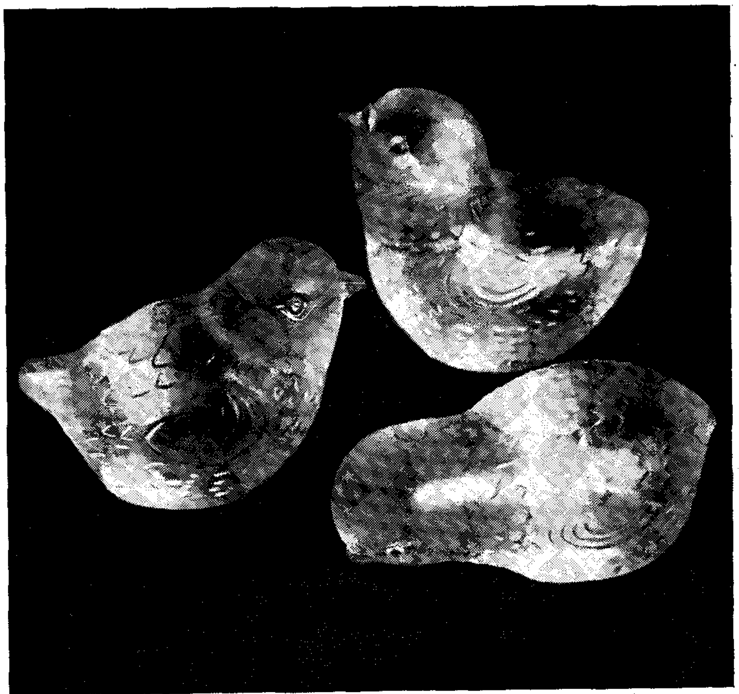

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been notified in 1944 that he was dead, whereupon his wife had married Izumida's younger brother, by whom she had since had three more children. Reflecting on this domestic snarl, Yamamoto wrote, "I suppose if you can go back in history and live a primitive jungle existence, you can also go forward again and solve your personal problems in modern civilization." But the problem was, of course, Izumida's. He decided that he would gallantly leave the status quo undisturbed. "I planned to go off somewhere else and not be a bother to anyone," he recalled recently. "But my father was dead, and my uncles said that as the eldest son in my family I should take charge of it again, and remarry my wife. So I did. My brother left, with his three children, and married someone else. My wife was upset when I first got home, but everything has worked out fine, and now, with our sons off at school, we're tending our farm together, just the two of us." The reunited Izumidas grow rice and tangerines on a two-and-a-half-acre farm three miles outside the resurrected city of Nagasaki. Izumida has pretty well settled back into the humdrum routine of a Japanese farmer, but his neighbors still josh him every so often about his peculiar history; whenever he does something that strikes them as unconventional, they like to say, "Oh, you must be doing it the Mindoro way."

Nakano and Ishii have both married since their repatriation, and both have children. Nakano has gone back to barbering. Ishii—who after his wedding adopted his wife's surname, Sato—is now employed as a lumber salesman. Yamamoto, back in Wakayama Prefecture, is teaching mathematics to a ninth-grade class at Tanabe, and is also serving as its vocational-guidance counsellor. Known as the Mindoro Teacher, he has become something of a campus celebrity. Most of his students are fifteen or sixteen, so this year's flock was born after he began conducting classes on Mindoro. He feels that he has a peculiarly strong obligation to impress upon his pupils the horrors of warfare and to instill in them a dedication to pursue peaceful vocations. Yamamoto was the last of his group to get married, having held back out of fear that a dozen years of celibacy might have permanently undermined his virility. Then he overcame his apprehensions and married a local girl. They have one daughter, on whom he dotes. "Being with my family makes me feel new again," he says. By now, he is so far from being disturbed about any loss of manhood that he can share in sexual jests about his

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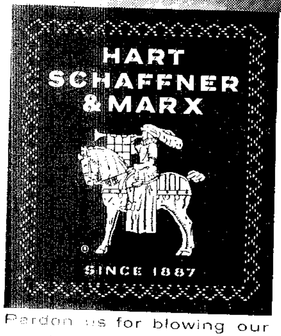

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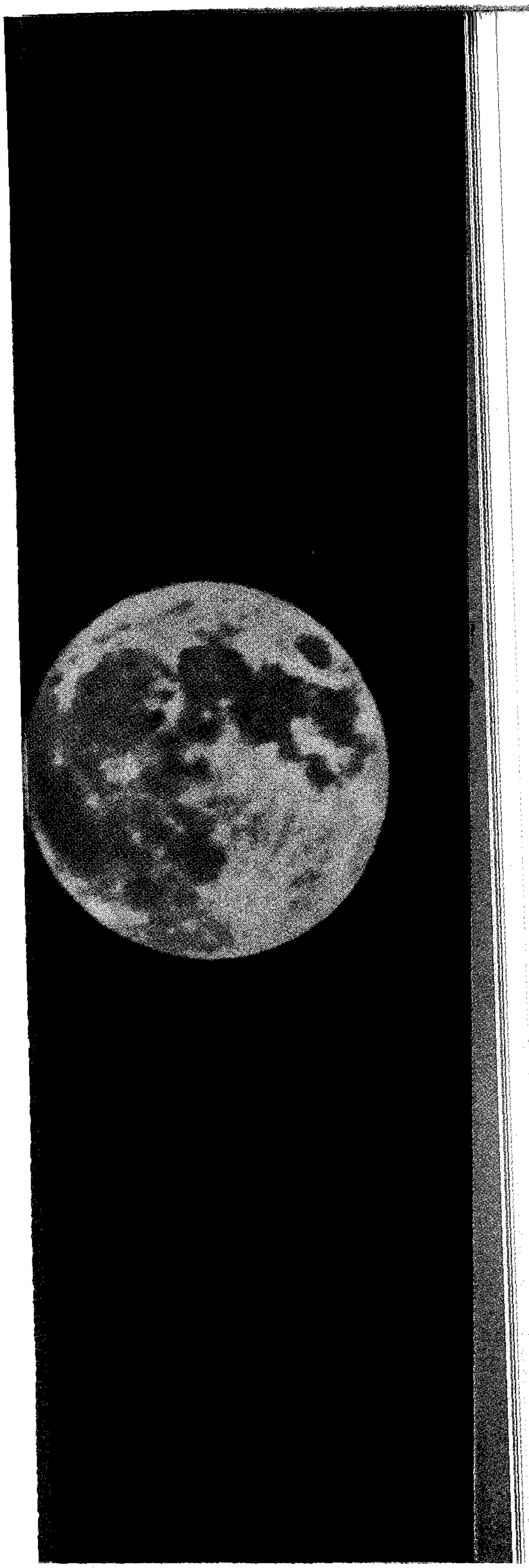
strange past. In October, 1960, his school held a carnival, one feature of which was a beauty contest. The students in his class gigglingly dressed him up in a grass skirt, a white brassière, outsize earrings, and their version of a Mangyan belle's headdress. Then, while his friends and neighbors joined in the applause, the children fondly paraded him around the school athletic field behind a placard identifying him as "Miss Mindoro."

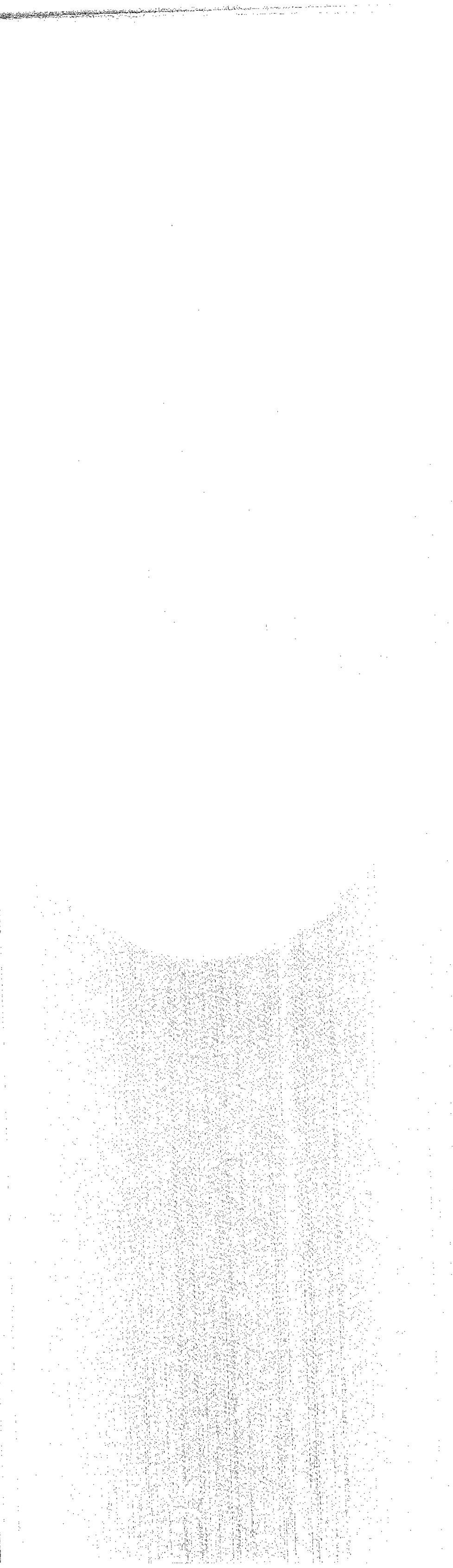
MOST of Japan's stragglers had no idea, as they huddled incommunicado in their island hideouts, that there were other Japanese in similar predicaments. Upon arriving home, Yamamoto was amazed to learn of the widespread and enigmatic notoriety that had been achieved by Hiroo Onoda, the lieutenant he'd flown with to the Philippines twelve years earlier. Onoda was one of the very few stragglers who were known to be at large, or to have been at large, on a particular island. The first word about him was received on July 5, 1950, in the coastal village of Looc, in southeast Lubang. Early one morning, some of Looc's residents were approached by a supplicant Japanese, gaunt and half naked, his belly swollen from malnutrition. The natives ran away from him, but he plodded after them, and when they finally decided he meant them no ill, they let him come close. He was so filthy that the Looc villagers, whose own standards of personal daintiness were not lofty, at once handed him a cake of soap and directed him to the sea, where, working up the best lather he could, he scrubbed himself while the townsfolk looked on. As soon as he was presentable, he was brought face to face with a Filipino who understood Japanese, and began to tell his story. It was a typical war-end narrative of defeat, disintegration, and despair.

This straggler, an Army private named Yuichi Akatsu, was also one of a quartet of survivors from a much larger group. He had not seen the three others—Private Kinshichi Kosuka, Sergeant Shoichi Shimada, and Lieutenant Onoda—since an after-dark food-gathering excursion eight months before, in the course of which he'd become separated from them, but at that time all three had been in fairly sound shape. The life of the stragglers on Lubang, it developed as Akatsu's tale unfolded, was quite different from that of the Japanese on Mindoro. Lubang is a small island; one can walk across it in half a day. The island consists of hilly jungle ringed by beach sands of exceptional whiteness. (One of Lubang's few commercial products is sand; because of its purity, the Philippines' largest brewers, the firm of San Miguel, fancy it for bottle glass.) Most of the ten thousand inhabitants of Lubang are littoral, but they get up into the hills often enough so that it would be difficult to clear and cultivate a tract of land without being detected. These four Japanese, accordingly, had never dared try to do what Yamamoto's crew was doing. Instead, they had lived like hunted animals, moving from one den to another and grabbing whatever sustenance—bananas, coconuts, an occasional stray carabao—they came across. They were all that was left, as far as they knew, of a garrison of two hundred and fifty that had been smashed when United States forces retook Lubang, in March, 1945. That fall, the Allies had showered leaflets upon the little island, reporting the end of the war and admonishing the seventy-odd Japanese then believed to be there to surrender. Onoda, the only officer among them, had previously been told by his superiors that the war in the Philippines might very well go on for twenty or thirty years, so he was not to be swayed by any such enemy blandishments. In February, 1946, the Americans tracked down and killed several of the remaining Japanese and, by means of persuasive broadcasts over portable loudspeakers, cajoled some forty others into giving up. Onoda still did not believe that the war had ended, but Akatsu was less certain. "Somebody found a Japanese newspaper that a search party had put out for us," Akatsu said recently. "Reading it, I thought that the war might possibly be over. I thought so again in 1948, when I saw a light in a lighthouse that up to then had been blacked out. Maybe the others had thoughts like mine, but if so, we didn't talk about them. And we could never be *sure*. One surrender leaflet I saw was written in incorrect Japanese, and I was certain that leaflet was a Yankee trick. In any case, however we may have felt inwardly, we all pretended to be skeptical of any evidence we saw or heard, and we bragged how we were going to remain soldiers for as long as necessary."

The four intractable unbelievers had little in common. Akatsu is a short, shy, frail, soft-spoken man whose family



night



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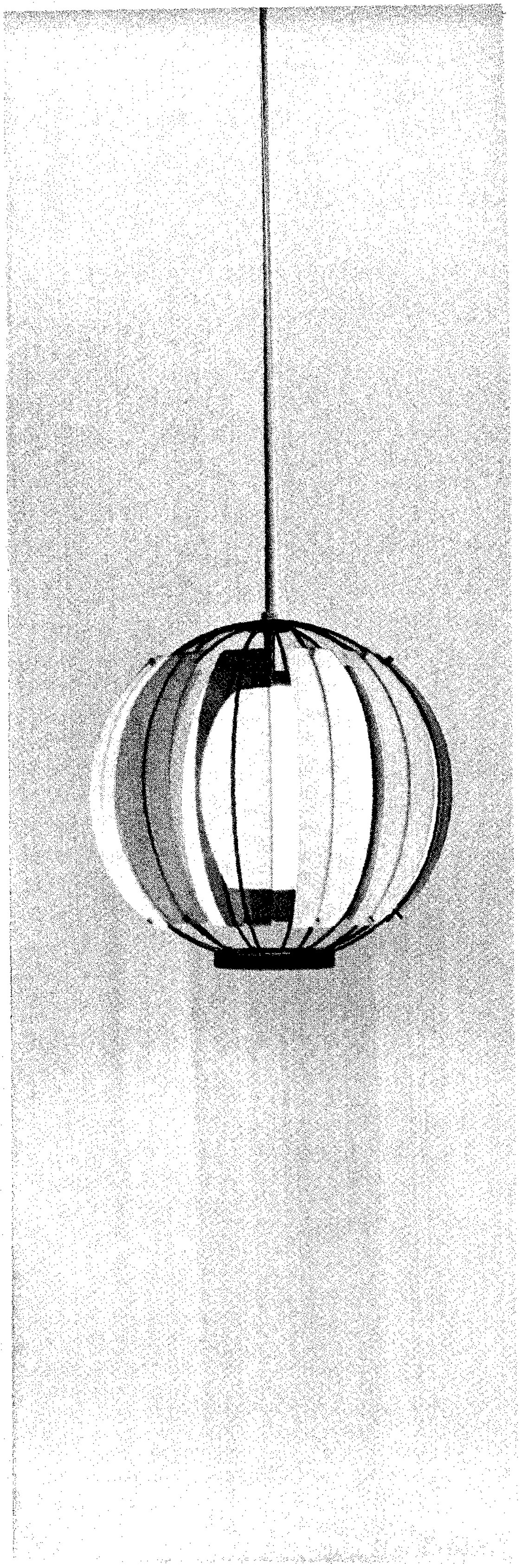

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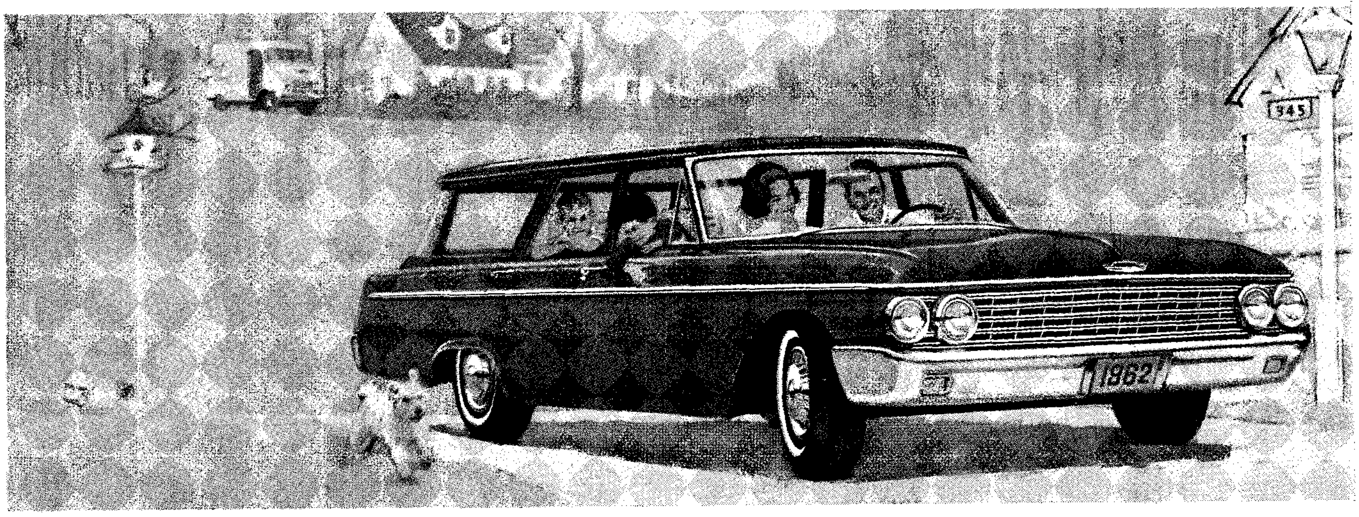

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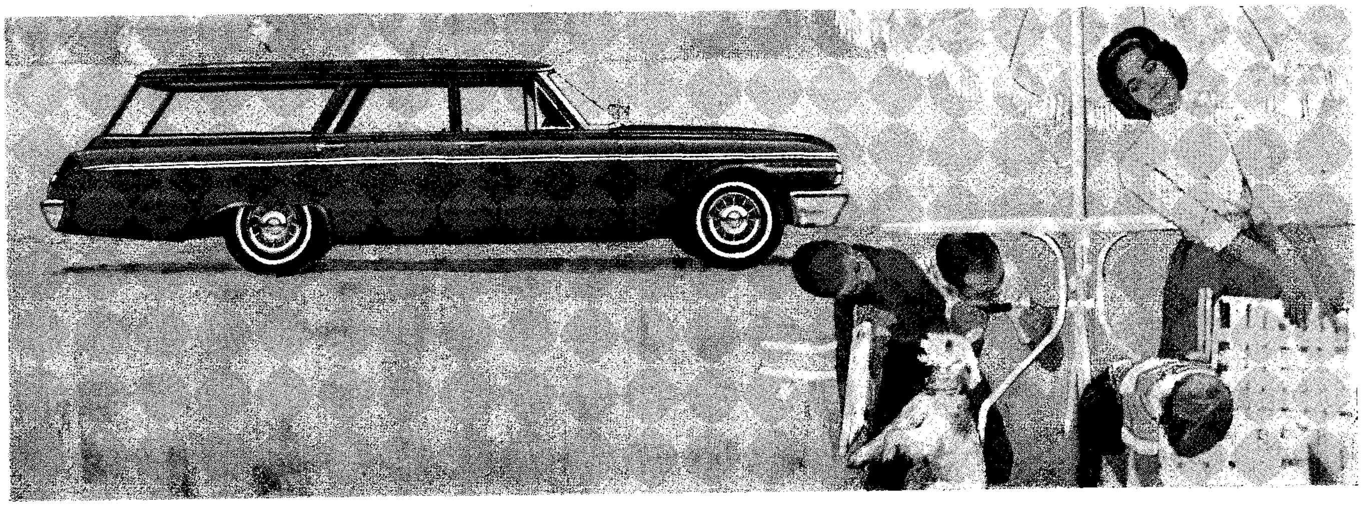

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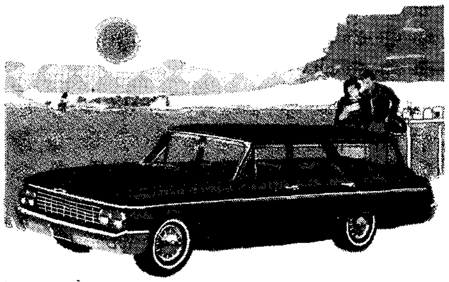

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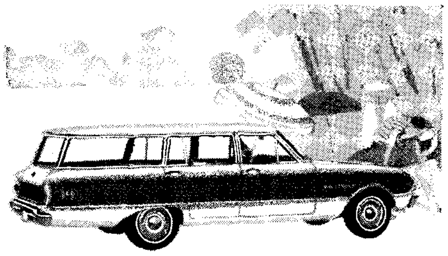

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has long scratched out a living by making children's hats in their Tokyo home. Being a city boy, he had had a difficult time keeping up with the others on Lubang when they went out foraging, for the pace was usually set by Sergeant Shimada, a tough, muscular man from mountain country. Kosuka, like Akatsu, was a mere private, but he felt nowhere near as subservient as Akatsu did to the sergeant and the lieutenant. A slick, self-assured fellow who had once been a jockey, Kosuka was, if not a professional gambler, an accomplished amateur. Also, in his home town of Hachioji, outside Tokyo, he had often been called upon to serve as a master of ceremonies at local fêtes; just about the only entertainment the four men had on Lubang was provided by Kosuka, who at night would mount an imaginary stage and give recitations, or would pick up a nonexistent telephone and make gossipy long-distance calls to his sporting cronies back home. Hiroo Onoda, one of six children of an executive of an insecticide firm, had been raised in relatively well-to-do circumstances. An elder brother, Toshio, was a doctor. Hiroo—known to his family as Hiro-chan, Kanro, or Kan—had finished high school, where he had been proficient at *kendo*, a Japanese form of fencing. He had fought in China for a year and a half as an enlisted man, and had then been tapped for training as an officer.

The lieutenant was a courageous and dedicated soldier, but he was young—only twenty-four in 1945—and somewhat irresolute. He often conferred with and deferred to Sergeant Shimada, who was seven years his senior. In the spring of 1946, when the United States was making another diligent effort to persuade the Japanese on Lubang to come out of hiding, Onoda wavered briefly. The four holdouts came upon a letter written by one of the forty Japanese who had surrendered, which called upon them to follow their comrades' example, and which had a map attached showing where they should go. Onoda said that, as the leader of the group, he owed it to his men at least to investigate this proposal. He would go to the designated rendezvous alone, he told them, and signal the others with revolver shots, telling them either to follow him or to flee. Shimada, however, began to raise objections. "In ordinary circumstances," Akatsu has since explained, "everybody has to obey his commander, but the sergeant was a bigger man than the lieutenant, and much more forceful. I had been listening to them discuss the matter, and when the lieutenant said

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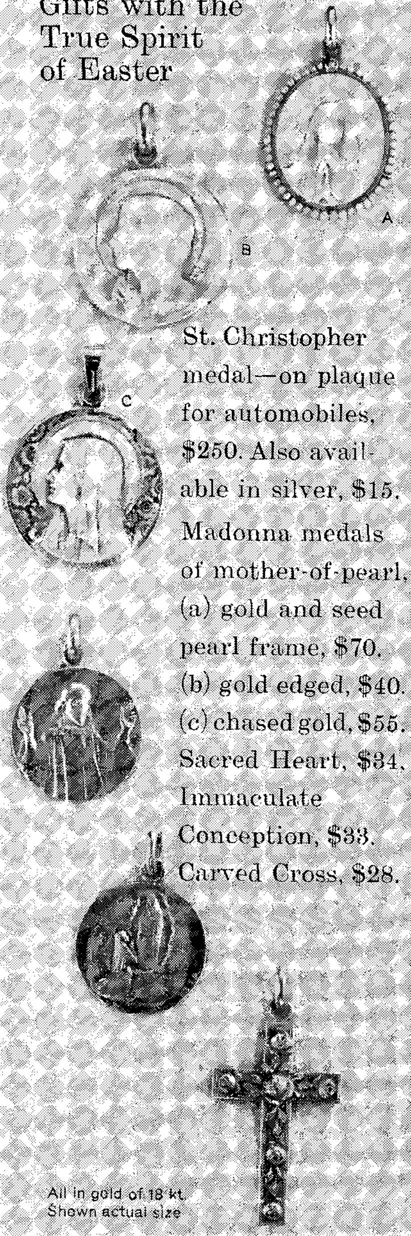

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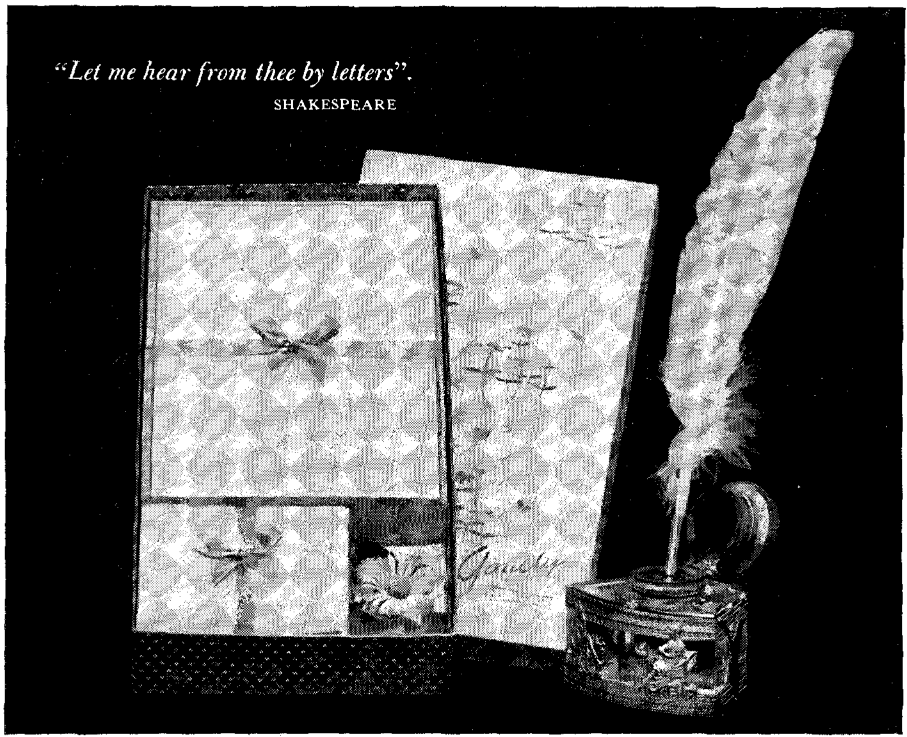

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he'd go off alone, even if it meant being shot or imprisoned, I was glad to hear such brave talk from my commanding officer. I was sorry I couldn't speak up, but, of course, being a private, I could only listen. Kosuka was different. Private or not, he always spoke his mind, and he always sided with Shimada. So the two of them persuaded the lieutenant not to make a move. Oh, I was shaken and saddened! Six months later, Lieutenant Onoda got to talking to me confidentially one day, while Shimada and Kosuka were somewhere else, and he told me that he was afraid we'd lost our last chance to leave Lubang alive. 'Oh, what I wouldn't give for one more chance like that!' he said."

AKATSU proved to have been a good listener. Early in 1951, after spending six months in Quezon City recuperating from his ordeal on Lubang, he returned to Japan, where he met the families of his three fellow-stragglers and staggered them with his intimate knowledge of their home lives. He himself soon went back to making children's hats, and he is still making them today, in a cramped house in the Daito-ku section of Tokyo, in collaboration with his wife (he got married in 1957), his father, his mother, a sister, and two brothers and their wives. By now, too, he has a boy and a girl of his own to make hats for.

The relatives of Akatsu's comrades on Lubang were understandably hopeful that some good fortune would come their soldiers' way as well, and they began imploring their government to do something about rounding up Onoda, Shimada, and Kosuka. It was Akatsu's belief that the three men would surrender peaceably only if they were summoned forth by other Japanese—preferably by Japanese known to them. But there were complications. In 1951, relations between the Philippines and Japan were still icy, and in Manila there was little enthusiasm for letting any Japanese, however merciful their mission, set foot on the soil that their countrymen had so lately bloodied. Besides, said the Philippine authorities, they couldn't insure the safety of any wandering Japanese, in view of the deep resentment that the Filipino people still felt toward their wartime tormentors.

One of the first Japanese who *were* allowed to enter the Philippines in the postwar years got to Manila in February, 1952. He was a former lieutenant colonel named Nobuhiko Jimbo, who had been instrumental in saving the wartime president of the Philippines, the late Manuel Roxas, from execution at

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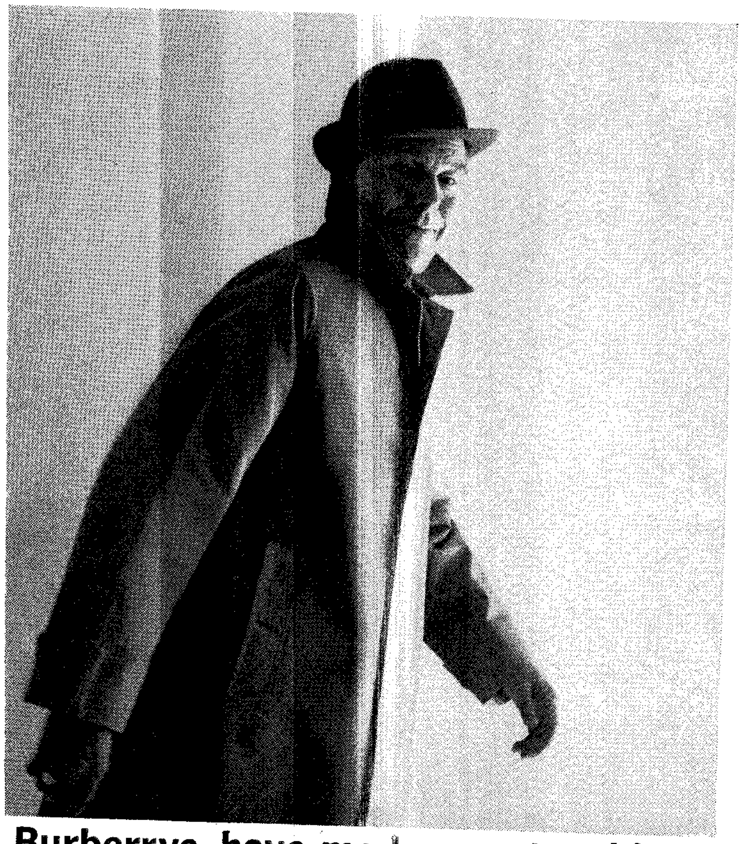

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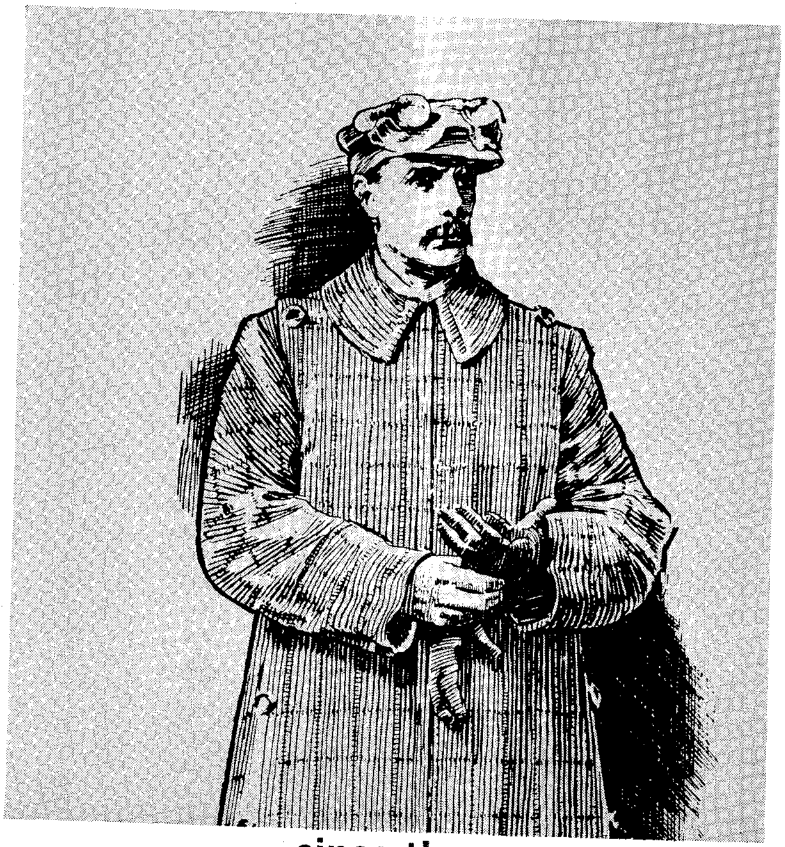

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Japanese hands. Roxas had subsequently interceded when, after V-J Day, Jimbo was about to be executed by the Chinese Nationalists for war crimes he had allegedly committed during a tour of duty in China. Now, having entered the export-import business, and having come to Manila to try to stimulate the flow of bananas between the Philippines and Japan, Jimbo heard about the Lubang stragglers. Being a man with a flair for publicizing himself, he offered to fly over that island and lure them forth. General Cabal, of the Constabulary, lent him a light plane equipped with a loudspeaker, and Jimbo made a few low-level passes over Lubang, shouting, among other things, "I am Jimbo!" and, after that thunderous salutation, urging his auditors to walk to the nearest village and turn themselves in. Nothing happened, conceivably because the name Jimbo meant nothing to anyone beneath the Colonel's flight path. Shortly after landing, he declared that there were a thousand Japanese soldiers still at large in the Philippines, but he has never divulged how he hit upon that figure.

During the next couple of years, the Japanese would periodically ask the Philippine government to let them scour Lubang for Onoda and his companions, but they were consistently turned down until the spring of 1954. On May 7th of that year, a Constabulary unit routinely patrolling Lubang ran into three Japanese, and a gunfight ensued. One Japanese was killed, but the others got away, leaving a trail of blood that petered out inconclusively. The victim was Shimada. Whether just one or both of the others, who were presumed to be Onoda and Kosuka, had been wounded, and whether seriously, no one could tell. Perhaps one man or both had crawled into the bush and died. Perhaps one or both had been gravely enough hurt to commit suicide. Perhaps the loss of Shimada, on whose strength, according to Akatsu, the others had so heavily relied, would ultimately cause a companion to kill himself even if he was not seriously injured.

In any event, three days after that skirmish, Manila sent word to Tokyo that the Japanese could go to Lubang and have a look around for themselves. Before the end of May, Dr. Onoda, the lieutenant's older brother, who was serving as an internist at the Metropolitan Police Hospital in Tokyo, and Kosuka's younger brother Fukuji, who was a farmer at Hachioji, were in Manila, accompanied by a representative of their government's Ministry of Health and Welfare, which has had general

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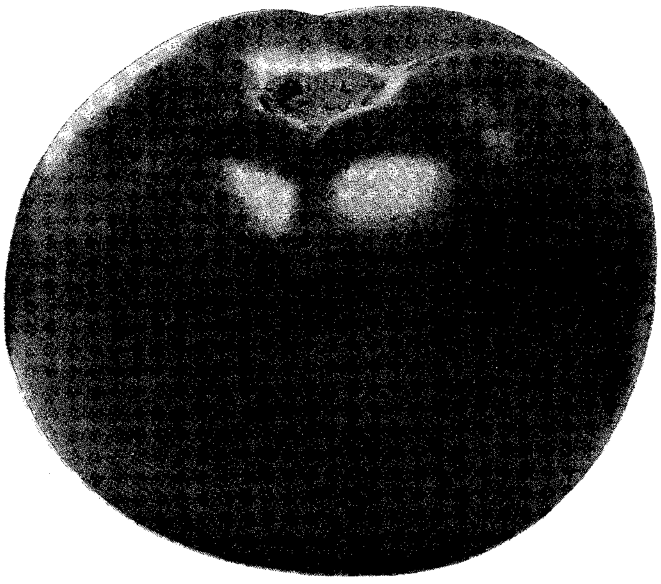

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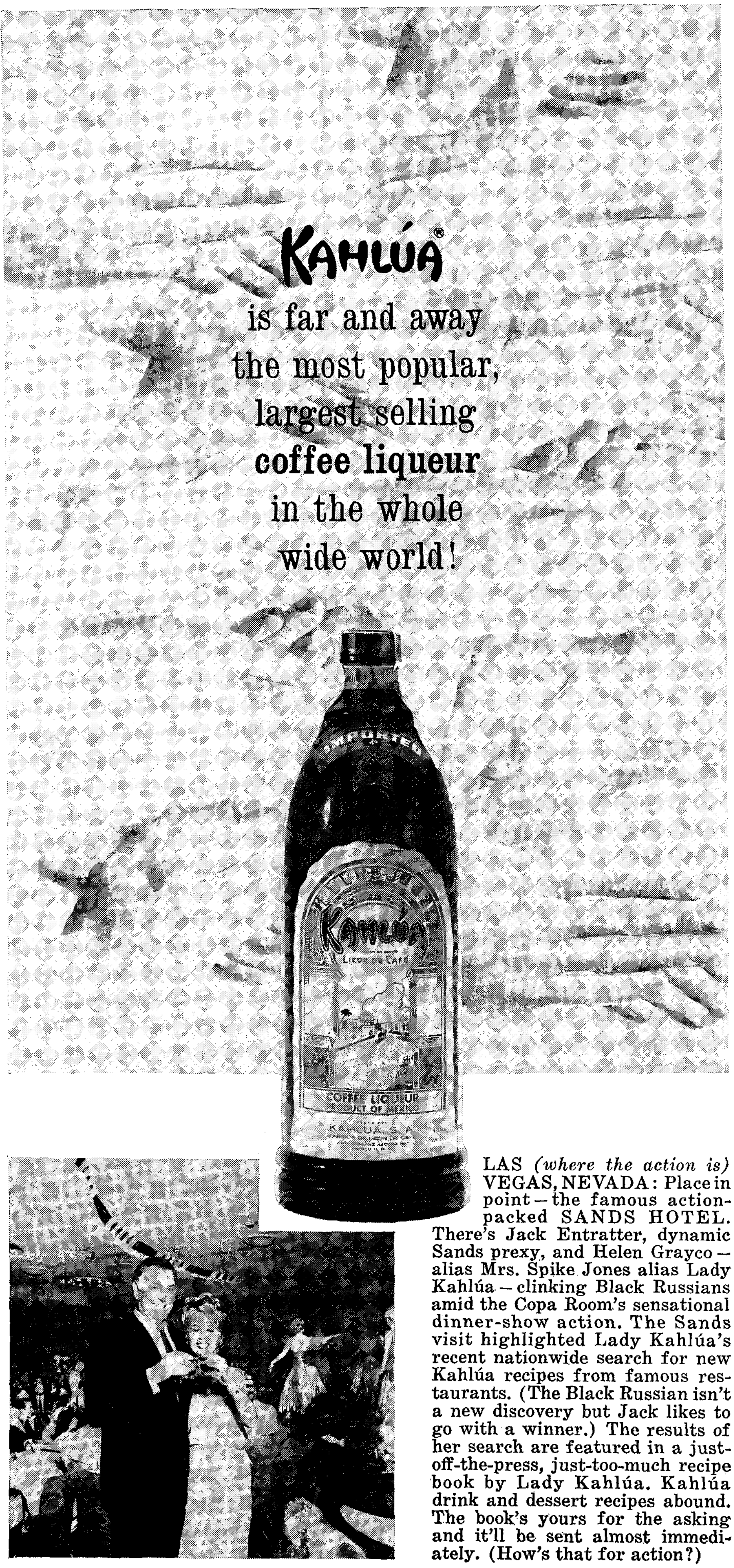
jurisdiction over postwar repatriation. The three men chartered a light plane and, as Jimbo had done, flew over Lubang and announced their presence by means of a loudspeaker. Then they took a boat to Lubang, where they were restrained by the local authorities from exploring the depths of the jungle but allowed to spend two weeks poking around its edges. They found no trace of either quarry, and returned to Japan as unenlightened as when they'd left.

As time passed, new rumors about the two *zanryūsha* were vigorously spawned and spread around Lubang. Both men had married native women and were raising families, it was said—though nobody had any first-hand, or even second-hand, evidence to substantiate the hypothesis. Another yarn had it that the stragglers were unwilling to come out because they had dug up a buried treasure—gold, millions of pesos' worth of gold—and were jealously hoarding it against God knew what eventuality. More ominously, news would regularly come out of Lubang of the killing or maiming of islanders by elusive assailants who were usually claimed, by the victims or other eyewitnesses, to have a strikingly Japanese appearance. In 1956 alone, stragglers were accused of murdering seven Lubang residents. Who could the dastardly criminals be, chorused the people of Lubang, but Onoda and Kosuka? (That there was some basis for such a surmise was conceded not long ago by Akatsu, who acknowledged that in the immediate postwar years, at least, Onoda and his roving band had done some shooting in deadly earnest. "I don't know how many Filipinos we killed on Lubang while I was there," Akatsu says, "but we killed some, and that is a fact.") The reports incriminating the Japanese were received with considerable skepticism by the Philippine Constabulary. What better way, the police reasoned, for an assassin on Lubang to escape punishment for his crimes than to blame them on elusive stragglers? Violence was not unknown on the island, yet now it seemed that no resident of that area ever took a pot shot at another; it was always those pesky Japanese.

The skepticism of the Constabulary was shared by the government agency in Japan that had been working most faithfully on the straggler problem—the Repatriation Section of the Repatriation Aid Bureau of the Welfare Ministry. But as the officials of the Section, which is headed by a former Army officer named Touru Itagaki, kept hearing about strange goings on in the hills of Lubang (and once even on the beach,



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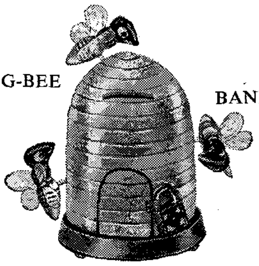

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where a bullet zinged past the ear of the Japanese consul from Manila, who was taking time off from a leaflet-strewing mission for a swim), they could not help feeling that sufficient uncertainty existed to warrant their making a further investigation. Accordingly, Itagaki began drawing up plans for a new, two-phase expedition, which would be, essentially, a larger-scale version of the 1954 venture. To begin with, the island would be bombed once monthly, for six months, with ten thousand leaflets, plus some Japanese newspapers, magazines, books, and candy. It was hoped that if the two fugitives were alive, they would respond to all this by leaving a message at a junction of more or less well-travelled trails. Then a Japanese search party would go to the scene and meet them.

On the afternoon of January 27, 1959, fourteen years after Lieutenant Onoda had landed on Lubang, some civilians cutting logs outside the coastal village of Calingag were fired on. One man was wounded, and two carabao nearby were killed. A Constabulary soldier presently arrived on the scene, and was told that the aggressors were Japanese stragglers. "Well built and stocky, with long hair" was the description that he received, and he passed it along by radio to his superiors on Mindoro. As soon as word of this latest outrage on Lubang had been relayed up the Khaki and the Red chain of command, questions were sent back. Mindoro was asked:

PCZBX 0129 dash 146 pd Reurad MAB 0129-19 cma ans folwg EEIs cln how many more Jap stragglers are in Lubang Is query what part of Lubang Is are they hiding query what are their arms query how do they subsist query do they have contact with civilians query if so cma who are their contacts query were their empty shells recovered in the crime scene query were their [*sic*] civilians who actually saw the Jap stragglers before and after the incident pd Flash ans imdtly.

It took Mindoro two days to flash its answer, which, aside from a suggestion that the assailants might have been after the carabao, and might have been unaware at first that there were men in the vicinity, was not illuminating. The only subsequent item of interest was that although no cartridge cases could be found near the scene of the shooting, the slugs removed from the brains of the dead carabao, which were sent out for laboratory examination, proved to be not of Japanese origin.

Just a week after the Calingag shooting, a laborer in Ambulong, some five miles away, was fatally shot by two men who were once again positively identi-

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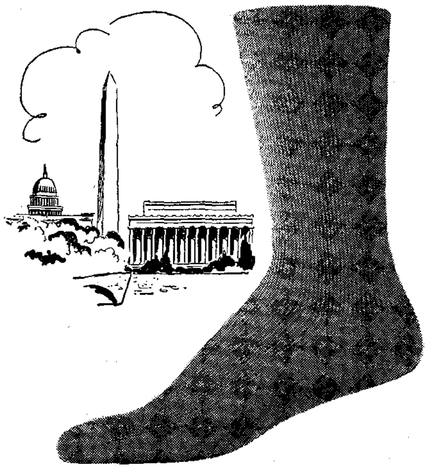

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fied by onlookers as Japanese stragglers. The Constabulary, which by this time was under the command of another veteran Army officer, General Isagani V. Campo, decided to accelerate its on-and-off pursuit of these will-o'-the-wisps. Campo, a suave, shrewd, hard-boiled man, who even when out of uniform carries a heavy gold-plated, knob-studded metal club, gave orders that the ten-man Constabulary detachment on Lubang should be reinforced and also that some dogs trained for man hunts should be dispatched to the island. Still, Campo was determined to temper his justice with mercy. On February 5th, two days after the Ambulong assault, he sent a message addressed "To the People of Lubang." It read:

> For your own safety, please notify immediately the Philippine Constabulary or any member of the police force as to the whereabouts of or where you have last seen the Japanese soldiers who, up to now, are still in the vicinity of Lubang Island. I am appealing to you, as much as possible, not to harm them and let the peace officers deal with them. Thank you very much.

Notwithstanding Campo's temperate instructions, the reaction in Japan to this new move was that the Constabulary was out to bag Onoda and Kosuka on a dead-or-alive basis, and word got around that the peace officers, far from wishing not to harm the two men, would probably shoot them down like dogs—if, indeed, the peace officers' dogs did not chew them up first. The people of Japan were aroused. Kosuka's elderly parents made a pilgrimage from their farm to the Philippine Embassy in Tokyo to plead that their son's life be spared. The Japanese Diet became agitated; its Liberal-Democrat and Socialist members, who rarely agree about anything, announced that they were unanimously resolved to act—though they were not quite sure what action they should or could take. In the best parliamentary tradition, the Repatriation Committee of the House of Representatives proceeded to hold hearings. Yuichi Akatsu stopped making children's hats long enough to testify, and reiterated his conviction that his erstwhile companions would never surrender unless they were sought out by close friends or relatives. Chasing them would never work, he asserted; someone would have to go into the jungle and wait there for the stragglers to make the first conciliatory gesture. He said he was willing to go back to Lubang himself if it would help any. Lieutenant Onoda's mother, aged seventy-three, declared that *she* would go to Lubang, where, she said, she would willingly trade her life for her Hiro-chan's. It became known that every

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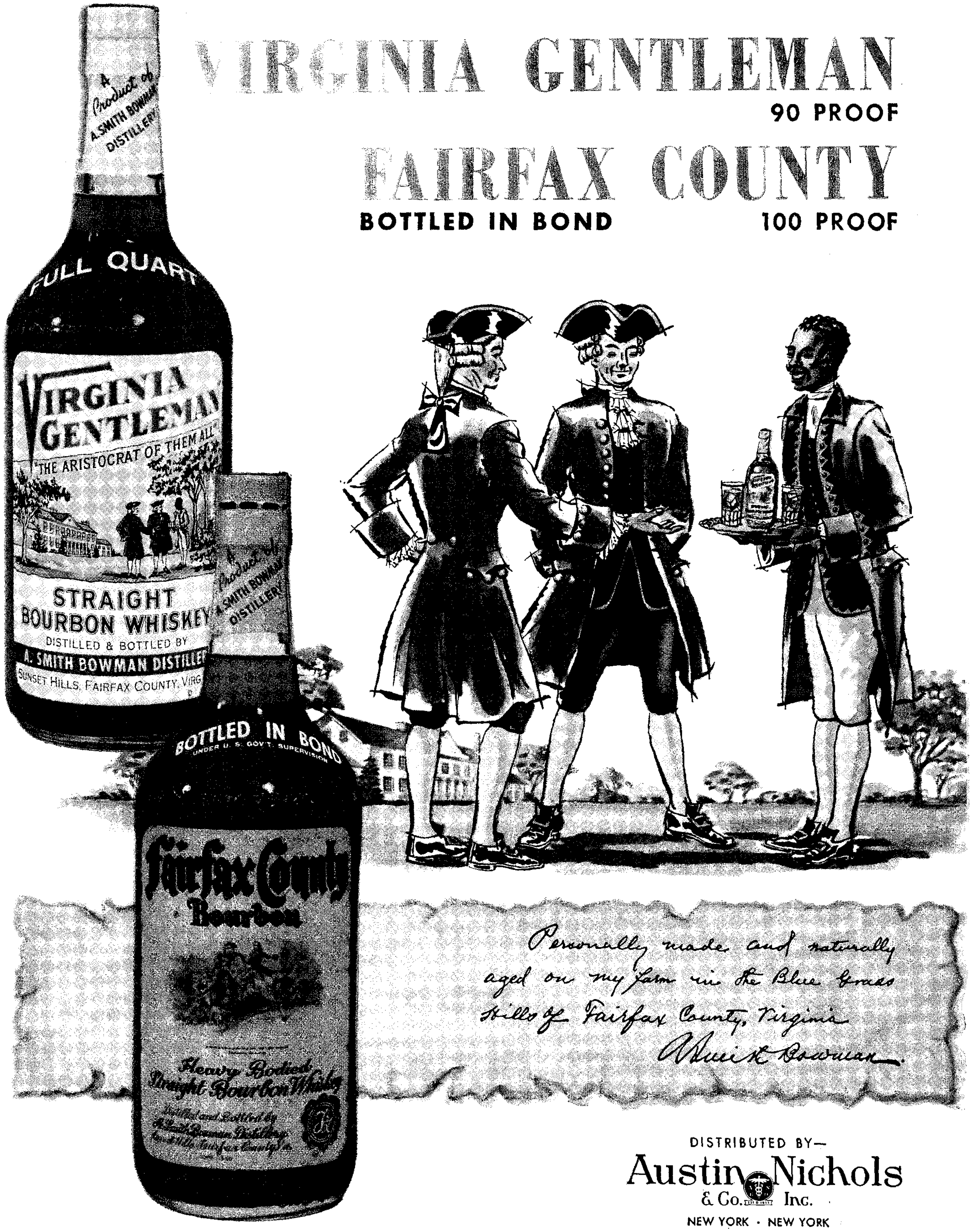
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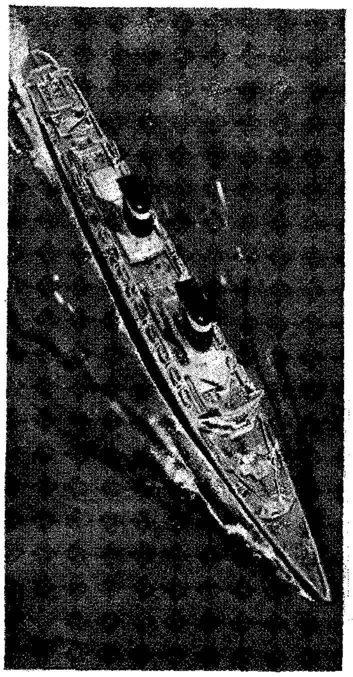

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single night since he'd been reported missing she had dreamed about him, and every day, at every meal, she had set a place for him at the family table; she would put food at his place, stare mournfully at his untouched plate, and burst into tears. A Lions Club in Osaka offered to pay her way to Lubang, and the club appealed to President Carlos Garcia of the Philippines, a Lion himself, to stay his people's itchy trigger fingers.

All over Japan, a Spare the Stragglers campaign got rolling. In Tokyo, a visiting Manila clergyman, who had survived the Bataan Death March, volunteered to carry back to his homeland a recorded message from Mrs. Onoda to her son. A Tokyo Rotary Club asked Rotary in Manila to intercede, and appended to its request a fifty-dollar solatium for the family of the last Lubang man whom the stragglers were thought to have murdered. The Japanese Disabled Veterans Association appealed to the United Disabled Veterans Association of the Philippines, and the Boy Scouts in Tokyo to their opposite numbers in Manila. Three hundred thousand Japanese signed petitions to the Philippine government asking that Onoda and Kosuka be given a break. Mrs. Onoda, escorted by eight schoolmates of her missing son and assisted by Akatsu, distributed ten thousand handbills at Tokyo's main railroad station.

Late in February, the Diet gave its blessing to the Repatriation Section's search plans, and allocated eight million yen—about twenty-two thousand dollars—to implement them. This was the only time in the whole postwar era that Japan earmarked a specific sum to rescue specific men in a specific area, and it was ironic that this unparalleled effort should have been made on behalf of two men who had very possibly died some five years earlier. The Philippine government voiced no objections to the Japanese endeavor. Then, in mid-March, before the sluggish wheels of bureaucracy could start turning, two more Lubang natives were reported to have been shot at, but in this instance not hit, by stragglers—although, to be sure, both this information and the informant who submitted it were evaluated by the Constabulary as extremely unreliable.

Itagaki and his associates at the Repatriation Section recruited several volunteers to aid them. It had been decided by now that Mrs. Onoda was simply too old and infirm to go slogging around in a jungle, but her doctor son, Toshio, offered once more to go to Lubang, and so did Kosuka's brother Fukuji, and so,

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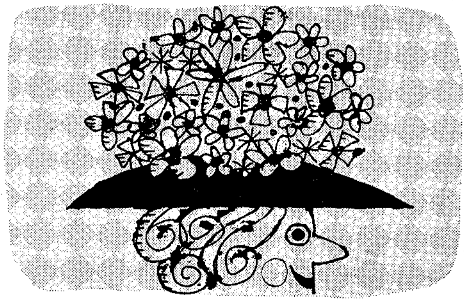

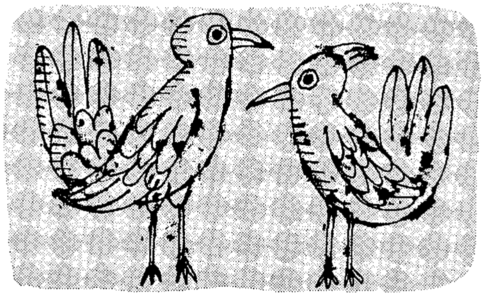

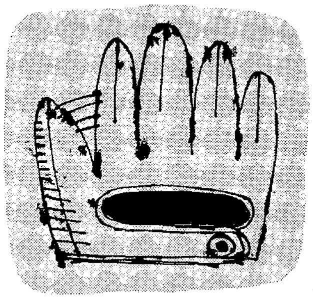

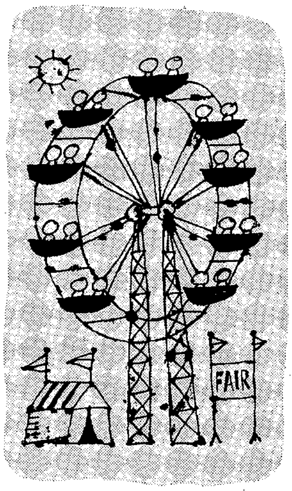

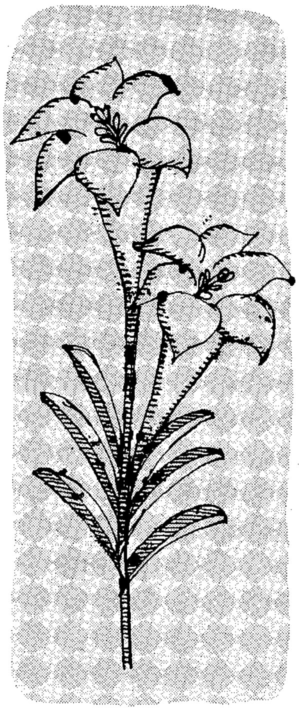

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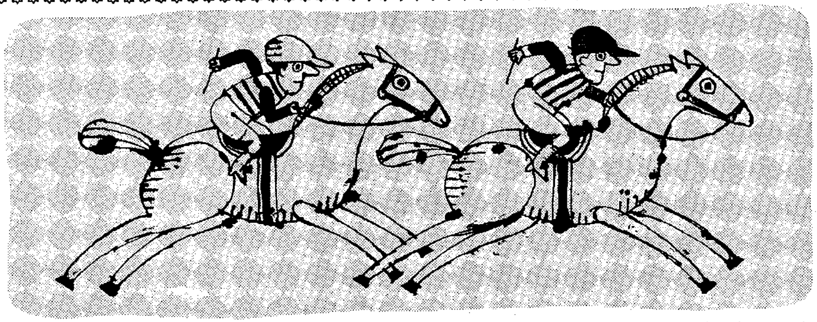
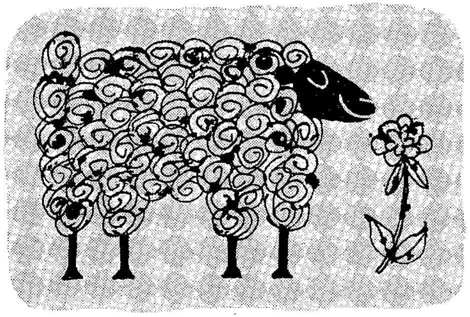




APRIL . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

The Grand National (Aintree)
Sunday, April 1 (5-6:30 PM)
Laudes Evangelii
Miracle play; choreography by Massine.
Sunday, April 8 (2:30-4 PM)
The "Oscar" Awards
Monday, April 9 (10:30 PM)
Traffic Jam
Report on a growing urban problem.
Tuesday, April 10 (10:30-11 PM)
Young People's Concert
Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, April 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)
Baseball, Sat.-Sun. Beginning April 14 & 15.
The Open Door
Ancient Passover traditions. Jan Peerce.
Sunday, April 15 (10-11 AM)
The Tender Grass
Passover fantasy by Morton Wishengrad.
Sunday, April 15 (1-1:30 PM)
Design for Freedom
Worldwide collection of Haggadoth.
Sunday, April 15 (3-3:30 PM)
The Creative '30's
Sunday, April 15 (6-6:30 PM)
He Is Risen
Easter in paintings by the great masters.
Sunday, April 15 (8:30-9 PM)
That's Where the Town Is Going!
Original drama by Tad Mosel.
Tuesday, April 17 (10-11 PM)
The Problem Child
A mother's case history.
Thursday, April 19 (3-4 PM)
Revelations
Oratorio by Earl Wild.
Sunday, April 22 (2:30-3:30 PM)
Oxford-Cambridge Regatta
Sunday, April 22 (5-6:30 PM)
Today (at Seattle World's Fair)
Mon.-Fri., April 23-27 (7-9 AM)
Breakthrough: Heart and Artery Surgery
Monday, April 23 (10-11 PM)
Regularly Scheduled
Mon.-Fri. CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM
Probability and Statistics
American Government
COLLEGE OF THE AIR
The New Biology
Mondays: EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays: HOWARD K. SMITH—NEWS AND COMMENT
DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays: CBS REPORTS
Fridays: EYEWITNESS
CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays: CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE
ACCENT
Sundays: CAMERA THREE
WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
MEET THE PROFESSOR
DIRECTIONS '62
ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/EDITOR'S CHOICE
ISSUES AND ANSWERS
UPDATE
COLLEGE BOWL
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
MEET THE PRESS
1,2,3—GO!
WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

again, did Akatsu. Another ex-soldier, Yoshio Fujita, a telephone-company technician who had served on the island with the missing men, also volunteered to go along. It was felt, though, that before any of them went to Lubang, the two stragglers, who by this time were presumably adamant in their determination not to be captured alive, would have to be softened up. To that end, Itagaki planned to subject them to an almost incessant two-month bombardment of electronically amplified appeals—from loudspeakers on Lubang, on ships cruising along its shoreline, and on planes flying overhead. Now, to gather material for the broadcasts, tape recorders were set up in Onoda's and Kosuka's homes, and their relatives began to talk away ad lib. All of them, beginning with Kosuka's father, who urged him to come home and get married, tried to jog the fugitives' conceivably dim memories and to persuade them that what they were hearing was true.

Kosuka's mother reminisced:

> I remember clearly how as a child you didn't like to wear clothes or shoes, and liked worms and bugs. . . . Do you remember that you got your first job in the village office? You were going to take a census, but you didn't do a good job of it. You remember *that*, don't you?

His brother Fukuji said:

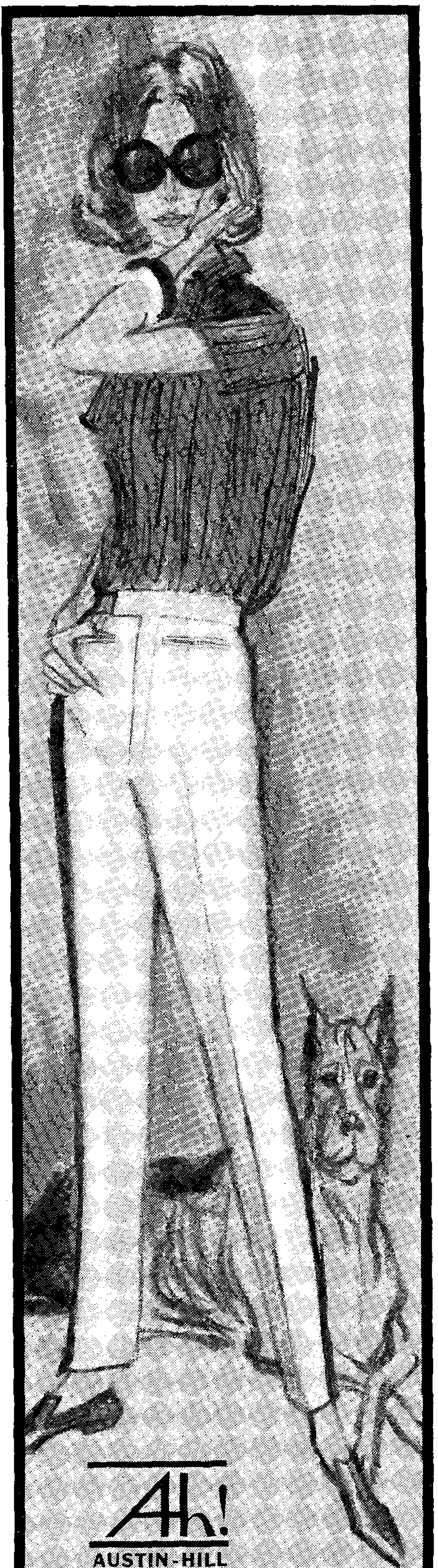
> You and I used to ride horses together. You remember my voice, don't you? I'm a man now, helping our father. All your friends are grown up and have children. Come on back. Everything has changed in the city where I'm staying. We have two nice new school buildings. Your sister's children have grown up and graduated from junior high school. Come back and join us horseback-riding. Your father and mother are old. We need you. Come back soon. You know my voice. Believe me.

A younger sister said:

> I remember seeing you off at the station, with many Japanese flags. You looked so happy when you joined the Army. At that time it was only natural; everybody wanted to be a soldier for his country. If you're still thinking that way now, it would be ironic. When I see other men your age, it makes me sad to think that you're living in the jungle. We talked to Akatsu. I can't understand why *you* don't come back, too. The mountains are green. You'd be surprised to see me, so big and grown up. I'm working at the bank, counting money all day long. I really want to see you again.

And an elder sister:

> Your cousin was only two when you left; now he's in high school. When you were young, you were stung by bees up on the mountain. Remember? You were lying on the ground, and your friends ran back for help, and your father went to the mountain and brought you home. You were crying with pain. Remember



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> that? Every morning, when you got up, you would first rub down your horse. Remember that? Remember all these things, and come back home....

Then she sang a *shingunka*, a song often sung in past years to cheer up soldiers, or sung on the march by soldiers to cheer themselves up.

Lieutenant Onoda's father, after a good deal of choked-up throat-clearing, told his son that relations between Japan and the Philippines were pleasant, and begged him to read and heed the literature that he could not miss finding somewhere on Lubang. Onoda's mother tried to sing her son a *shingunka*, too, but it came out all sniffles. Then she reminded him that he had once been entered in a baby contest:

> You got first prize. You don't remember that, of course, but we have the pictures.... When your grandfather died, you went to the funeral. When you were in the third grade of primary school, you went swimming, and you told me how far you swam. You said you swam ten thousand metres. You remember *that*, don't you?

Lieutenant Yamamoto had returned home after a long self-imposed exile on Mindoro, she informed him, and added:

> When your friend came back from Mindoro, he felt so at home with *his* mother. So why don't you come out and join me? *Please* come out.

One of Onoda's sisters dwelt on how he and she had often scuffled playfully as children:

> If you want to fight somebody, why don't you come back and fight with me? Japan has changed so much. It's at peace. There are many things awaiting you that you can't imagine. Your mother went to Tokyo and talked to the Diet. Your mother and father are at home now. Why don't you come back and let them see you before they die? Come back, Hiro-chan!

Equipped with some of postwar Japan's most resplendent electronic devices, including one bulky amplifier that, suspended from two poles, required fourteen bearers to transport it overland, the first wave of the Japanese search party hit the white beaches of Lubang early in May, 1959. In charge was Itagaki's deputy, Yuzo Miura, a kindly, lanky, prognathous man, who had spent several weeks conferring with psychologists, hoping thereby, like a novice angler consulting a savvy Indian guide, to glean some tips on the best lures for a maddeningly elusive species of fish. The quest got off to a dismal start. While the rescuers were cruising off Lubang, broadcasting from a boat that flew a large Japanese flag at the top of its mast, Fujita, the telephone-company man, fell overboard and hurt himself. Then, almost as soon as the party land-

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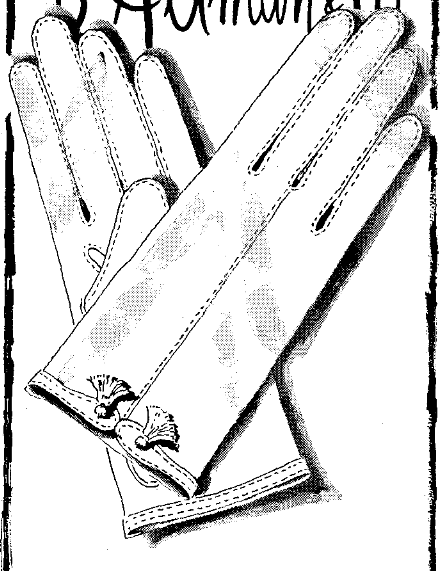

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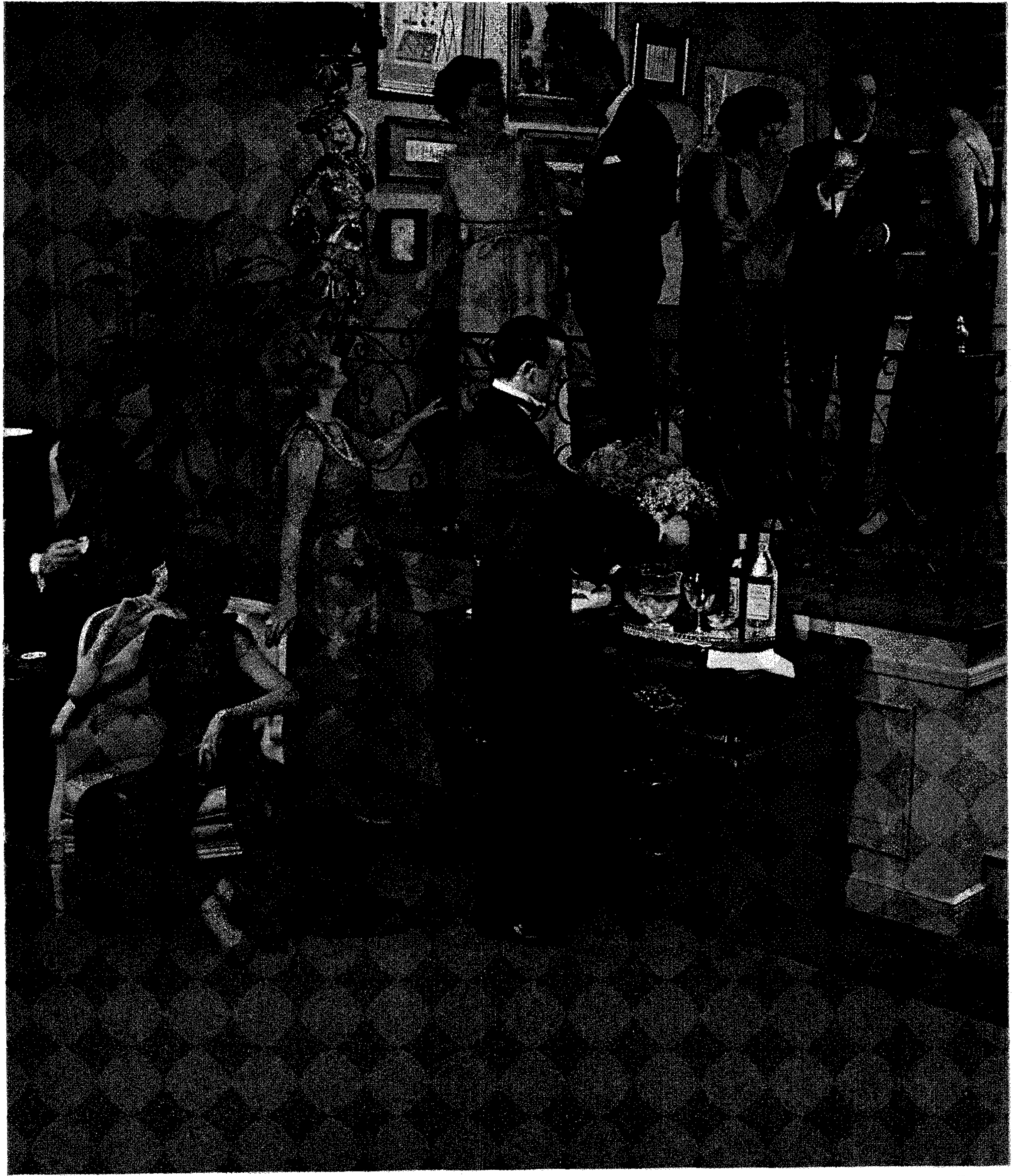

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ed on the island, one of its members bumped into a nest of bees. Miura, who was directly in the path of the swarm, fell to the ground, stung a thousand times, and had to be taken by litter to the nearest hospital. It was small comfort to him to learn, on being released a week later, that he and his men had flushed a kind of bee not theretofore known to have inhabited Lubang. It was smaller comfort when the Manila *Chronicle*, in a waspish editorial a few days later, described his expedition as "rather Quixotic" and, after expressing its belief that the bees were just about the only living creatures that any Japanese were ever likely to discover on Lubang, said that it was high time the Philippine Constabulary got down to business and began stalking the stragglers as common criminals, "not as a couple of visionaries who shun living in a world under a temporary truce."

Disregarding such strictures, Miura's party went about its business, which included placing at various spots on the island ten white wooden mailboxes, prominently identified by Japanese flags and inscriptions, and containing writing paper, pencils, envelopes, and copies of letters written to Onoda and Kosuka by their parents. To help the stragglers find these receptacles, each of which was to be opened by the searchers every two weeks, the Japanese Embassy in Manila printed maps showing their sites, and these were dropped from the air, along with thousands of pieces of hortatory literature. The boxes were scrupulously checked every second week. Aside from the fact that birds had nested on one of them, they seemed untouched. On the ground near another one, Miura's party did find a torn-off khaki-colored trouser leg. However, the trouser leg, unlike those on wartime Japanese uniforms, was cuffed, and, furthermore, a laboratory examination disclosed that it was made in part of nylon fibres, which were not used by the Japanese textile industry until 1951. With nothing more to show for his dogged efforts than this hunk of cloth and a paper packet full of bee stingers that had been extracted from his throbbing body, Miura retreated to Japan with his team.

After a lull during the summer rainy season, Miura's boss, Itagaki, arrived on Lubang and swung into action, accompanied by eighty Filipinos—Lubang natives, Constabulary soldiers, and Army engineers. Akatsu was there, too, and scarcely had he set foot on the island that had treated him so harshly for so long when he was prostrated by

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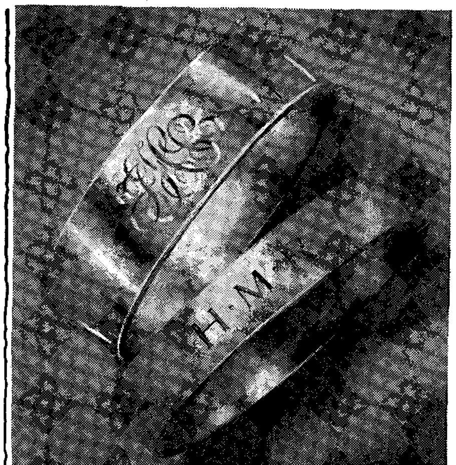
a raging fever. But after a week he was back on his feet, enjoying the novel pleasure of being able to walk around Lubang in broad daylight without any need to fret about what might be lurking behind each tree. The missing men's brothers had come back, too, and their arrival had been heralded by the dissemination of still more leaflets. One addressed to Kosuka read, in part:

> Hey, brother! It's me—your kid brother, Fukuji.... Don't you want to come home?... Why not come out? Scared? Going to die in the jungle? If you're alive, and you think you're a man, take a chance.... Onoda's brother and a few other Japanese, including me, are going to stay in the jungle on Hill 600, without any other men. Don't worry about a thing; just come see us.... We're going to stay in the jungle about a month. If we don't get any sign from you during that time, we'll be finished. We can't keep on calling for missing men all our lives.... You may be staying out there and feeling fine, but think how your family feels. Family? That isn't the whole of it. The Japanese government and everybody in Japan have been worrying about you. More than that, we are bothering the Philippine government and the people on this island. You just come out, and everything will be fine. Everybody will be happy, and you can start a new life. If you're a man, you know what to do. If you're alive, just answer everybody's expectations. I beg you. Think, and come out.

Dr. Onoda had written:

> Kan, your brother's coming to Lubang again. A few days after these leaflets are dropped from an airplane, I'll be right there. I just can't wait. Five months ago, Mr. Miura, along with your wartime mate Fujita, made a valiant effort to get in touch with you, carrying heavy equipment to broadcast to you. They marched through the jungle for nearly two months, being stung by bees and oppressed by the heat.... At last, the rainy season is over and it's our turn.... Five years ago... the Philippine government tried to make you surrender, but that ended in the unfortunate accident of Shimada's death on May 7th... the very day your uncle Seisaburo was killed in a traffic accident.... If you didn't shoot yourself after that... you must be on the island. I'll keep on crying out with all my voice.... We are, in a sense, messengers to you, chosen from the entire Japanese people. Kan—and Mr. Kosuka—let's meet, and make all Japanese, and your parents, of course, feel at ease.

Itagaki reasoned that Onoda and Kosuka, if they were anywhere, were probably in the most dense and inaccessible part of Lubang—that is, in the vicinity of Hill 600, so named because it is six hundred metres high. Itagaki deployed most of his men around the edge of the jungle that shrouds this hill. Then, with the two men's brothers, Akatsu, and a few bearers, he headed into the steep thicket, laden with flags,



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letters, pictures, and beeproof face nets. The group stayed there, as Kosuka's brother had pledged, for twenty-five days. They encountered pigs, armadillos, centipedes, and red ants but not the tiniest shred of evidence of the presence of other human beings. On November 26th, they gave up. On December 11, 1959, the Welfare Ministry decreed that Onoda and Kosuka had died on May 8, 1954, the day after Shimada was shot. A few days later, funeral services were held for both men. Concurrently, a popular Japanese weekly magazine published an article asserting that those involved in the search had been the victims of a cruel hoax. The story said that it was well known on Lubang that Onoda and Kosuka had died in 1954, but that the inhabitants of the island had nurtured the myth of their survival because they were poor and hoped to profit from the openhandedness of Japanese and Filipino search expeditions. The chief conspirator, the article asserted, was a Philippine Constabulary captain who had commanded the Lubang detachment. He was a convenient fall guy; he had been shot to death himself, by a crazed Filipino soldier, some months earlier, and couldn't issue a rebuttal. General Campo denounced the story as preposterous and libellous, and, as if in defiance of it, promptly sent still another search party to Lubang, with explicit orders "to seek, kill, and/or capture the reported two (2) Jap stragglers." The Constabulary unit spent two months at its task, and on February 15, 1960, its commander concluded, hedgingly:

> No positive indication confirming either the presence or death of the Jap stragglers was found by the units in the entire duration of operation, hence a positive determination as to whether the Jap stragglers are still alive or are already dead cannot be made. The mere fact that the operation did not encounter or find the Japanese or any indication thereof, is not conclusive findings that they are dead already. This is further reinforced by the fact that neither was there any trace, evidence and/or indications found by the troops to make a positive showing that the stragglers are already dead. Not a single piece of equipment like their utensils, firearms, and clothing which are expected to be abandoned if they are dead already was found by the units in spite of sincere efforts made to locate them. Most significant is the fact that no skeletal remains of the two was found.

Actually, the Constabulary hadn't come back quite empty-handed. For its sincere efforts, it did have to show four Japanese helmets, a pair of rotting shoes, a canteen, an indecipherable Japanese

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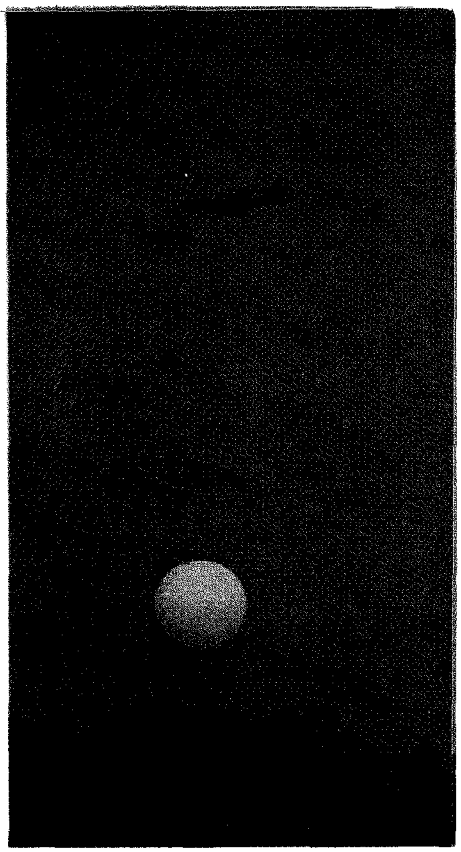

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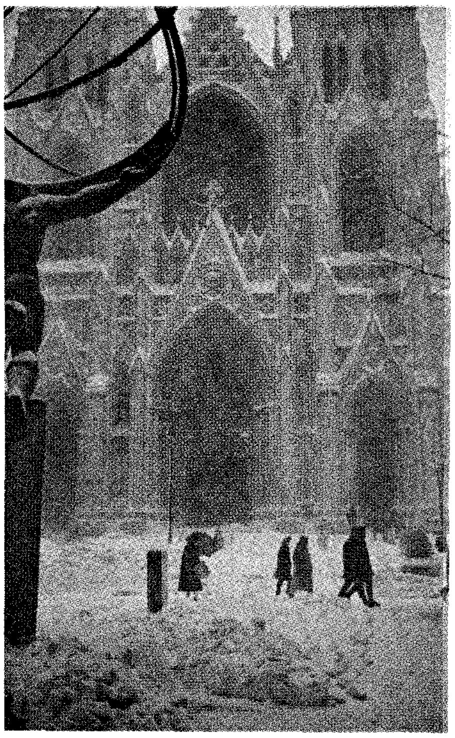

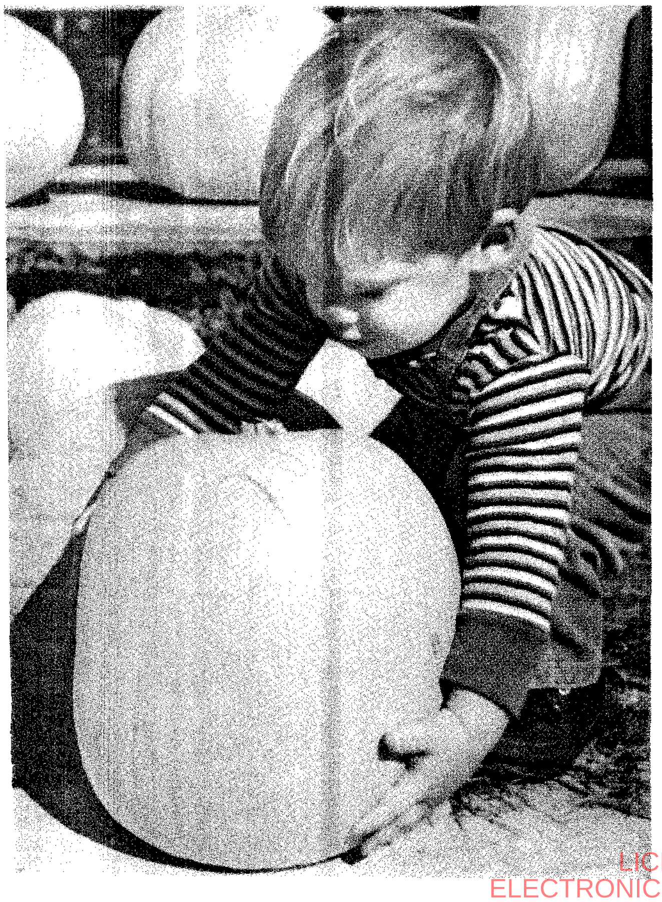

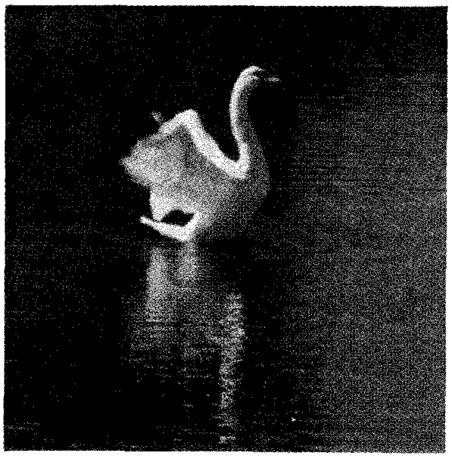

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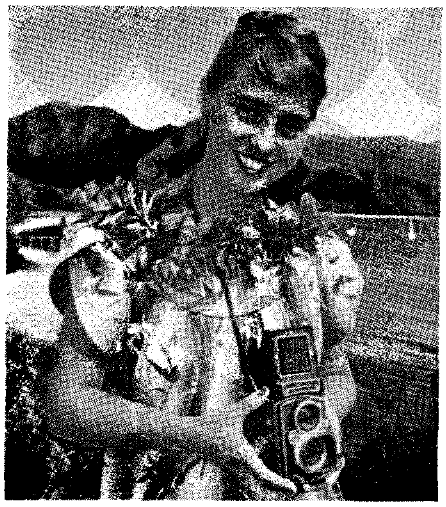

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dog tag, and a few skeletal remains: human bones identified as those of a male approximately five feet one inch tall—a statistic that was inconclusive, since while both Onoda and Kosuka were of short stature, so were most of the other Japanese who'd gone to Lubang, and so also were most of the island's permanent residents.

Tranquillity had by no means come to Lubang. On January 26, 1961, two Filipinos were shot there, one mortally, and a week later the Manila *Daily Bulletin* chanted the old editorial refrain about the need to have such depredations firmly attributed either to stragglers or to less glamorous outlaws. On February 15, 1961, eleven days after the editorial appeared, two highway laborers on Lubang were shot and killed. One, as he was dying, said he'd had a glimpse of a Japanese uniform. Less than a month after *that*, on March 8th, a Lubang farmer and his two sons were attacked while they were resting in their hut. The father was fatally wounded. The sons reported that the assailants were Japanese stragglers—"tall, healthy, with long hair and white complexions." (Onoda and Kosuka were not only short but also comparatively dark-skinned.) Once again the Constabulary beat the bushes of Lubang. Once again it found nothing. When Itagaki and his associates at the Repatriation Section were apprised of these shootings, they merely shrugged. Dr. Onoda, after hearing the news at his hospital in Tokyo, said, "I no longer care about straggler stories. Whatever may have happened, it can't have been my brother's doing. He's already dead." But, the doctor added, if any really *reliable* information about stragglers should emanate from Lubang, he would be willing to go back there a third time to look for Hiro-chan. On February 11th of this year, a Lubang farmer—whose reliability is hard to evaluate—reported that he saw two armed men in old Japanese Army uniforms enter the village of Tiling, where two natives were subsequently killed, and a house was burned down. The legend lives on. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Onoda's mother continues to serve her absent son his daily meals.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

Ed Bailey led Harvard's sweep in the 35 lb. weight throw with a toss of 59 ft. 5½ in. to take the pole vault.—*Boston Herald.*

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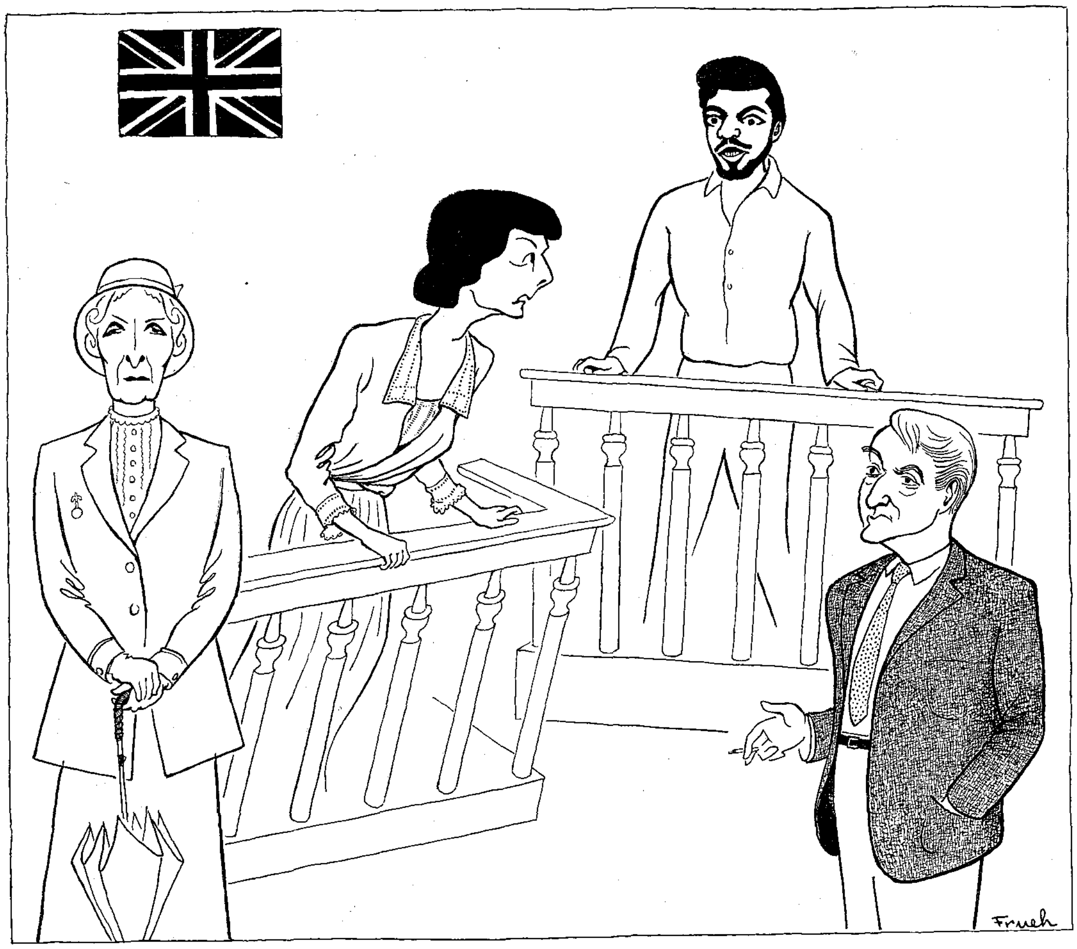
THE THEATRE

MUSIC, MUSIC, EVERYWHERE

IN every way that matters most—music, dancing, singing, staging, sets, costumes, lighting, and charm—Richard Rodgers' new musical, "No Strings," at the Fifty-fourth Street, is as original and stylish as can be. To be exact, it is also the new musical of Joe Layton (direction and choreography), Ralph Burns (orchestrations), David Hays (sets and lighting), and, to a lesser extent, Samuel Taylor (book). As I'm sure you know, Mr. Rodgers has for the first time done his own lyrics, and though they may not be as good as the best of Hart's or Hammerstein's, they are plenty good enough. Oddly, the only dud in the lot is the lyric for the title song, which seems flat and heavy.

As the curtain rises, the sound of a flute is heard onstage. (There is no pit orchestra.) Three spotlights pick up Diahann Carroll, standing stage left in a white coat, who sings a chorus of a song called "The Sweetest Sounds" and then walks down to the flutist, who is seated on the edge of a platform. Next comes the sound of a clarinet, and the spotlights move stage right to Richard Kiley, in a trench coat, who sings a chorus of the song and is followed around by the clarinettist. Mr. Kiley and Miss Carroll are the lovers of the story, but they haven't met yet. Miss Carroll, a pretty girl with a lovely voice, is a Paris *Vogue* model—an extremely successful one, who happens to be a Negro. Mr. Kiley is an American novelist who has been classily bumming around Europe, unable to get any writing done, for the eight years since he won the Pulitzer Prize. They ultimately meet at a photographer's studio where she is posing. Alvin Epstein plays the bouncy photographer, a cute French dancer named Noëlle Adam plays his assistant, and Polly Rowles plays a cozy *Vogue* editor who supervises the pictures. Miss Carroll and Mr. Kiley wander off together through the Paris streets, and musicians wander with them to accompany a song called "Loads of Love." The stage is studded with spotlights, and, in a way, the lighting and the sets seem participants almost as important as the actors and dancers and musicians—a newspaper kiosk is wheeled onto a corner of the stage, trees and tables are carried in by the chorus, bits of local scenery are pulled down like window shades. And so it goes. Mitchell Gregg, as a rich middle-aged Frenchman who has supplied the model with an apartment and the use of his car in the hope of becoming her lover, is accompanied by an oboe, and the oboist stands behind him while he sings "The Man Who Has Everything." Sometimes a group of musicians play together onstage—there is a jazz number, "Eager Beaver," set in a night club in Deauville, which is sung with great zest and humor by Bernice Massi, as a lusty young heiress from Tulsa—and sometimes the full orchestra plays in the wings. At the beach at Honfleur, Mr. Kiley and Miss Carroll lie on a huge teeterboard with fish nets hanging behind it, and in a wonderful number called "Maine" he reminisces, in a funny Down East accent, about his Yankee boyhood while she sings about her early days north of Central Park.



"A PASSAGE TO INDIA"

The unshakable lady on the left is Gladys Cooper, the man of experience on the right is Eric Portman, and the two intense young people in the middle are Anne Meacham and Zia Mohyeddin. All four are set down in the nineteen-twenties, with Independence still ahead of them, in Santha Rama Rau's dramatization of E. M. Forster's classic at the Ambassador.

The weakness of the show is in the book and

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the characters. Too much to-do is made over the rather special problem of the non-writing writer who has turned expatriate, and too much sympathy is demanded for his frustrations. (All right, *don't* write another novel.) That aspect of the story didn't bother me much, though. It is easily ignored, and it does provide the lovers with a motive for going off together and, eventually, for separating, when she sends him back to Maine and to work, presumably for another Pulitzer Prize.

Aurally and visually, "No Strings" is a delightful show. If musical comedy were an abstract art (which it isn't), it would be a perfect one.

THERE is nothing quite like the feeling of electricity in the air, and by the time "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" is five minutes old, as the boys and girls of the chorus rush by, wheeling racks of dresses and shelves of hats past a backdrop of Seventh Avenue—even before any of the principals have come on—the atmosphere in the Shubert is crackling. Jerome Weidman and the composer and lyricist, Harold Rome, have between them made a stinging and funny musical out of Mr. Weidman's merciless novel about the rise and fall (temporary fall, I think you'll agree) of a crooked garment-industry opportunist called Harry Bogen, and they have only slightly tempered it with mercy. Perhaps the most important piece of news about the show, though by no means the only important piece of news, is that it provides the occasion for the Broadway début of a wonderful nineteen-year-old comedienne named Barbra Streisand. As a harassed secretary of Apex Modes, Inc., the company that Bogen founds with a couple of partners, she stops the show with her nerve-racked rendition of a song of self-revelation, "Miss Marmelstein." Elliott Gould, who plays Bogen, is also a newcomer, but not a brand-newcomer—he was in the chorus of "Irma la Douce"—and he succeeds in making Harry magnetic without ever compromising the ruthlessness of the character. From the moment in the first scene when he steps into his boss's office with a practical idea for breaking a strike that is tying up deliveries, it is clear that he is the right actor for the part. His elated singing and dancing in "Momma, Momma," as he brings a series of presents, each more expensive than the last, to his mother (Lillian Roth) in the Bronx; his scene in a bar with Sheree North, cast as a Broadway gold-digger, when they take each oth-

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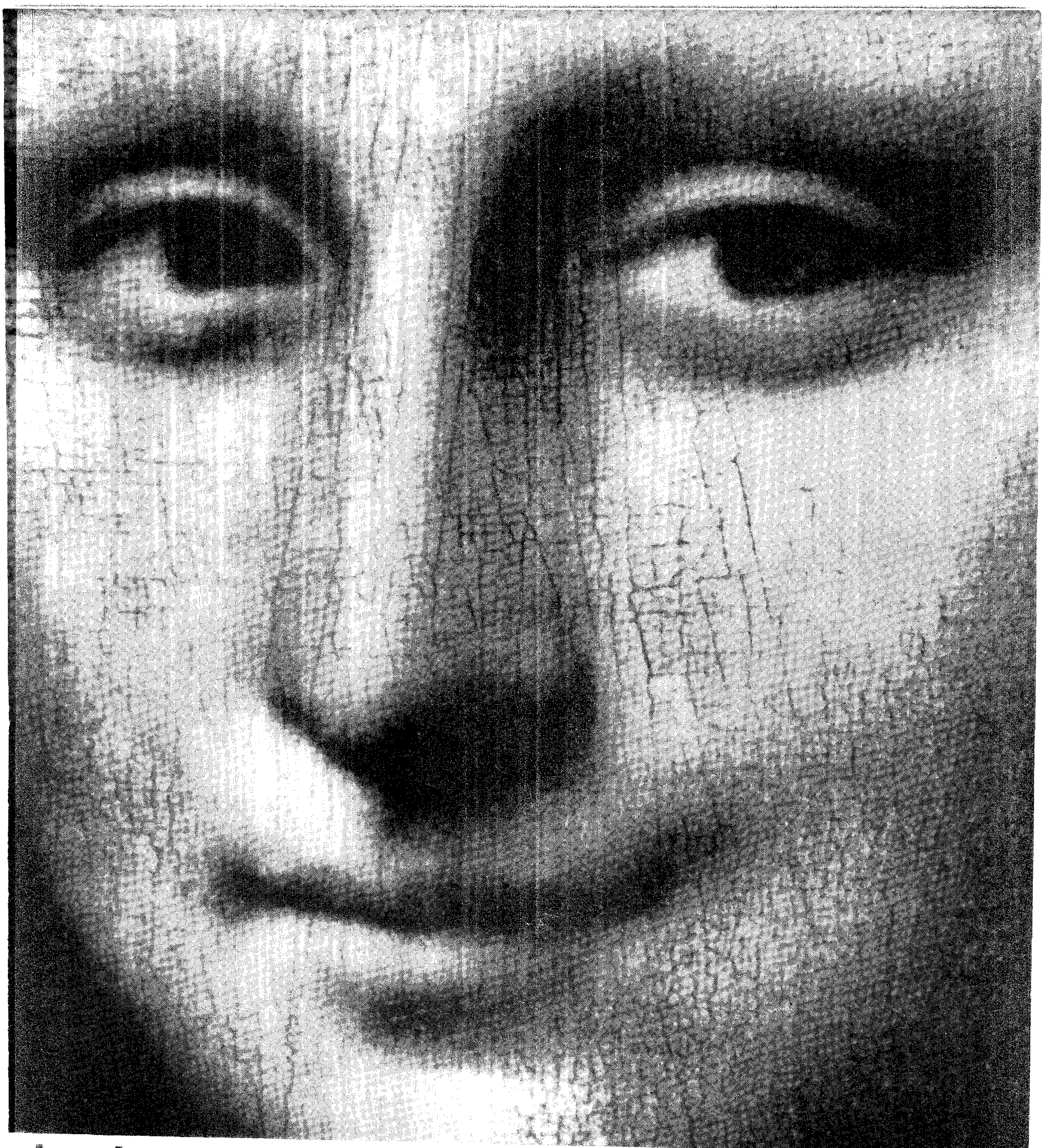

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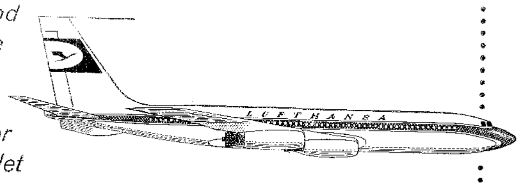

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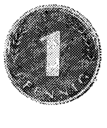

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Elizabeth Arden

er's measure and realize that they are two of a kind; his inspirational speech as he gives a check (drawn on the firm's account) to a boy at a Bar Mitzvah party—none of these could be better. A number of non-débutantes in the cast turn in good work, too. Ken LeRoy and Bambi Linn supply a strain of gentleness as a dress designer and his devoted wife. Harold Lang, as mercurial and nimble-footed as ever, plays the shrewd, distrustful partner who finally nabs Bogen, steals his brassy girl, and starts him on his downhill slide.

Mr. Lang, once Pal Joey, serves as a reminder of that other show about a heel who almost got away with it, but "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" is no "Pal Joey." In "Pal Joey," the delicate brilliance of the music, lyrics, book, and dancing sharply defined and commented on the sleaziness of the hero and his special world. In "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," the songs and dances and the production itself, in all their brash, melodic vitality and tension, merely match the comical, cutthroat frenzy of the special world *they* depict, and, in a couple of awful numbers called "Family Way" and "Too Soon," echo its putting-off sentimentality. Miss Roth, who sings them, somewhat dilutes the bathos of the first by doing it tongue-in-cheek, but there is no way out for the second. On the other hand, Miss Roth's Mrs. Bogen is never the stereotype of the stifling Jewish matron (the character isn't written as a stereotype, to begin with), and her "Eat a Little Something," which she sings to Harry after finding out that he has betrayed everyone associated with him and got his comeuppance, is a skillful blend of contempt, love, and bitterness. In all the performances, by the way, the singing, acting, and dancing dovetail so neatly that they seem inseparable. The settings, by Will Steven Armstrong, and the clothes, by Theoni V. Aldredge, are appropriate and effective.

"ALL AMERICAN," the musical at the Winter Garden that brings Ray Bolger home to Broadway, is, in spite of some merits, a depressing piece of work. Mr. Bolger plays— No, that isn't right. Mr. Bolger is *cast* as, but doesn't even attempt to play, a displaced professor of engineering named Fodorski, who comes to America to teach at a football college in the South and is unable to make the slightest scratch on the attention of his preoccupied students. Suddenly, it occurs to him to use the rules and terms of football as a kind of metaphor for his subject, and in short

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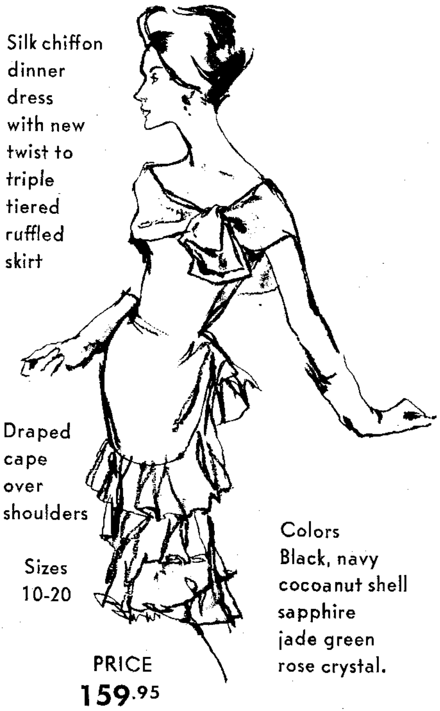

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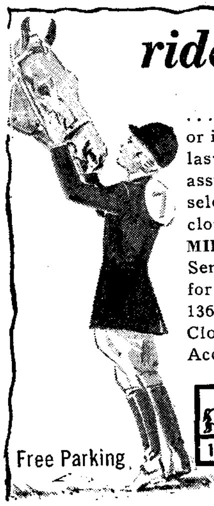

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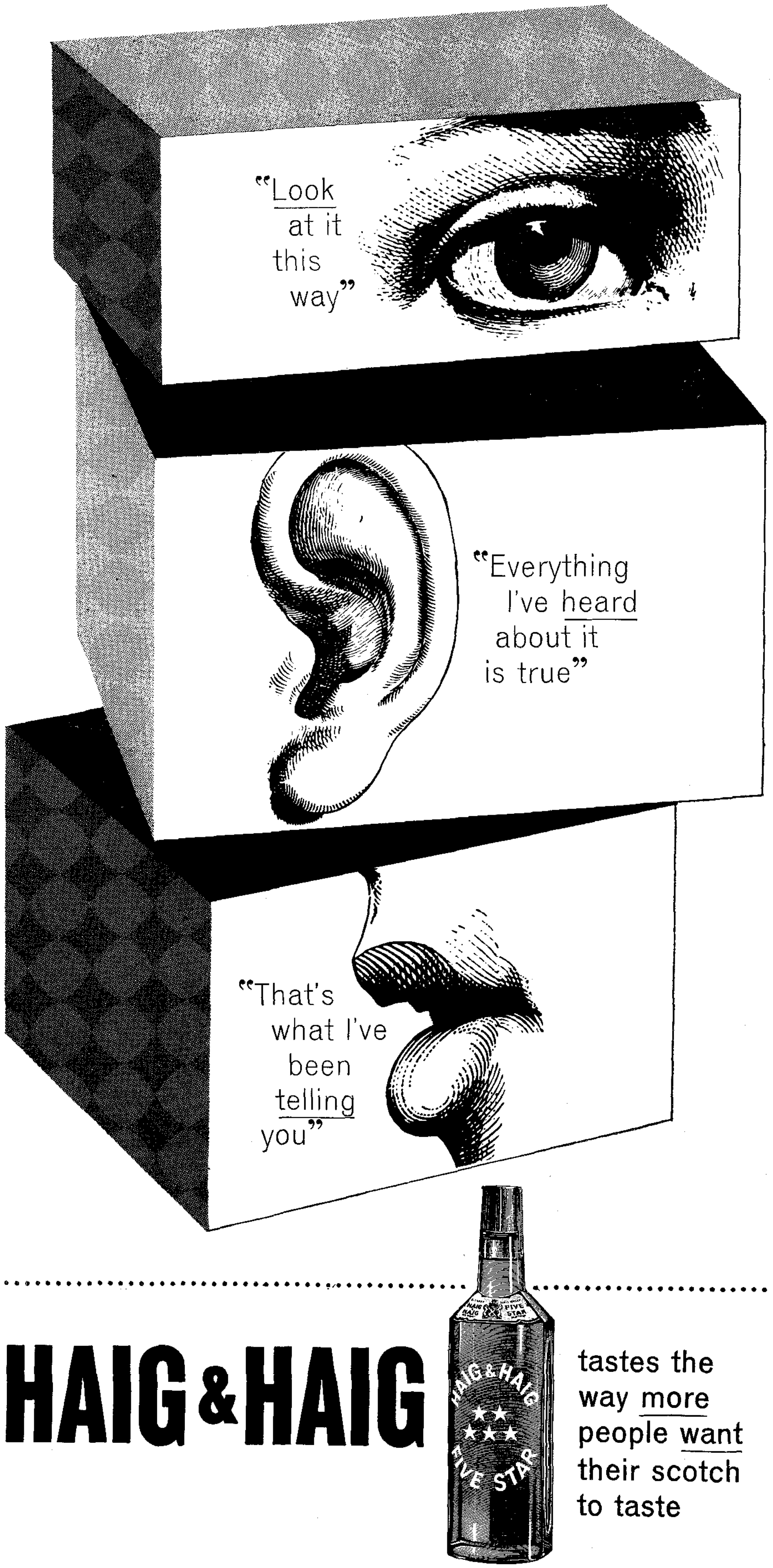
order he succeeds in arousing the dormant brains of the scholars and becomes not only the most popular teacher on campus but the coach of the team and, eventually, the client of a dynamic public-relations man, who, with shattering professionalism, turns him into an image and a foundation. The story, as you can see from this skeletal outline, gives Mel Brooks, who wrote the book, any number of opportunities to get in digs at any number of national mores and institutions. Most of them, of course, have been dug at so often that little besides scar tissue remains, but every once in a while the show seems to shrug off its mechanical cynicism and snap into real excitement—as distinguished from fake excitement, which also abounds. There is an entertaining routine, "It's Fun to Think," in which the students cluster in front of blackboards while Mr. Bolger taps out the rhythms of familiar quotations, mathematical rules, books of the Bible, and other academic ragtag and bobtail. In a proposal scene with Eileen Herlie, who is stuck with the embarrassing role of the dean of women and, fine actress though she is, can do nothing but play it with an embarrassed grin, Mr. B., singing a song called "If I Were You," breaks into his "Wizard of Oz" steps and then starts bolgering, and in a comic number called "I'm Fascinating" he struts and preens and hoofs to happy effect. In fact, most of the dancing is O.K. A football game played in the aisles, though, is so energetic that it becomes downright menacing, and many of the ensemble numbers are strained and raucous instead of lively.

Joshua Logan is the director. Several of his ideas come off well—a bus ride from the North to the South, for example, is done by having the members of the chorus run past the seated passengers holding up cutouts of motels, road signs, billboards, and telephone poles—but more of them are plain vulgar. Jo Mielziner's two-level settings on a revolving stage are handsome and ingenious. The songs, by Charles Strouse (music) and Lee Adams (lyrics), range, with a couple of cheesy exceptions, from adequate to agreeable. Fritz Weaver is funny in the funny part of the high-powered public-relations man. ("That's a good question," he snaps at one of his underlings. "How old are you?" "Twenty-two." "You're twenty-three from now on.")

How is it possible, then, for a show that stars Ray Bolger and that has passable music and dancing and good sets to be depressing? What the answer boils down to, I think, is that it is often as



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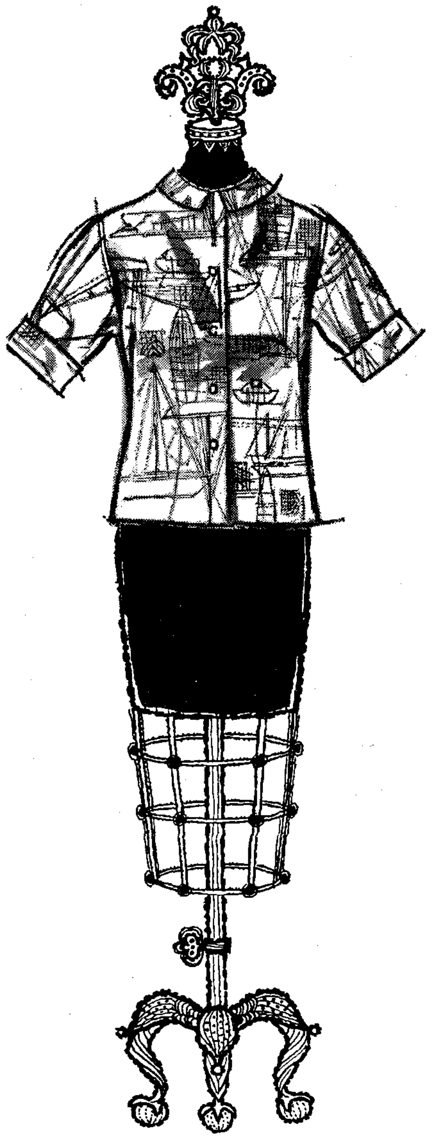

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shoddy and tasteless as anything it makes fun of, and that the satire, or the point of view behind the satire, isn't sharp at all—just sour.

IN the late "Isle of Children," at the Cort, Patty Duke, the young Helen Keller of "The Miracle Worker," did almost more than could really be done with the part of a girl of fourteen who knows that she will die at any moment from a painful and incurable heart ailment, and whose parents, much as they dote on her, are not much help. Her father (another writer in trouble, for heaven's sake!) tries to distract her by making her his partner in some nonstop whimsey, and her mother, refusing to accept any gloomy diagnosis, drags her from doctor to doctor, and then, finally facing the truth, needs more support than she gives. The child's only mainstay is a boy in the neighborhood, who, though he seems rather shaky psychologically himself, at least senses that her requirements are more important than his own.

Although I admired Miss Duke's skill and professionalism, I found it next to impossible to believe in the precocious and utterly synthetic character she portrayed. The play was a tricked-up vehicle, apparently intended to give her a chance to turn on and off almost every emotion on earth. Much more touching than the plight of the doomed girl was the plight of Miss Duke as an actress, made evident by the welcome she so heartily gave to the few sound lines and ideas that came her way. The role of the boy, incidentally, was written with some humor and understanding, and was played with humor and understanding by a lad named James Aubrey.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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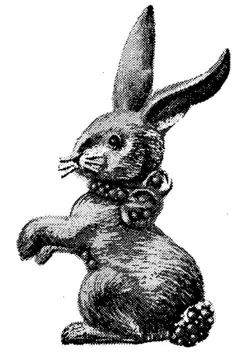
Who wants to swim in *that* water?



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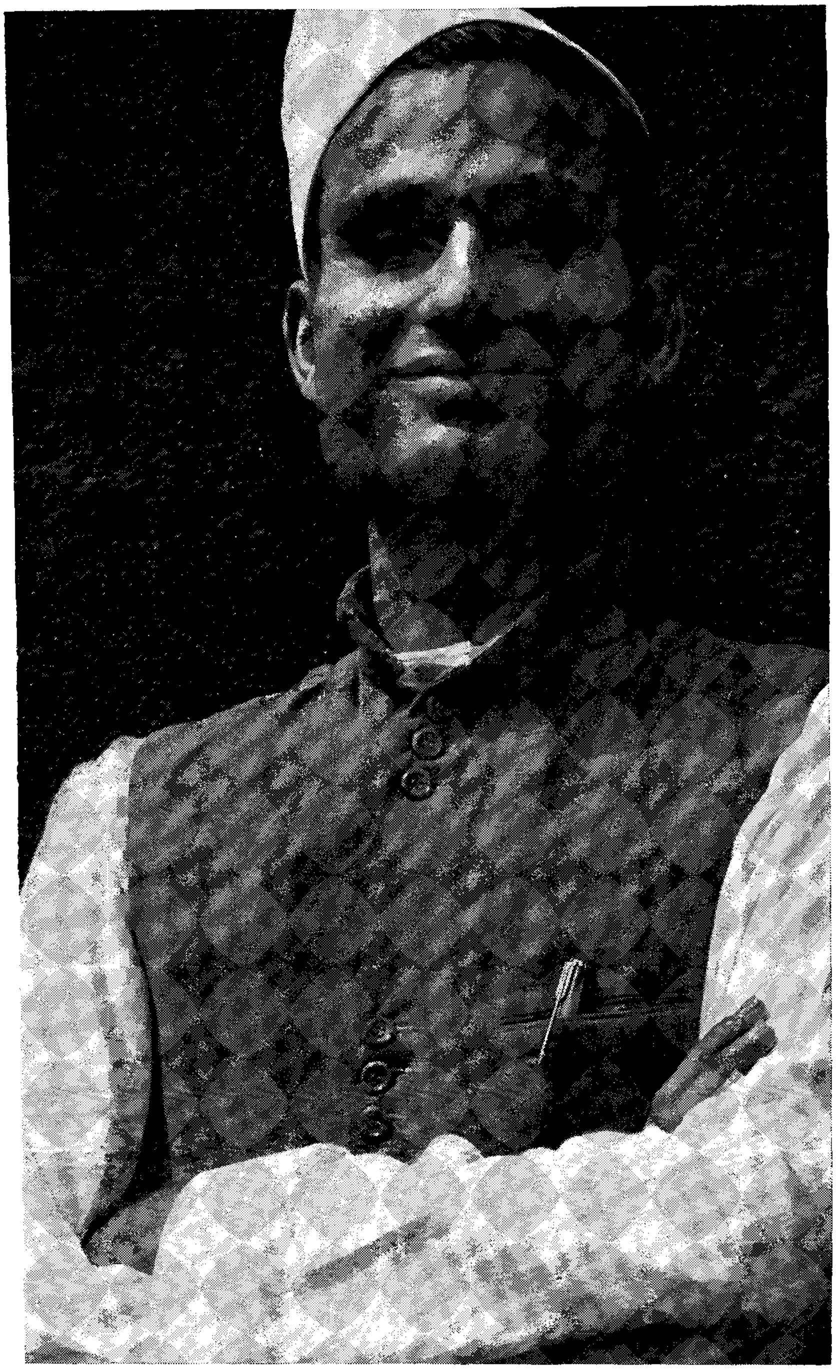

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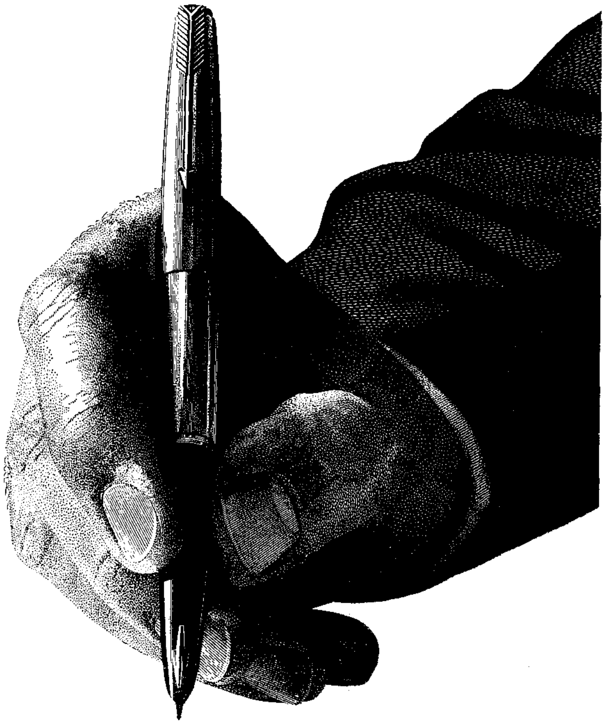

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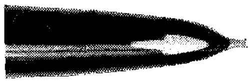

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New York City,
March 15, 1962

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

AMONG the casualties suffered by Webster's New International Dictionary in its revision from Second Edition to Third Edition was one that Dwight Macdonald failed to mention in his recent review of the new work, and one that I believe merits at least a short obituary. I refer to the veteran little left hand that appeared here and there in the columns of the Second Edition. Was there ever a reader whose heart didn't leap up when he discovered one of those well-scrubbed little hands—thumb politely lowered, three fingers formally laid flat against a palm that boasts a firm life line, and showing a fraction of natty black cuff—whose rigid forefinger was pointing, pointing, always pointing to some item of quaint and curious linguistic lore that would otherwise have been lost in a sea of gray type? You always found these hands where you least expected them. That was their function—to keep you awake by setting off information that was deemed important, according to some whimsical editorial canon, but did not belong in any of the more normal typographical categories, like Cf., ¶, or even §. You might find a Hand (sometimes called a Fist or an Index) at the bottom of the Second Edition entry for *over* or *fog*, drawing your attention irresistibly to such combinations as *overcull*, *overlight-headed*, *overlinger*, and *overplausible*, or *fog alarm*, *fog bell*, *fog-beset*, *fog-born*, and *fog-bred*, which you might not have thought of yourself. At other times, the Hand beckoned you to far-off lands, as in the entries on *forever* ("In England this is now usually written *for ever*") and *mayor* ("The title *mayor* is used in England, Ireland, and the U. S., and other countries settled by the English, and, formerly, in some royal burghs of Scotland, where now the term *provost* is used in its stead"). Only in matters autobiographical was the Hand ever reticent. The Second Edition's entry for this sense of *hand* told us only that it was "a figure of a hand with forefinger extended, to point a way or call attention to something, as on a signpost," and the definitions for *index* and *fist* added nothing any juicier. But over the years I built up a portrait of the original owner of the Hand. Erudite he must have been, and well

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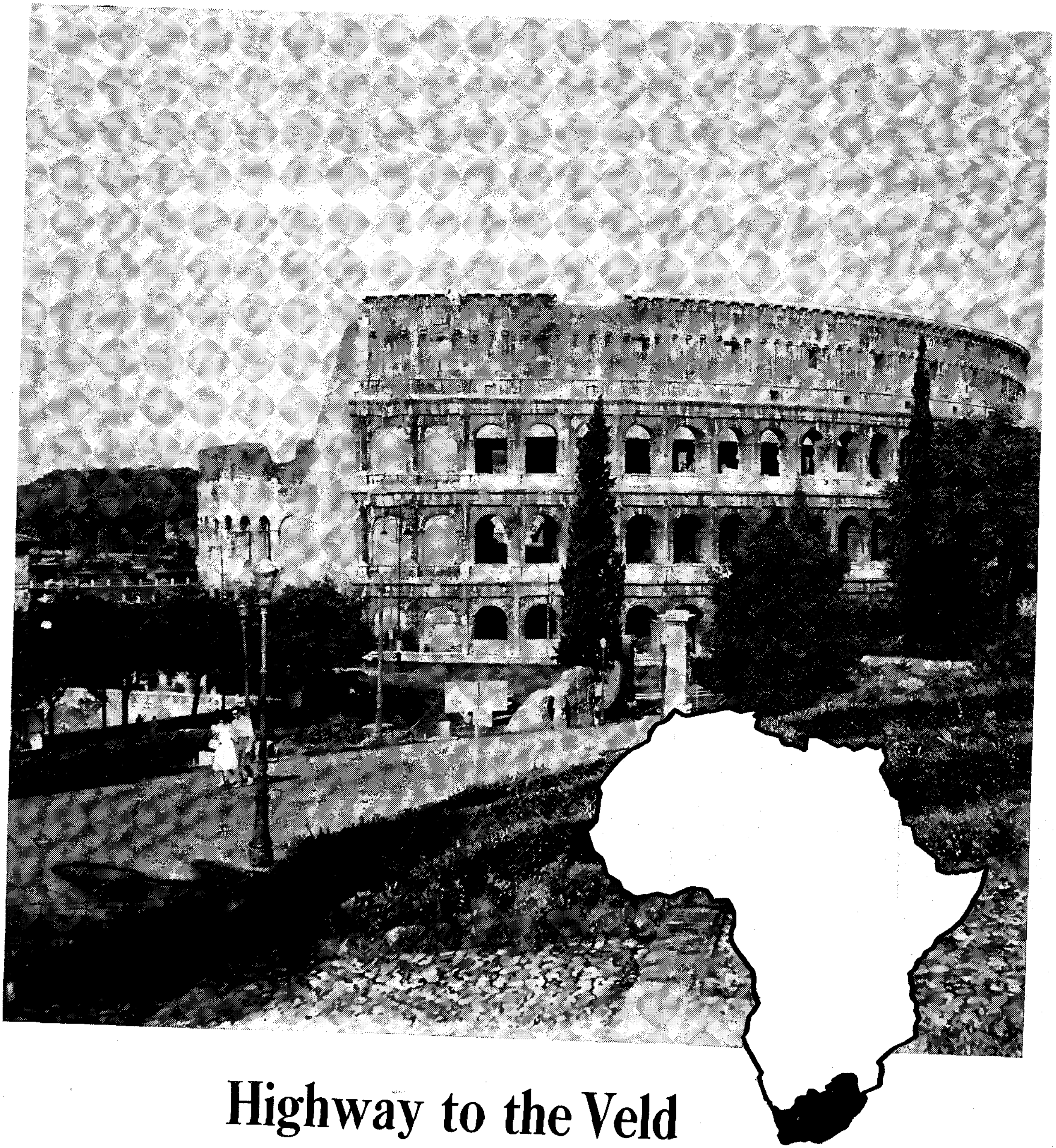

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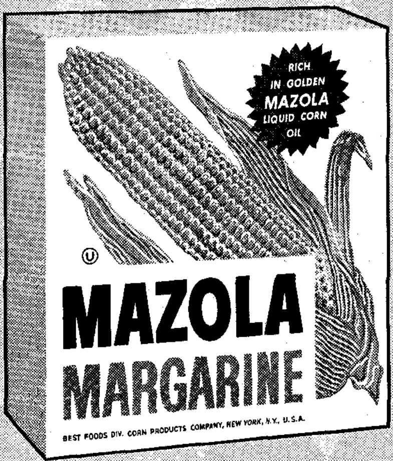
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travelled! How else would his Hand have been able to pique our lagging interest with this addendum to the Second Edition's entry for *its:* "The form *it's* began shortly before 1600 to replace the possessive *it* (see IT, *pron.*, 6) and had by 1623 become the common literary form, the form *its* coming into prevalence somewhat later"? Or with the scholarly masterpiece attached to *fob*, where the Hand unmovingly fingers the following: "*Fob*, as in some editions of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii. 25, is an erron. reading for *sob*. See SOB, n., 2"?

We never really appreciate good friends until they are gone. In the Third Edition, the Hand has all but disappeared. The editor, Dr. Philip Gove, explains that it took up too much space, although he says that "it may be in there" once or twice for special purposes. Well, I haven't finished reading my copy of the Third Edition yet, but so far I have found only two uses of a genuine Hand, and both are merely illustrations—one for *index* and one for *fistnote*, the latter word being defined as "a usu. important note (as in a book) preceded by a printing character in the shape of a fist with pointed index finger." (Even with the hedge implied by "usu.," this definition poses an interesting question as to the importance of any of the notes in the Third Edition.) The only other hand of any nature that I turned up in the new edition is a somewhat flabby right-handed cousin (with a weak life line) that accompanies the definition of *index finger*, again simply as an illustration.

Old dictionary Hands would never have wasted a fingernail on such stuff. They were never visual aids but, rather, aged and honored pedants, imparting information that they cherished for its own sake, and always just a little impatient, as if they guessed (quite rightly) that you had been about to rush off to sharpen a pencil or mail a letter when they poked an Ancient Mariner's finger in your eye. I suppose their little tidbits are buried in unmarked graves somewhere in the Third Edition, but who will come across them now? Somewhere, *fog* must still make *fog bell* and *fog-beset* and *fog-born*, but if so, the process of parturition is forever shrouded from most readers. It is bad enough that a whole generation will be brought up without the slightest notion of exactly who it is one can't fight in which Scottish city hall. But how about those legions of Shakespeare students who will innocently open certain editions of "Comedy of Errors" and be unable to see the wailing for the fobs?

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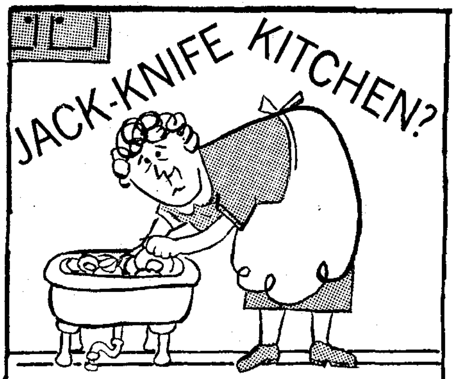
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grapple with today's problems *mano a mano*, as it were, the Hand could have adopted the twentieth-century pose of the specialist: a graceful italic gesture for foreign phrases, painted fingernails for feminine endings, a careful manicure for euphemisms, a kid glove for potentially explosive words like *McCarthyism*, and perhaps a tattoo on a hairy wrist for downright lewd usages, so many of which the Third Edition proudly includes. But, unfortunately (and here one can read the Handwriting on the wall), all these Hands would perforce share one ambidextrous attribute—Authority. And, as Mr. Macdonald so succinctly said, "Authority is the last thing [the Third Edition's] modest recorders want."

Yours truly,
GERALD JONAS

•

THE COMING OF AGE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

[*From the Greater Philadelphia Magazine*]

One morning last month in the Sheraton Hotel, during a symposium on psychosomatic medicine sponsored by Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, Dr. Eli Marcovitz, director of Philadelphia Psychiatric Hospital's out-patient department, used an unpropitious choice of words in describing an interesting case during a discussion on psychoanalysis. He had had a female patient, he said, who wanted to have a baby and, even though she had been married for some time, was not able to conceive. Her family physician, finding no physical disability, referred her to psychoanalysis with Dr. Marcovitz. After a number of sessions he discovered that she was harboring an unconscious fixation about her late father. Following the session in which this was revealed to her, Dr. Marcovitz explained, she became pregnant. "And by the same husband," he added as an afterthought. There were a few chuckles in the audience, a group composed of some of the most eminent physicians and psychiatrists in the area. The woman dropped analysis after she had her baby, Dr. Marcovitz went on, and he didn't see her again for another two years. Then one day she returned to his office. "What's wrong?" Dr. Marcovitz asked her. "I want to become pregnant again," she said. "Well, then," said the doctor, "get back on the couch and we'll take up where we left off." The unintentioned double-entendre escaped Dr. Marcovitz, but not his audience. It roared in laughter. Then someone pointed out to the red-faced analyst that he had earlier said that one of the factors in selection of patients was their ability to "cooperate." The audience laughed even louder.

In a way, it was the whole profession of psychiatry and psychoanalysis laughing, and it was laughing at itself. For a medical specialty that had gone through dark periods of suspicion, rejection and ridicule, it was a good sign—a sign that it had long since come of age.

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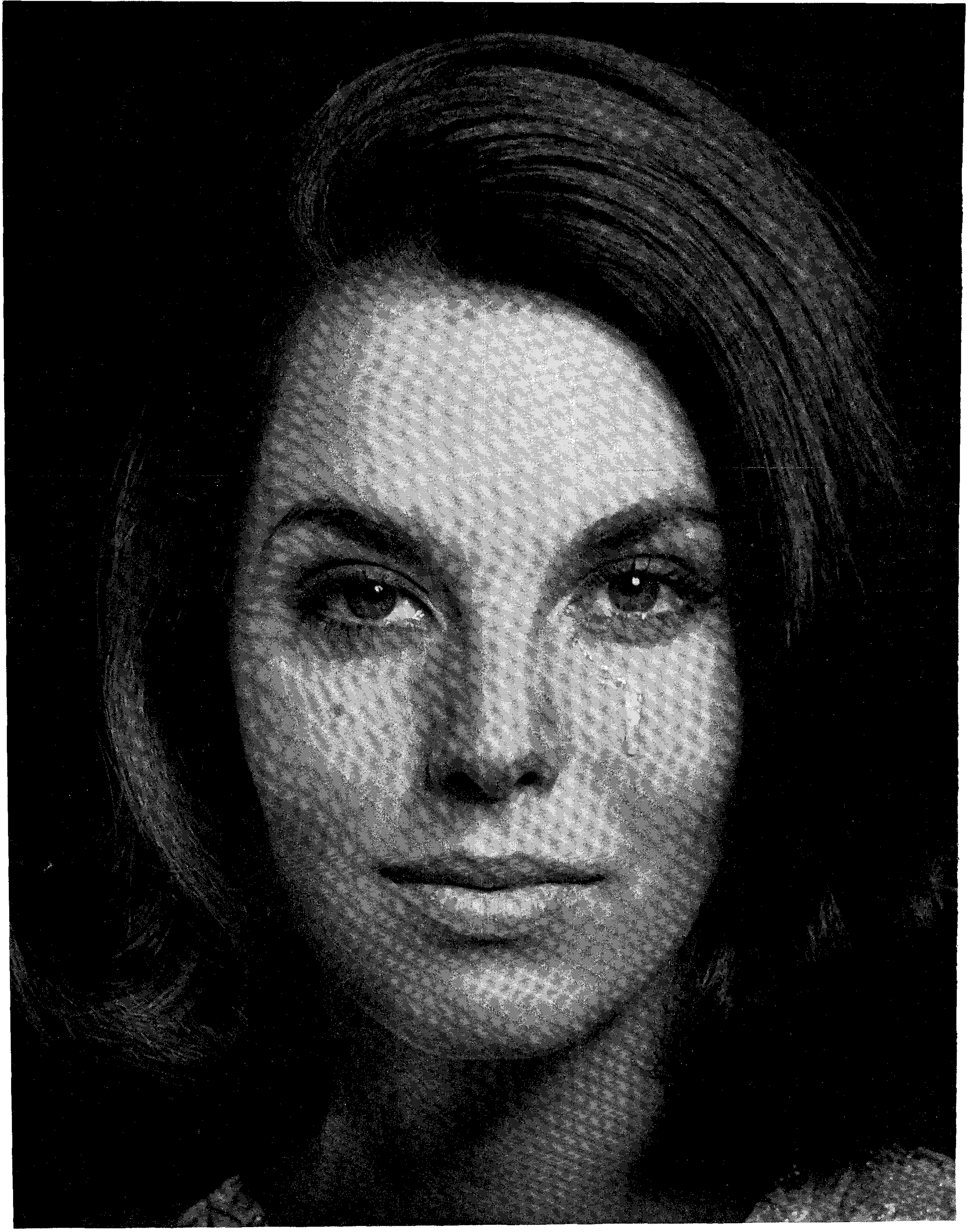

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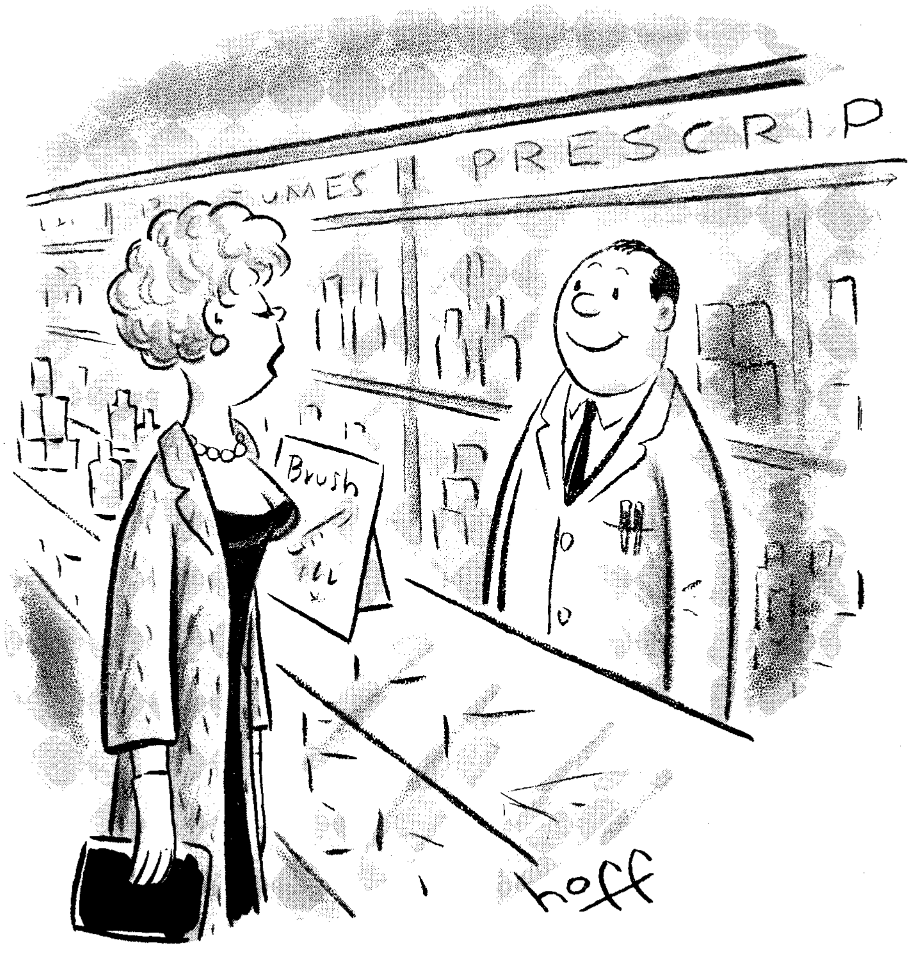
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 23

THE curé of a small village near the Channel coast is reported to have rung his church bells at dusk on Sunday to announce the good news of the cease-fire in Algeria to his little countryside—apparently the only tintinnabulation of the sort noted anywhere in France. Here in Paris, the expected seven-o'clock Sunday-evening official radio announcement of the truce in the Algerian war seemed to give people a sense of profound relief but elicited no signs of animation, as if it had been awaited so long—and, lately, so often—that it was already too familiar as a hope to need the panoply of sudden flags on balconies or cheering street crowds, of which there were none, or the sound of the great Bourdon bell in the belfry of Notre-Dame, also silent. Obviously, the emotional satisfaction at the truce was troubled even in advance by doubts about how it can or will work at first. Also, this satisfaction was greatly debilitated by the fact that, with enormous difficulty and endless litigious arguments, the truce finally bound over only the two original belligerents in the war, the French and the Algerians, whereas behind them, for more than a year now, has been the constantly increasing third force, the uncontrolled enemy of them both and of the future peace as well—the random, deadly, implacable power of ex-General Salan's Organisation de l'Armée Secrète, at least as it operates in Algeria. President de Gaulle, in his television speech to the nation at eight o'clock Sunday night, referred with supreme and angry disdain to certain former Army elements as "misguided chiefs and criminal adventurers" (with a stately kind of linguistic purity, he never permits the name of the O.A.S. to cross his lips), but his millions of listeners all over the country knew only too clearly whom he meant, and may well have wished that he had gone on to say what he planned to do about them at this eleventh pacific hour, and about those who favor them. *Le Monde*, in its front-page Monday-night editorial, titled "Au-delà de la Guerre" and signed "Sirius," nom de plume of its editor, Hubert Beuve-Méry, who takes to his pen only on dangerous or vital occasions, stated drastically, "What above all must finally cease are the evident complicities [these men enjoy]. When these 'misguided chiefs and criminal adventurers' make themselves masters of the streets and of the commissariat with ease [as they have done in Algiers and Oran], receiving food, supplies, and arms by train and by truck, there is ground for declaring that they benefit from alarming collusion and, without doubt, from powerful aid. If this does not change, the worst fears are justified. Citizens of a weak state that is more and more powerless, the French will indeed find themselves plunged into a civil war."

Half an hour after de Gaulle spoke on the air, Premier Benyoussef Ben Khedda, of the Gouvernement Provisoire de la République Algérienne, spoke from Tunis to the Algerians in Arabic to announce the successful conclusion ("It is a great victory for Algeria") of the Evian conference, and to order the cease-fire. In closing his speech, he bluntly warned, "The period of transition will demand the greatest vigilance. The cease-fire is not the peace. The danger is great. The Fascist hordes and the racist-minded O.A.S., despairing of maintaining their French Algeria, will try once more to cover the land with blood. Up to now, the French civil and military authorities have been more or less accomplices of the O.A.S. In the superior interests of peace and of coöperation between the two countries, this complicity must come to an end." This final item of official bold comment and advice from the newly former enemy was omitted by certain Paris newspapers—even by papers that had themselves earlier expressed the same worried criticism of the de Gaulle government, if more tactfully.

On Monday, each of the papers gave a full page to the detailed and lengthy contents of the Franco-F.L.N. Evian accord, in which the elaborate chapters concerning the statutory position of Europeans in Algeria were, of course, of major interest to French readers. In Paragraph 1, titled "Dispositions Communes à Tous les Algériens"—which includes white Algerians of European stock—the opening clause, on "Personal Security," declared, "No one shall be disturbed, hunted, pursued, or condemned, or made the object of penal judgment, of disciplinary punishment, or of any discrimination whatsoever because of acts committed in relation to events that occurred in Algeria between November 1, 1954 [when the war began], and the day of the cease-fire." The second clause read, "None may be disturbed, hunted, pursued . . . because of words or opinions uttered in relation



"*Besides* yourself, what can you recommend for a headache?"

to Algerian events between November 1, 1954, and the day when the Algerians will vote on their self-determination." It is thought that this vote will be in July, until which time the Algerian settlers can say anything reckless or vilifying that comes into their heads—for instance, about General de Gaulle, whom they hated before for having promised to end the war, and now hate boundlessly for having patiently preserved his word of honor. In clarification, the next paragraph, entitled "Protection of Persons and Goods," states that "French nationals"—i.e., the white settlers, or *pieds-noirs* of European stock—who "exercise Algerian civil rights" as residents "will benefit by the same measures and under the same conditions as in Paragraph 1." This would seem to mean that there is to be an amnesty (though that word is nowhere used in the text) for the raging, murderous participation in the O.A.S. terrorist campaign of formerly ordinary, normal adult white citizens who have run amuck under the recent pressure of events and become lawless, bloodthirsty monomaniacs in their hope of keeping their Algeria French forever, and for the blood-drunk *ratonades*, or rat hunts, on the Algerian city sidewalks, in which rich bourgeois *colons*' sons shot down passing *ratons* (the old settlers' name for the poorer Algerians) in the sadism of youthful bravado—an amnesty, in short, for all these human degradations and horrors, commonplace or spectacular, and many dating from only last week. The realistic, historical wisdom behind this implicit amnesty—or so some French feel—is that there is no difference between soldiers and civilians in a bitter civil war; both kill.

However, the French government's first act since the cease-fire has been to create courts-martial in Oran and Algiers, empowered to judge, by the most rapid procedure, any adult French citizens who murder or throw bombs and are caught in the act. So far, no one seems to have been caught *in flagrante delicto*, doubtless owing to the extremities of confusion, hope, bloodshed, and violence and the unaccustomed attempt to set up order down there on two levels—that of the Moslems, whose disciplined conduct is now officially in the hands only of the Algerian F.L.N. authorities, and that of the French and European whites, whose conduct so far constitutes the bigger danger to peace. By yesterday morning, about fifty dead and nearly two hundred wounded—mostly Moslems, as usual, and all struck down since Monday noon's declared

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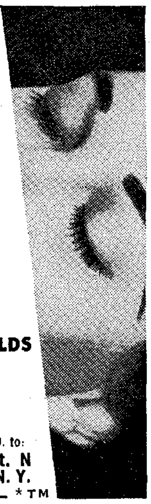

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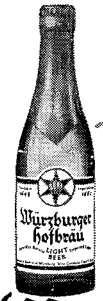

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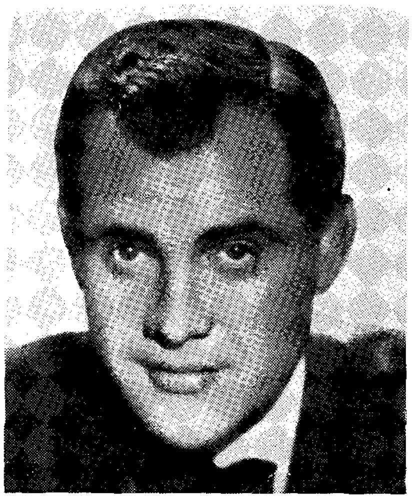
cease-fire—had already been reported here in Paris from still anguished Algeria, in its first bloody peace throes.

A MULTITUDE of secret documents detailing ex-General Salan's plan of action after the cease-fire were seized only last week—just in the nick of time—at the Résidence de Saint-Raphaël, in El Biar, in the hills above Algiers. In order to have these papers boomerang against the surprise on which the O.A.S. was clearly counting, the French authorities have intelligently broadcast them in Algeria, in Arabic and in French, and have given them out for publication on both sides of the Mediterranean. Though Salan will obviously have altered them by now with highly necessary second thoughts, their basic psychological elements probably cannot be fixed in many new or different patterns for his clandestine organization's subversive operations, human nature being as limited as it is. Nor is there, it is thought in Paris, a lot of tactical leeway open to him—even though he is known as a brilliantly inventive extemporizer in military strategy and action—in this, his imminent and, it is hoped by millions, his final insurrection in Algeria. "I leave to one side, a priori, any defensive action," his secret papers reportedly said. "I want a general offensive, an extension of the revolutionary war that we are waging. The aim is not to attempt a definite *Putsch.* I also do not aim at any massive *coup de force* against any one given point. I do not want us to lock ourselves in anywhere. Above all, we must not again make the mistake made at the barricades insurrection in Algiers." What Salan did want was to multiply the O.A.S. subversive action everywhere, to harass all organized French and F.L.N. security forces, to sink the country into general anarchy, and, "by favor of this chaos," to replace, little by little, the legal authorities with O.A.S. power. He said that the O.A.S. must "swing to us the Europeans, even the Moslems, and, if possible, some of the French soldiers," and added, "In brief, we must rot conditions to the maximum, so that Algeria will at the end fall into our hands like a ripe fruit." As for his precise elements of action, he said, "We must concentrate our principal means on the cities, already in a suitable state for us. The Europeans in the cities are now sufficiently organized to constitute a very valuable instrument." He said that the O.A.S. should play on the city dwellers' emotional reflexes. One of the first objectives would be "to asphyxiate, to stifle, the urban



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centers by strikes." The *bled*, or countryside, he considered unimportant; it has not shown itself to be "valuable ground for revolutionary action." He added, "A *maquis* does not do much good." His dominant principle, as revealed in his secret papers, is to develop the subversive war in every way, to institute massive shutdowns of all kinds of work and other normal activities. On the purely tactical side, he said that his commandos had to multiply "their harassing of the forces of law and order, so as to wear down their nerves—to weaken them, if breaking them proves impossible." Also, the commandos were to fire on the gendarmes and the C.R.S. (the French shock police), burn their vehicles and gasoline stations, and pour oil on the streets, so the C.R.S. trucks and tanks would skid; "that way, our men can more easily attack them." At its end, the Salan plan got around to the native Algerians as a final human domain for the O.A.S. psychology. According to *Figaro's* transcript of the Salan secret papers, "All the Moslem cadres must be attacked with increasing vigor—doctors, lawyers, druggists, civil servants, technicians, and so forth. The object is to destroy the best Moslem elements in the liberal professions, so as to oblige the Moslem population to turn to us."

On Thursday afternoon in Algiers, the O.A.S. pasted on walls warnings addressed to the French C.R.S., the gendarmes, and the French Army soldiers on patrol duty, saying, "You have until midnight tonight, Thursday, March 22nd, to withdraw from the Bab-el-Oued quarter. After that, you will be considered troops serving a foreign country. The cease-fire of Monsieur de Gaulle is not that of the O.A.S. For us the fight begins." It actually began a few hours earlier, in the first all-out O.A.S. attack, with heavy weapons, on Algiers and its Bab-el-Oued district. Apparently, the civil war down there has truly started.

ON Tuesday, the French Parliament opened for three days, in a tense atmosphere, to listen to President de Gaulle's special message to them, read standing by the Chamber speaker and heard standing by all the deputies except the Socialists and the Communists, who remained seated on their benches as a sign of disrespect. No vote on the message was allowed. Though this Chamber is a remarkably biddable one, de Gaulle will doubtless soon dissolve it, and call for new elections after his April 8th referendum, on which he should

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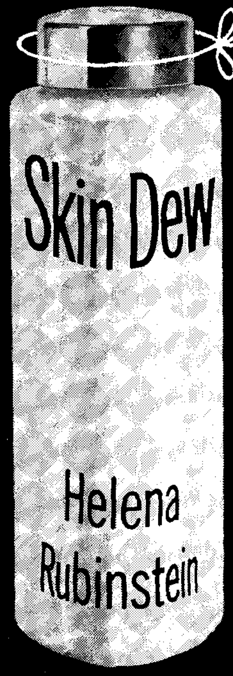
win a ninety-per-cent "Yes" vote. The opening speech in response to the message was by Pierre Portolano, deputy from Bône, in Algeria, and chief of the Unité de la République political group, which is pro-Algérie Française but anti-O.A.S. and anti-de Gaulle, and some hundred deputies rose to hear him—an impressive array. His was an intelligent, unhysterical, strong speech by an Algeria-born right-wing diehard. He deplored the handing over of an undeveloped Algeria, to become, in its independence, a pro-Communist popular republic (he feared), and he deplored the lost rights of Parliament, "baffled by General de Gaulle." To Premier Debré, on the Government bench, he delivered a telling shot by saying, "Your former words still remain in our spirit: 'The abandonment of Algeria is an illegitimate act' "—which, of course, Debré, who had early been pro-Algérie Française himself, had indeed said. The U.N.R. pro-Government, pro-de Gaulle speaker was tedious. At the end of the morning session, the one-time Poujadist deputy Jean-Marie Le Pen, a former paratroop officer and still a hotheaded bully, said to the Minister of Overseas Departments and Territories, Louis Jacquinot, a former lawyer, "You'll all be hanged," to which His Excellency replied, "You might need me someday to save your own head." In the night session, Le Pen accused the absent de Gaulle of using Algeria to "strangle the Republic and set up a dictatorial empire."

"The mere fact, M. Le Pen, that you can speak so intolerably proves the liberties of this government," the Chamber speaker replied.

They were dull, rather sad farewell sessions.

PARISIANS, familiar with the unabating, witty, insulting anti-Gaullism of France's only fearless Leftist satiric weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, were astounded to see its sturdy *amende honorable* in the present number, headed boldly, "To de Gaulle, from His Grateful Country: Once and for All, MERCI!" The impertinent, intelligent little editorial that followed said, in part, "It is extraordinary how many times we have had to shout '*Vive de Gaulle!*' or '*A bas de Gaulle!*' We admit it, it's crazy. Yet when a gentleman says one day to his nation, 'Algeria is a French land today and forever' (June 6, 1958), and another day proclaims 'Algeria will be a sovereign independent state' (October 2, 1961), that is rather crazy, too. Well, let's pass over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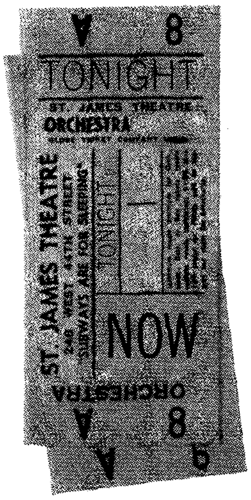
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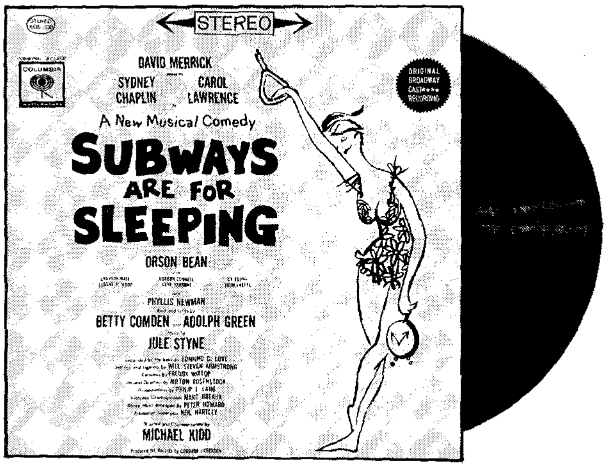
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all that. To the man who would bring us on a silver platter the end of the Algerian war, whoever that man was, we were ready to take off our hat. You could say that we've been waiting for that man. It could have been Guy Mollet, but it wasn't. It could not have been Bourgès-Maunoury or Félix Gaillard or that poor Pflimlin. It could have been de Gaulle in 1958, de Gaulle in 1959, de Gaulle in 1960, de Gaulle in 1961. But it wasn't any of those de Gaulles. It could only have been Salan in 1964, if he had staged a successful insurrection in 1961. However, at the end of it all, it was de Gaulle just the same. *Alors*, '*Vive de Gaulle!*' " With the same grateful spirit, if not the same gaiety, millions of French citizens feel the same way: *Vive de Gaulle!* —GENÊT

•

A POEM ON DANCING

They dance now
Wholly in air, it seems,
Enhanced by atmospheres
Of pure decorum.

Rapt in the flow
Of what they wear, we think
Of light, improbable rivers
Moving through air.

No strain escorts
Their grace; they dance so well
Their shadows are left gaping
Across the walls,

And we are pleased
To feel our weight cascade
Around our bones and down
Into our chairs,

For we would never
Spend our lives dancing,
Dancing to an unmusical,
Mean end.

—MARK STRAND

•

Mrs. Bigger said, " 'Drums Along the Mohawk' deals with our own history which I had always been told was about our fine and noble ancestors. I fail to find any in this book."

She said only four pages in "Drums" were devoted to a battle and contended that the author, Walter Edmonds, spent a large part of the book detailing the activities of a half-witted servant girl who wound up living with an Indian.

Mrs. Bigger said the school administrators "said the girl is punished for her sins, but I think she wound up very well satisfied with the Indian."

She also claimed the book was sprinkled with oats.—*Miami Herald.*

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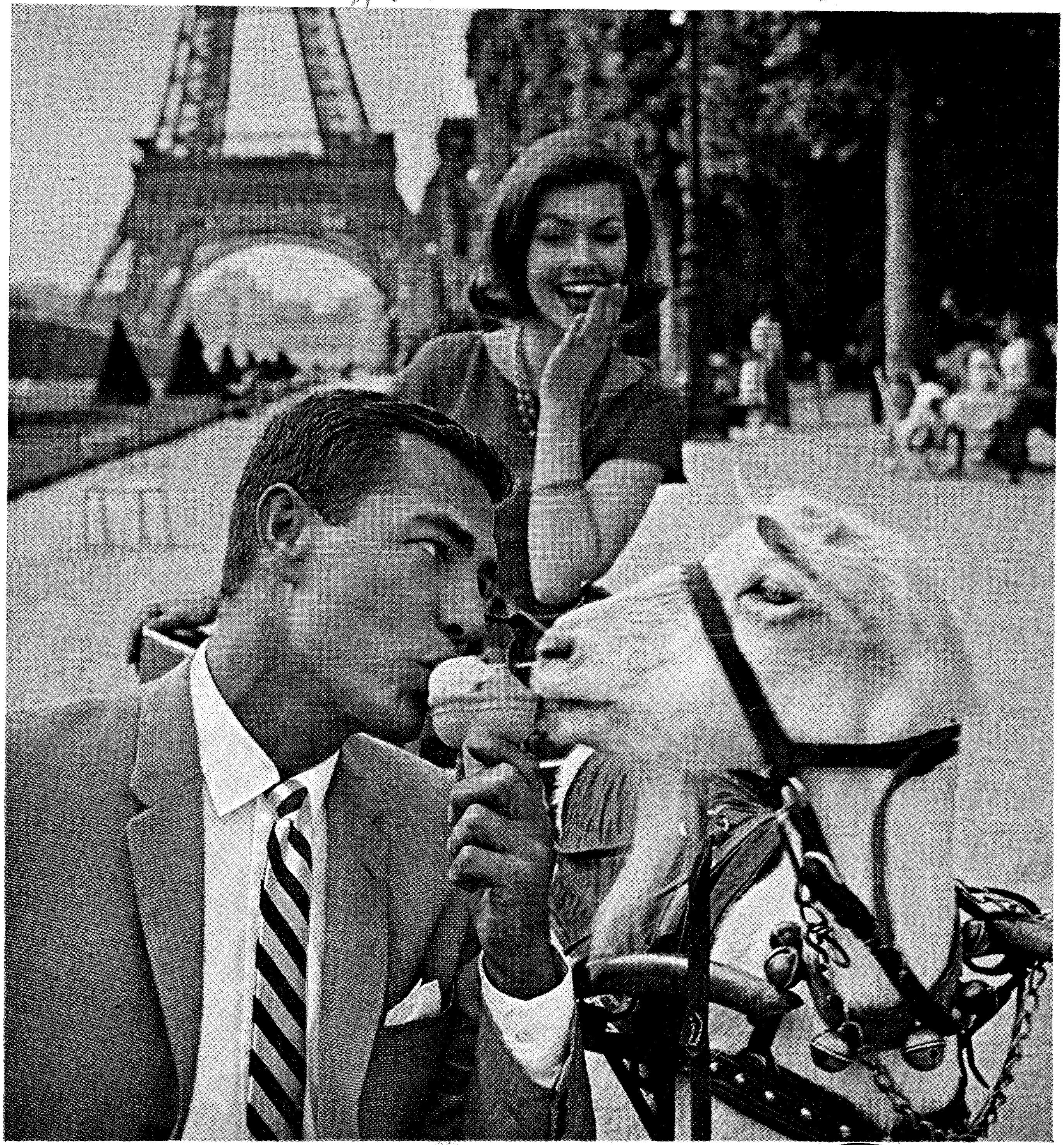

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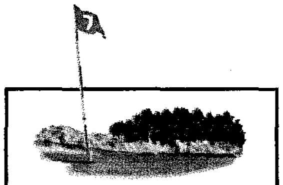

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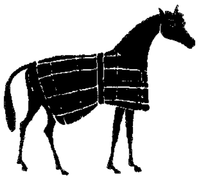
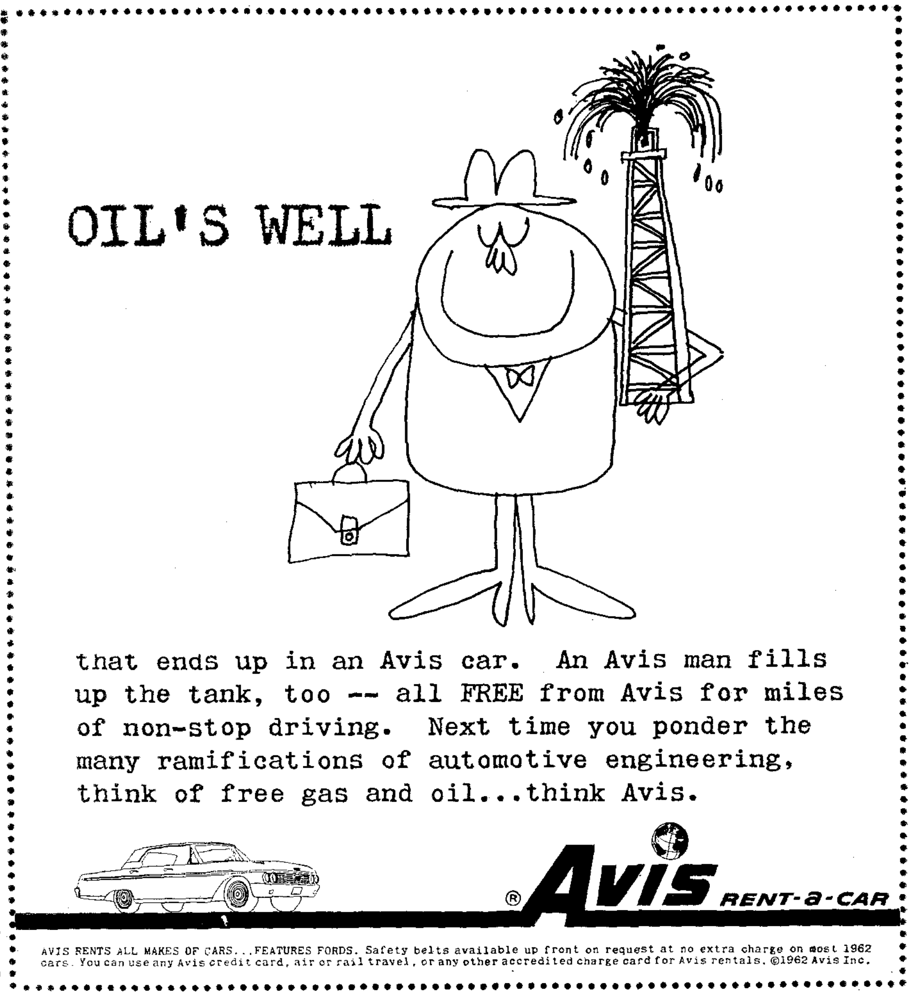


Aqueduct was up to its neck in horseplayers last week: 47,065 of them on Tuesday, which was opening day; 56,203 on Saturday; and a total of 76,692 on the three days in between. That isn't a bad beginning for any season. The betting was high, wide, and handsome, with $15,603,293 going into the tote; the racing was lively; and the weather was more clement than it had been for previous March openings hereabouts. On Tuesday, Hirsch Jacobs sent out the first winner, something named Modern Iago, and Eugene Jacobs, his brother, sent out the second, Brass Knuckles, for—you might say—a family double. It's traditional for at least one long shot to win on opening day, and one did—Cisco Kid, who brought off a 40–1 chance. The big race was the Swift Stakes, at six furlongs, and Green Ticket, who had been training well at Columbia, South Carolina, led all the way to win driving from Duc d'Or and Sunrise County, the runner who had had his number taken down for bumping in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah several weeks before. This time, Sunrise County managed to keep a straight course in the stretch, and he was wearing the leaders down at the end. As for Donut King, the favorite, he ran far below expectations, finishing fifth. He is too leggy to pass as a well-made horse, and stands too straight in front, but I fancy he'll do better as he goes along.

Old hands—and I suppose I'm one—agree that the dozen runners for the Paumonok Handicap on Saturday were the poorest lot that have ever gone to the post in that fixture. Certainly none of them can be mentioned in the same breath with Zev, Silver Fox, King Saxon, Pompoon, Johnstown, and Devil Diver, who won the Paumonok when it was run at Jamaica and when the Democratic club that gave the race its name used to turn out for it in force. Still, the horses made a good try; Rideabout won by more than three lengths from Rullah Red, with Merry Ruler, the favorite, third. Incidentally, Saturday was a bad day for favorites—or, at any rate, for eight of the nine of them.

The Big A looks much as it looked when we left it last November. You may notice, though, an eight-foot-high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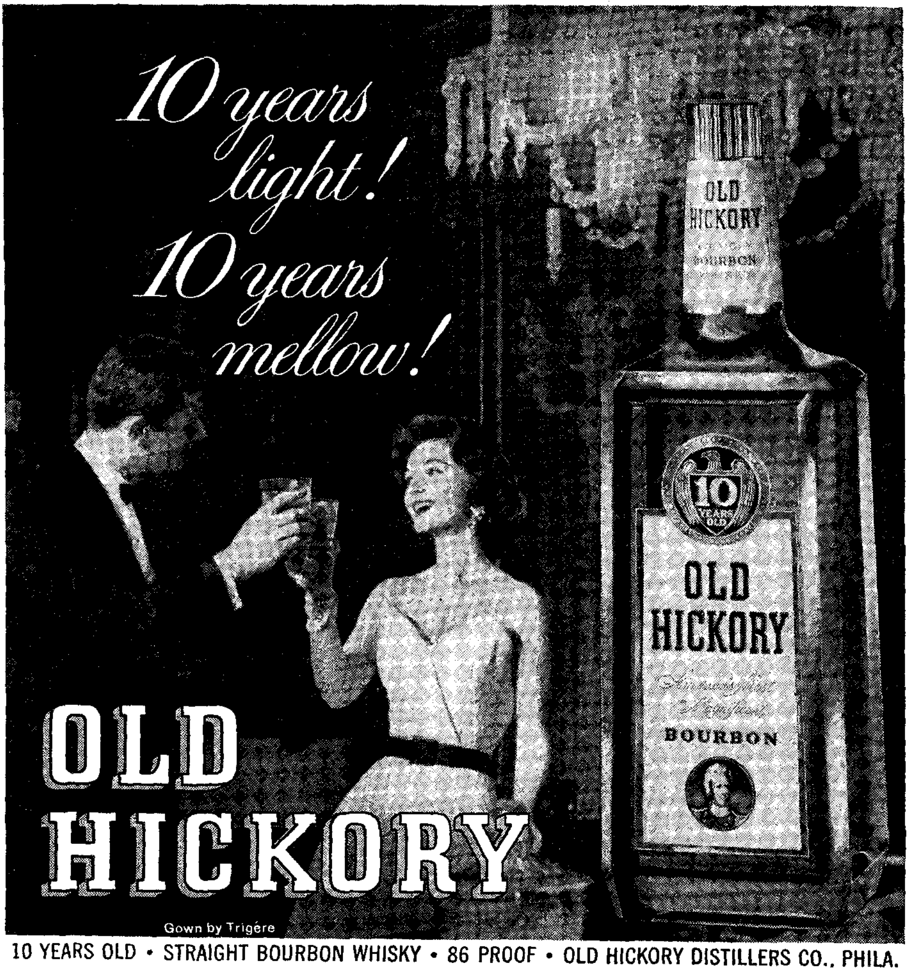

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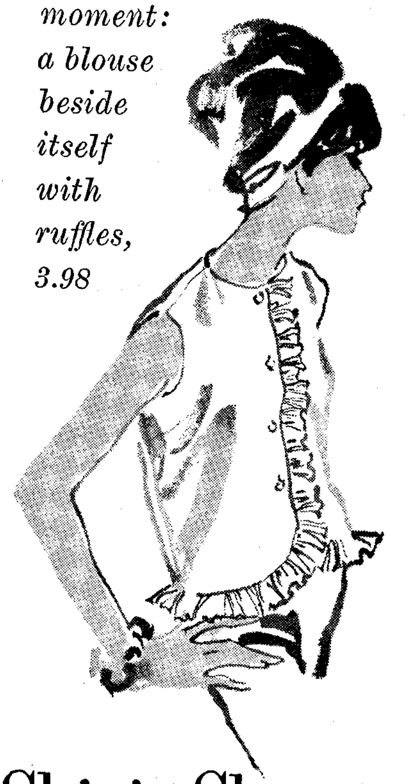
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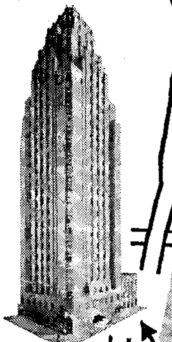

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green fence, of a sort of latticework, along the backstretch and around the turns of the main track. It was put up so that we couldn't see the drab stables and one of the parking lots. It isn't high enough, but then a higher one would probably be blown down by the first big wind. What would do the trick, I'm sure, is a hedge of Australian pine trees. Hialeah put one in a few years ago, and it has grown into a most attractive screen. If Aqueduct were to plant a hedge like it, I, for one, would be willing to watch the trees grow to twenty feet.

IT wouldn't be stretching a point to say that Yorktown, who won the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie last weekend, is the most improved of the older horses under colors. Last year, he started three times without ever coming close, and then contracted leg trouble, which forced him to spend about eight months on the shelf. Returning to the Fair Grounds, his old home base, a couple of months ago, he won two minor races and one major race—the New Orleans Handicap, in which he beat Hillsborough, Carry Back, and nine others. On that occasion, he began slowly and came up fast on the rail in the last quarter, and by all accounts he ran the same way in the Campbell, winning by more than a length from Globemaster. Beau Prince was third, and Hillsborough, Ambiopoise (who was third in the Widener), and Juanro (who was second in the San Juan Capistrano) were among the also-rans. Yorktown's next appearance will probably be in the Excelsior Handicap at Aqueduct in a fortnight.

ALTHOUGH racing at Gulfstream Park is to continue through April 21st, the Florida Derby this weekend will be the meeting's last big race. Right now, the most interesting thing about the Derby is the decision of the Meadow Stable to run Cicada in it instead of Sir Gaylord, who hasn't been going so well. As everybody knows, Cicada was the best two-year-old filly last season, winning eleven of her sixteen starts and finishing second or third in the others. This is a formidable record, but I wouldn't count on her beating colts in the spring, when fillies are especially flighty. I hope she does it, but it won't surprise me if the winner turns out to be Admiral's Voyage.

—AUDAX MINOR

* * *

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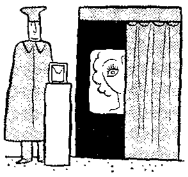

THE slimmest of this week's slim pickings is "Rome Adventure," which tells what happens when a pretty young assistant librarian throws up her job at a stuffy girls' college in Connecticut and sails for the Eternal City to find l-o-v-e. Perhaps you have the feeling that this story has been told a hundred times before; perhaps that is why Rome is called the Eternal City. In any event, the pretty girl, played by Suzanne Pleshette, is skillfully pursued by a middle-aged Italian sculptor (Rossano Brazzi), is clumsily pursued by an American student of Etruscology (Al Hirt), and herself pursues an American student of architecture (Troy Donahue), who sort of pursues her back. Miss Pleshette's voice is nearly as deep as Mr. Donahue's and Mr. Donahue's hair is nearly as long as Miss Pleshette's, but they are otherwise readily distinguishable, and a very striking couple they make, especially aboard a motor scooter, which is where most of what I will call the action of this picture takes place. I have been visiting Rome in movies ever since I was a little boy, and, for once, familiarity breeds content—I am almost always glad to see those old friends the Victor Emmanuel monument, St. Peter's, and the Colosseum (which poor Mr. Brazzi is obliged to explain received its name because it is so big)—but I admit I long for more invention in respect to the fallings in and out of love of the young folk with whom, decade after decade, I'm asked to rejoice and suffer. Miss Pleshette wishes to find love, but she also wishes to remain virtuous. Of course. Mr. Donahue has a former girl friend (Angie Dickinson) who does everything she can to drive the lovebirds apart. Of course again. And when our heartbroken budgerigar sails back to America, who is on the dock to greet her? I mean besides her horrible, wholesome, apple-pie-faced American parents? Somebody with long blond locks and blue eyes, whose initials are T.D. Of course a third time, and three times is out.

I NEVER saw the Rudolph Valentino version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," but the present version keeps hinting at the marvellous

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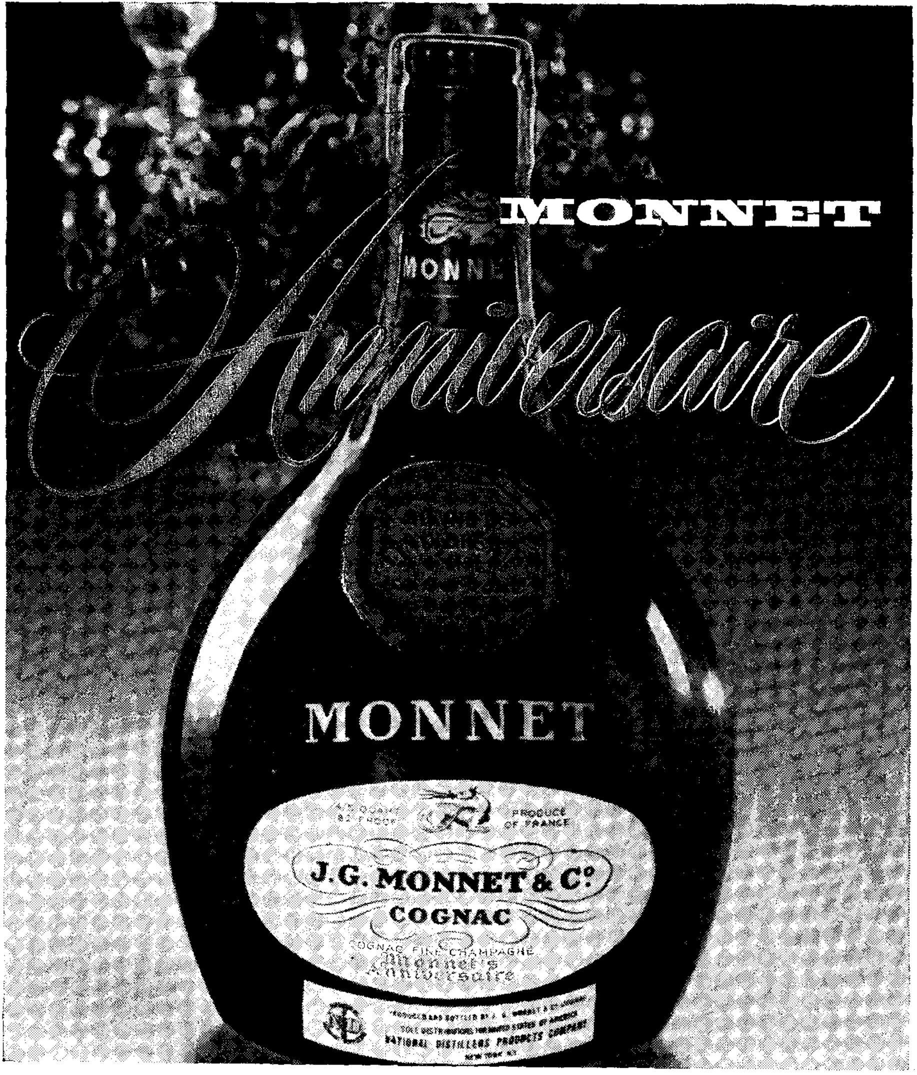

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old-fashioned melodrama it must have been, and might have been even this late in the day if the producer and director had only decided to make it as an unspectacle—a thriller filmed in black and white, moving at breakneck speed, with every possible emphasis on plot and with the actors and dialogue seemingly thrown away. Instead, we have a huge, engorged, verbose, and radically overacted production, inching along, in Cinemascope and Metrocolor, like a glacier not of ice but of *baba au rhum.* The basically thrilling situation—two branches of an illustrious family find themselves fighting on opposite sides in the Second World War and gallantly set about the fearful, necessary task of destroying one another—is all but sunk without a trace in a sea of plush sets, dull talk (we hear again the question "Why are you telling me all this?"), and self-indulgent hamming. Lee J. Cobb actually pulls down part of the scenery in one ludicrous outburst, and Charles Boyer is permitted to cry and carry on in a way that made me wonder if the director, Vincente Minnelli, had absent-mindedly walked off the set; by contrast, Paul Lukas, Paul Henreid, and Yvette Mimieux are almost self-effacing. As the hero of the picture, Glenn Ford is grossly miscast; so, as his beautiful mistress, is Ingrid Thulin. The setting is mainly Paris, and you will not be surprised to learn that when the lovers go out for a walk, they walk beside the Seine, and that when they get bad news, it is autumn and leaves fall.

"SATAN IN HIGH HEELS" is a sordid, outrageous melodrama about a stripper who comes to New York to make good and ruthlessly outsmarts herself. As played by Meg Myles, who is as intricately cantilevered a girl as I've ever beheld, this stripper is in a class with Lady Macbeth, and, indeed, there are a number of parallels between the two that I hope some aspiring graduate student at Columbia will feel inclined to explicate. (For one thing, the stripper talks her husband into attempting to murder a man, and the husband bungles the job.) I suspect that the makers of "Satan" have invented a world as phony as the title, but it has been photographed with admirable astringency, and I enjoyed the sense of moving among hard-bitten crooks in their suave pads on Sutton Place.—BRENDAN GILL

•

Providing a final touch, the builder can be a low bench along the solid part of the lower wall.—*Houston Post.*

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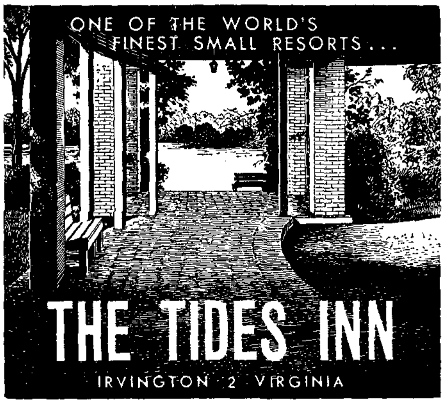

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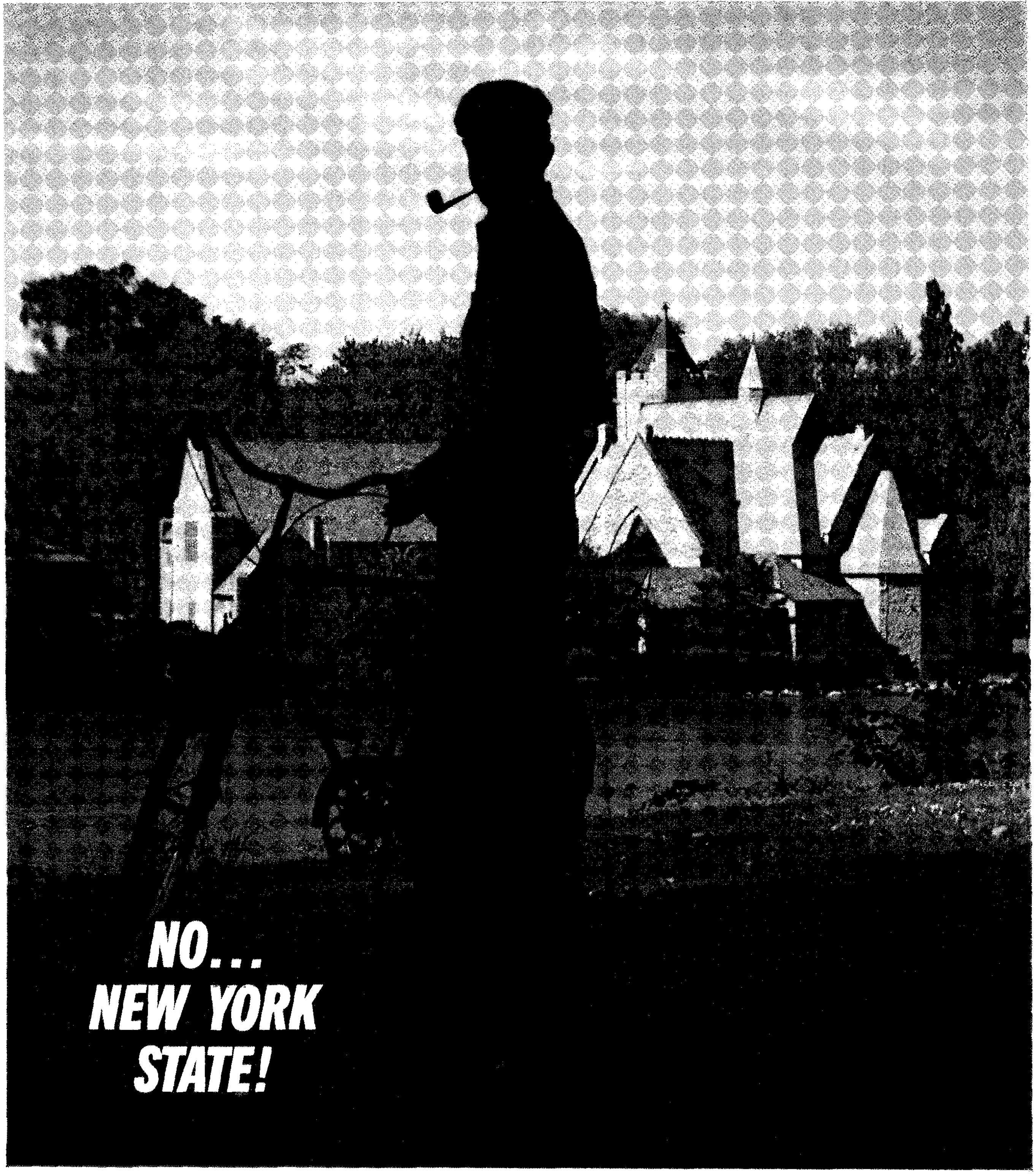

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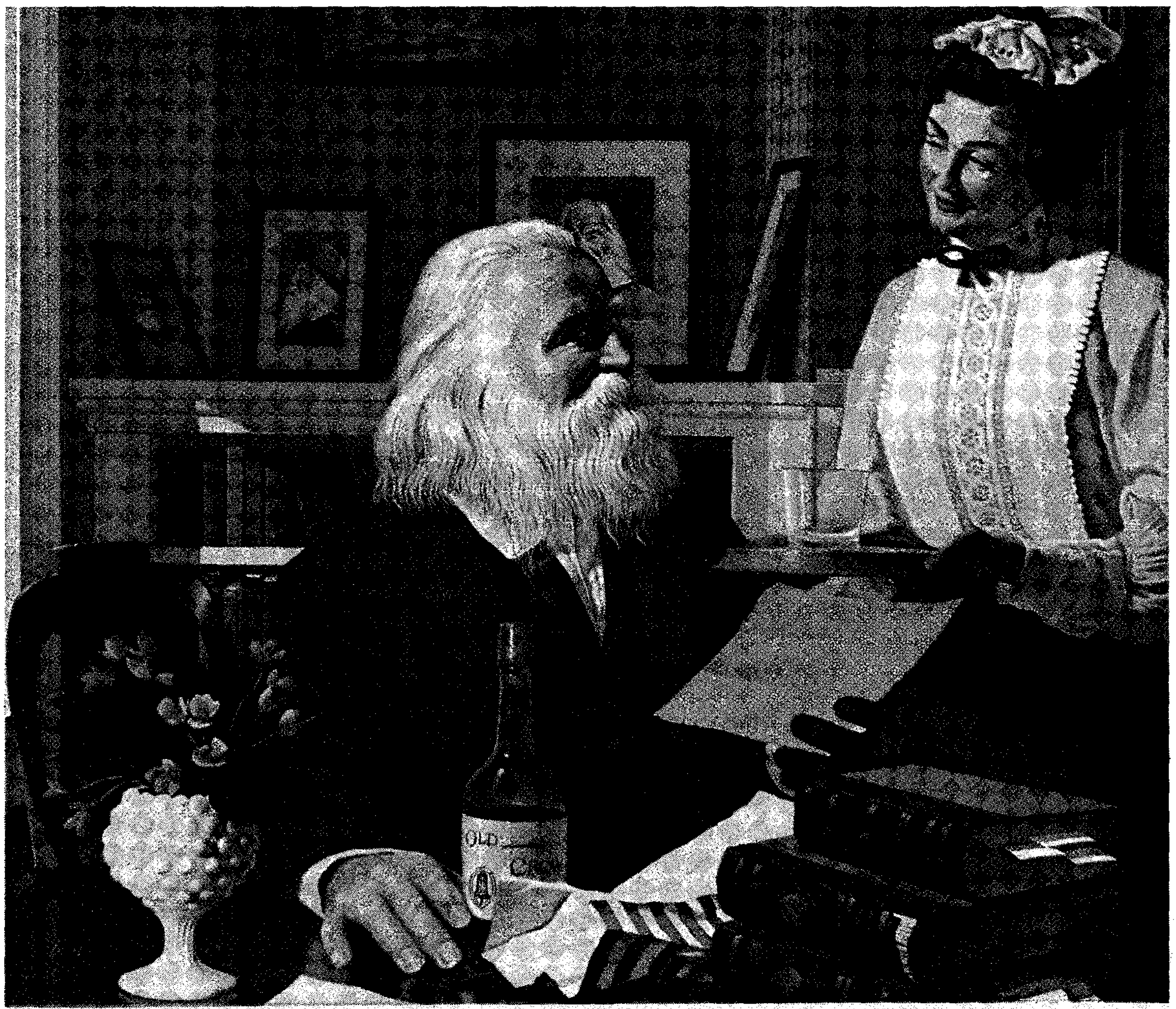

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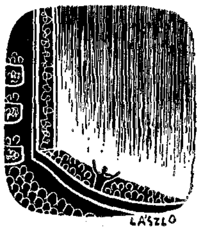
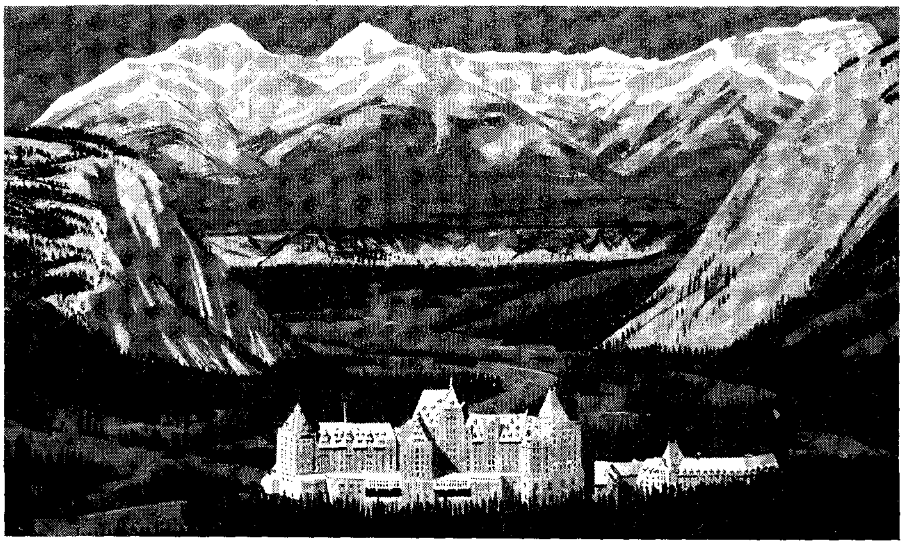


I SUPPOSE that the legend of the man who creates a living being by means of occult arts—a legend that is perhaps most familiar to us in the version conceived by Mrs. Shelley in "Frankenstein"—is nearly as old as mankind itself. Among the many stories of man-made monsters, however, the one that emerged in the folklore of the Central European Jews, who called their monster the Golem, has a special nobility, arising from the religious frame in which the tale is set. The Rabbi Loew, of sixteenth-century Prague, to whom the construction of the Golem is generally attributed, performs this remarkable act from altruistic motives, in order to save his people from persecution, but the act sets in motion a train of disaster that leads to the murder of several people, including his own granddaughter, and ends with the Rabbi himself driven to madness and forced to destroy his creation. The moral of the parable is, of course, that those who usurp the prerogatives of God are apt to come to no good end, and the Rabbi Loew joins the company of Faust, Don Giovanni, and the rest of those archetypal figures whose defiance of religious law brings down a dreadful retribution of one sort or another.

It was probably inevitable that this fine old myth—having already done duty as the subject of books, plays, and a number of movies—should sooner or later be used in an opera, and it now has been, but I am afraid that the opera, by Abraham Ellstein, which was presented by the New York City Opera last Thursday evening, as the opening event of its spring season, does not in any way do the legend justice. In fact, nearly everything that can be wrong with an opera is wrong with Mr. Ellstein's "The Golem." To begin with, the libretto, concocted by Sylvia Regan and the composer, is so literal, pedestrian, and realistic that the story's elements of folk fantasy and cabalistic magic are swamped in oceans of what—but for the presence of a musical line—would be ordinary talk. There are about four times too many words for an effective libretto, and very rarely do they convey any sense of poetry. In setting these words to music, Mr. Ellstein has been



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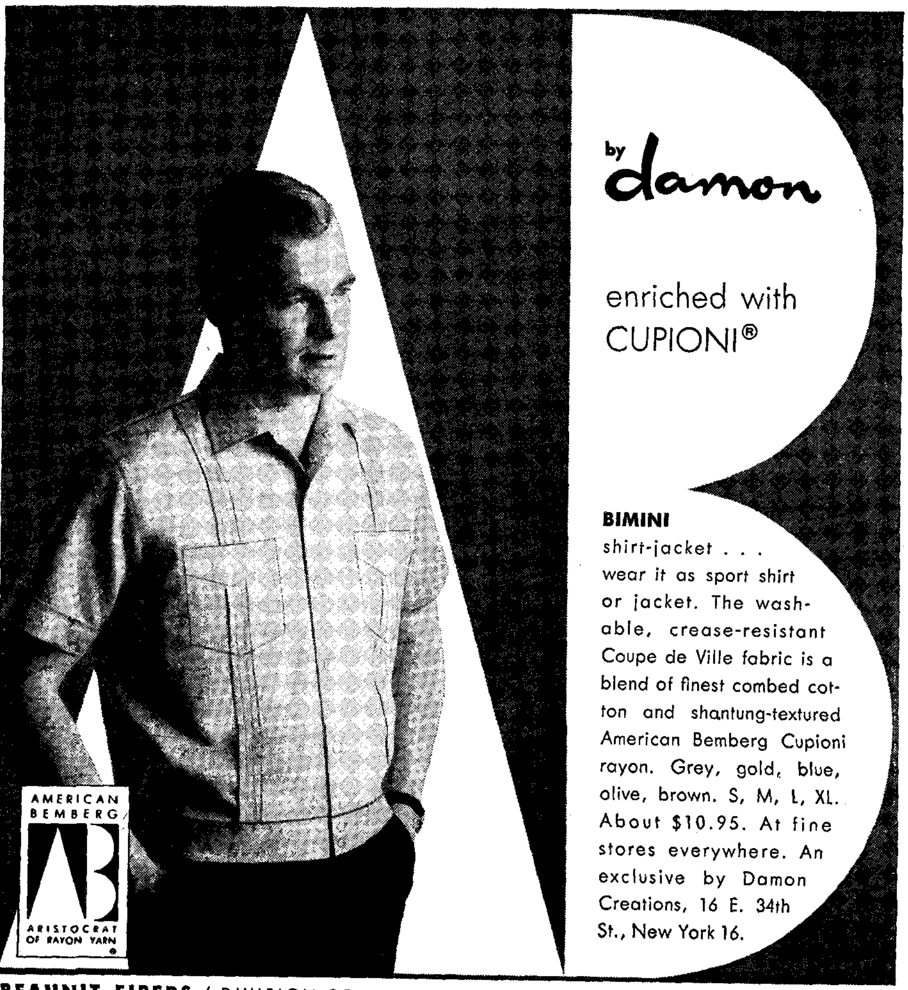

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equally unimaginative. He has simply followed them around with a score of spooky background music that might have been written for a Grade B horror movie. At a few points—among them a lyrical scene in which the Rabbi's beautiful granddaughter awakens the Golem to a feeling approximating love, and the supernatural appearance of the Prophet Elijah—this score appears to be on the verge of coming alive, but it never does come alive, and its general monotony of texture is such that, after four long acts, the final curtain seems a blessed reprieve. In the course of all this, needless to say, any possibility of illusion or dramatic excitement is effectively eliminated. Mr. Ellstein's Golem doesn't send chills up anybody's spine. He just looks like what he is; namely, Chester Ludgin, an admirable singing actor, clumping about the stage in an obviously uncongenial part. Nor are the other roles much more satisfying, for Mr. Ellstein has nowhere used the art of musical characterization with any effect.

Great credit, however, is due the company for its valiant efforts to make "The Golem" into a rewarding experience. Julius Rudel conducted the work as though he believed it to be a statement of cosmic importance. Jon Crain did as well as could be expected with the role of the Rabbi, and so did Gladys Kriese with the role of his wife, and Paul Ukena with that of a villainous priest. Among many more, Lee Venora, as the Rabbi's granddaughter, and Maurice Stern, as a ghetto madman, made outstanding contributions, the former with her engaging personality and beautiful soprano voice, and the latter with his exceptional abilities as an actor. There was also a promising début—that of Richard Krause in the small role of Elijah. The scenery, staging, and costumes were all at least appropriate.

William Steinberg opened his program with the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall on Friday afternoon by presenting Haydn's very early Symphony No. 22 in E Flat Major—a seldom performed, rather foursquare work of somewhat archaic character, even for Haydn's period, whose most remarkable feature is the presence of two English horns in its orchestration. Now, as nearly everybody in this musically well-educated generation knows, the English horn is not a horn at all but an alto oboe, and César Franck is popularly credited with having introduced it as a symphony-orchestra instrument in 1889. The fact is, however, that Haydn anticipated

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Franck—by well over a century. I could not remember having heard the work before, and I was curious to find out what the old eighteenth-century Master had done with his two English horns. Actually, he employed them more or less like brass instruments, making them toot along with the French horns, and never exploiting their singing tone, as the late-nineteenth-century composers did. The symphony, to my mind, was interesting more from the historical point of view than from the strictly musical one, though it had its quaint and unusual aspects. It was followed by Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto—not by any means my favorite among Beethoven's works in this genre, but also historically interesting, and, like all Beethoven's music, powerfully personal. The piano part was played with great neatness but no overwhelming authority by the young American Malcolm Frager. After the intermission came a well-constructed reading of Richard Strauss's old warhorse "Don Juan," which the orchestra, in spite of Mr. Steinberg's experienced and, one would have thought, inspiring leadership, played in a comparatively listless manner. The program ended with Hindemith's symphony "Mathis der Maler," which is, of course, a sober contemporary work full of busy counterpoint and other admirable evidences of ingenuity, but which I am beginning to find the least bit tiresome—partly, perhaps, because I have never heard the opera that its movements are drawn from, and so am unable to follow the concrete dramatic details to which all of Mr. Hindemith's counterpoint presumably has reference.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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[*From "The Corner of Harley Street, Being Some Familiar Correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D." Houghton Mifflin, 1911*]

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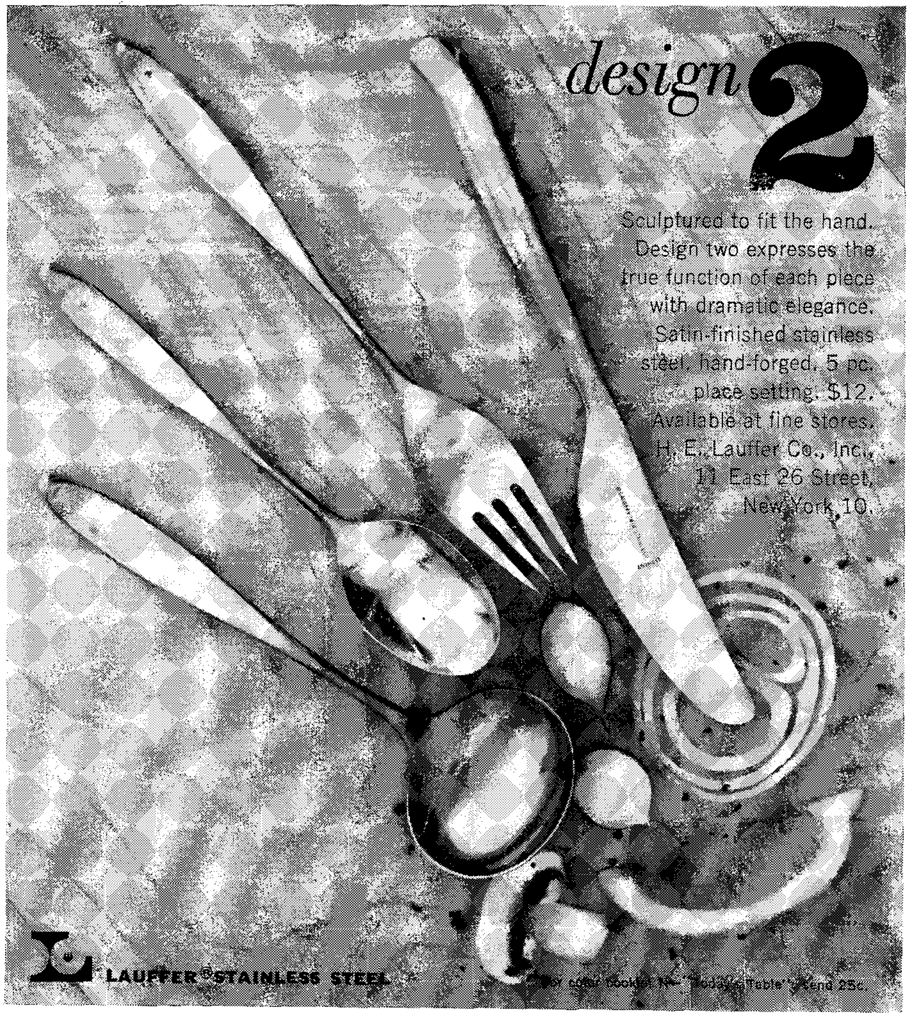

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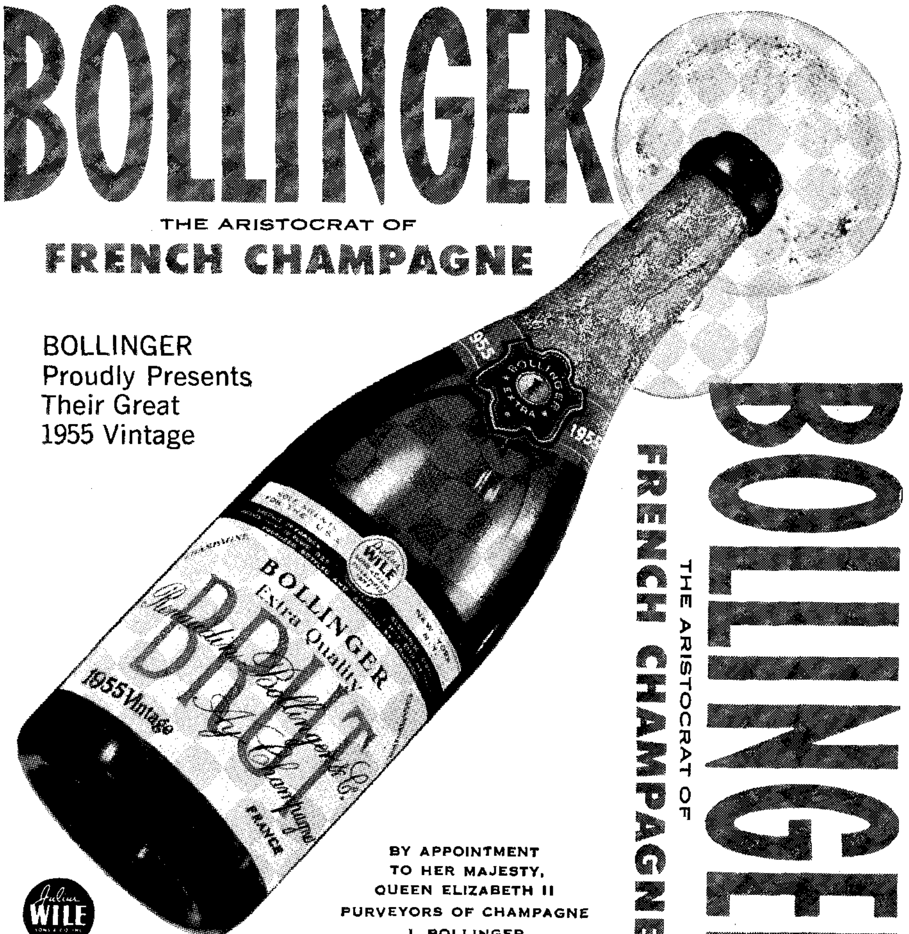

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BOOKS

A Cook's Tour of Letters

On the whole, the reading of cookbooks must be considered a morbid activity. It reveals the literary impulse in a degenerate phase, on a level with the mechanical reading of ketchup labels or detective stories. The least demanding student of literary style and human variety will find little to occupy his mind in a bald recital of necessary tablespoons. The critical appetite cannot be satisfied with talk of noodles and eggplant. From time to time, however, there appears a culinary work of exceptionally broad appeal and general interest. One example, certainly, is "The Artists' & Writers' Cookbook" (Contact Editions), edited by Beryl Barr and Barbara Turner Sachs. Indeed, one could wish the editors had forborne to use the word "cookbook" in the title at all, since it will tend to cause the book to fall into the wrong hands. The truth is that this is not a suitable book for the innocent practicing cook. One would hesitate to recommend it to any but the most worldly housewives and such chefs as are bent on seeing life from every side. The work ought chiefly to be read, in fact, by discreet and earnest observers of the artistic temperament. In it, they will make the remarkable discovery that writers, when asked to give a recipe, are very strongly inclined to come down with the giggles or otherwise go to pieces.

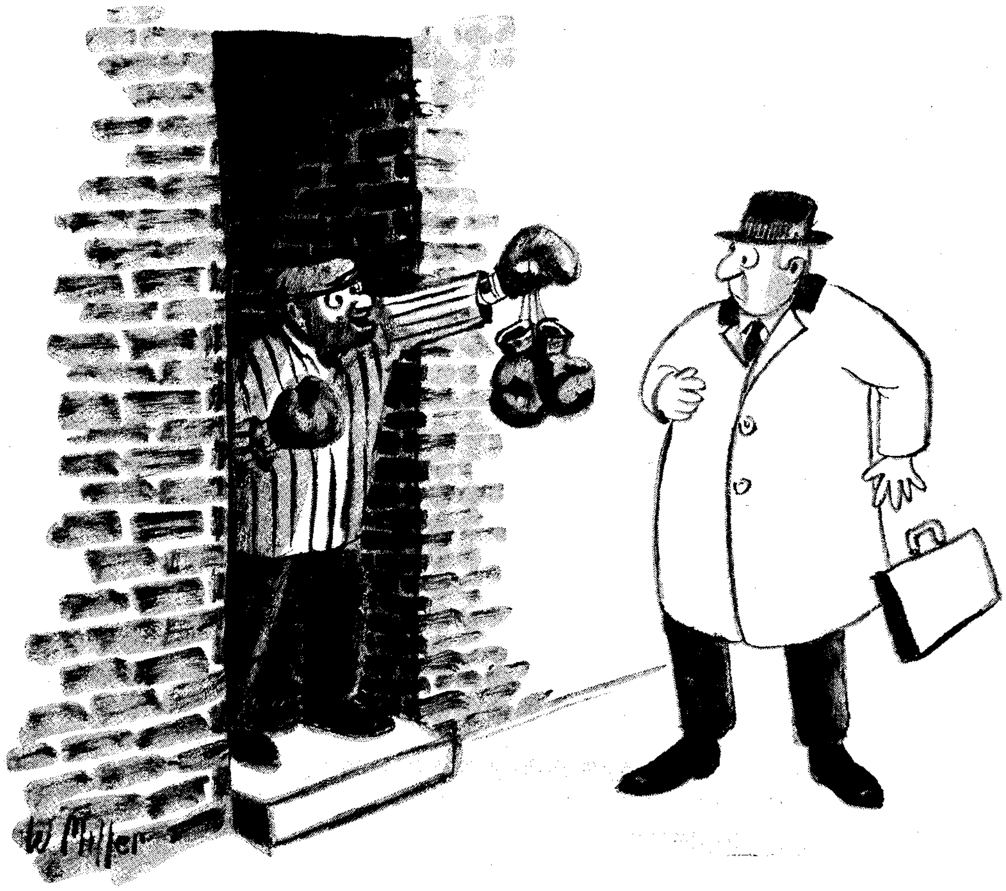
This unexpected and puzzling phenomenon doubtless will open many wide new avenues of research. To ferret out the hidden causes of so odd a compulsion will be the labor of savants who are skilled in psychology. To compare an author's recipe manner with his customary style, to investigate those few writers who appear immune to the cookbook syndrome, to deduce from such considerations the future course of literature—these will be enticing problems for graduate students who have doctoral ambitions. For us, it is enough to show that the compulsion exists and to indicate some of the forms it takes. To this end we may divide a selection of contributors to "The Artists' & Writers' Cookbook" into categories. These are five in number—the Comedians, the Lawgivers, the Gastronomical Snobs, the Raconteurs, and Kay Boyle. We will study them in order:

The Comedians—These are the writers who succumb to the dangerous notion that the recipe as a literary form is a highly promising mine of comic possibilities. Hilarious effects are most commonly sought by substituting unlikely ingredients for the expected elements of cookery. Thus, David Cornel DeJong, the novelist and poet, intrudes an armadillo into a recipe for chicken, the kicker being that the armadillo is thrown out at the end. Ira Wallach executes a similar maneuver with a horse. Lawrence Durrell offers a literary menu made up of dishes with names like Serial Rights Soup, and a wine list involving Must Hock and Château St. Censor. But the comical approach to cooking reaches what might be called its apogee with Calvin Kentfield's recipe for "Pot-au-feu de Pocahontas," which begins with these words:

> This is an American Indian recipe that I made up—*I* am an American Indian—while living in London and watching the judo school across Gilston Road. I didn't really make it up, it's been in my family for generations, and it was originally intended to contain the head of an Englishman named John Smith—though it has since been supposed that any English head would have done. That it did not contain Smith's head is due, so family legend has it, to the cook, Pocahontas herself, who preferred to use the fellow whole.

The reader whose curiosity about cookery humor remains unabated may wish to look up the recipes for leftover turkey in the notebooks of F. Scott Fitzgerald. They fairly numb. And what conclusion can be drawn from these examples? Why, none. But one does begin to suspect that the recipes of writers generally are pure freaks of the literary spirit. Little as they have to do with cooking, they have still less to do with writing. They are beyond criticism.

The Lawgivers—These authors take a firm line with the reader and betray impatience with his anticipated shortcomings. Their demands sometimes appear to be remote from the simplicities of the kitchen. John Berry, the author of "Krishna Fluting," requires the reader to slaughter his own chickens, for reasons that are grandly, if obscurely, based "on considerations of the Craft and of the Life." For "the



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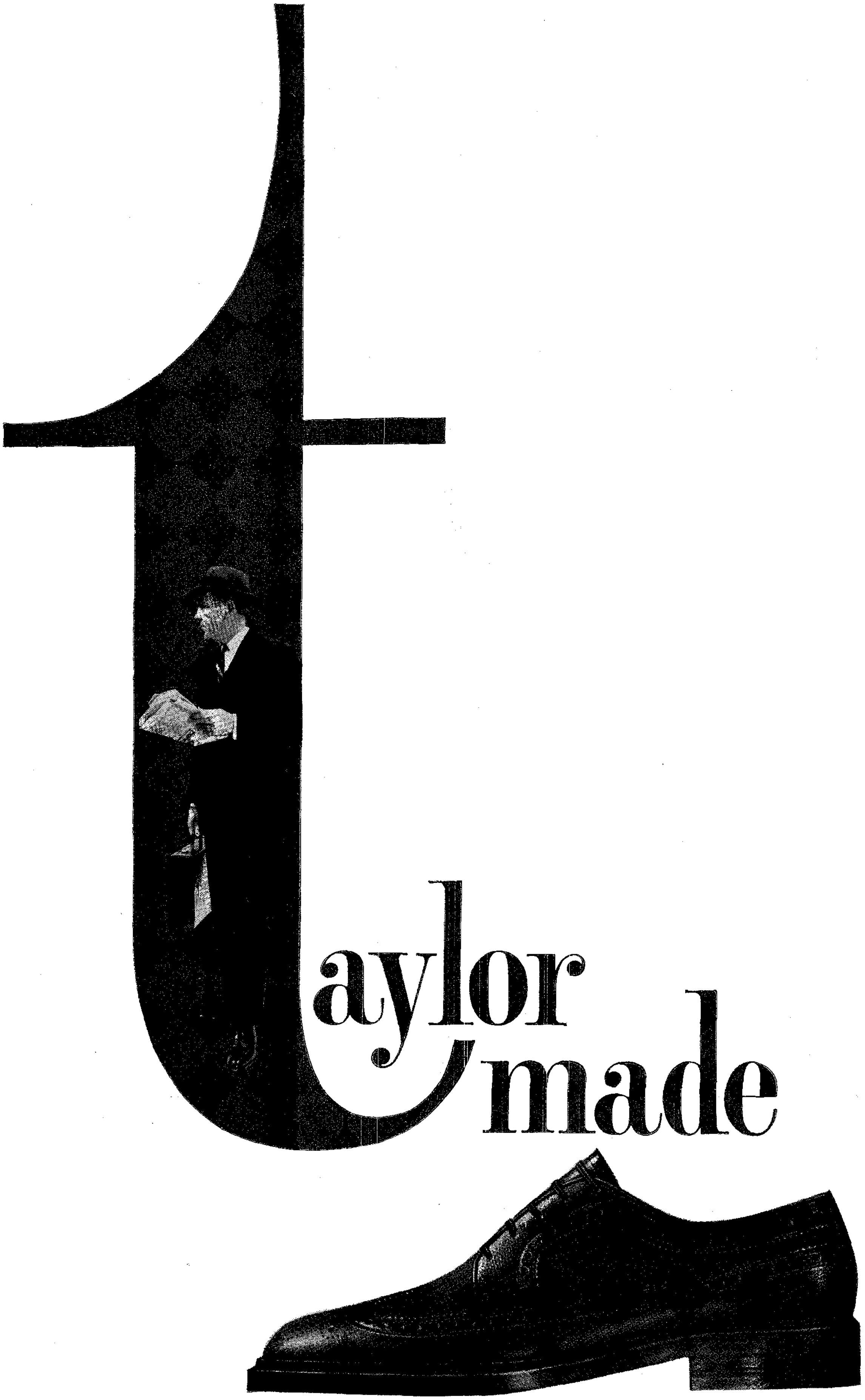

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craftsman should have personal knowledge of his materials from beginning to end, or his craft will suffer." It is to be assumed that Mr. Berry himself selected the rags from which he made the paper on which he writes this manifesto. John Keats, author of "The Insolent Chariots," is equally demanding, and he takes a very dim view of his reader's capacities:

> Pike Piqued—I have in mind a feast for a penurious family of five, but it is absolutely essential to the recipe that the reader will prove to be stronger and more intelligent than a five-pound fish. Certainly this is too much to expect of most readers, but there it is.

There is a convention in such matters that permits the particular reader to consider himself free of any shortcomings that are ascribed to readers in general. Declarations like that of Mr. Keats are in effect invitations to join a little club of superior persons, the writer proving his superiority by asserting it and the reader proving *his* superiority by agreeing with the writer. But if the particular reader should ever pause to consider, with maximum honesty, the precise grounds of his superiority over all other readers, he may come to take another view of such invitations. Conceivably, he may come to resent them. Let Mr. Keats be warned that "most readers" have sufficient intelligence to detect a gratuitous and preposterous insult, and their poor strength is sufficient to hurl a book of average bulk and weight the length of an ordinary kitchen.

THE GASTRONOMICAL SNOBS—It is necessary to distinguish between snobbery and *expertise.* For our purposes, an expert shall be a man who has eaten widely and well, who knows what is good, and who wishes to share his knowledge with humanity. The snob, by contrast, is one who merely tries to elevate his prejudices to the standing of gastronomical laws by setting them upon a pedestal of sheer dogmatic reiteration. The true expert, in the innocence of his learning, often will achieve by inadvertence the effect of high authority for which the snob strives in vain. My attention has been called to the entry under "Bear's Paw" in the "Larousse Gastronomique" of Prosper Montagné, and, once called, it remains fixed. I cannot read this excerpt without acutely feeling how vast is my ignorance of the world:

> Unfortunately, bear's paw is fast becoming a delicacy of historical interest only, for its supply is very limited. There was a restaurant in Canton which claimed to be able to produce buffalo feet as a substitute and challenged guests to tell the difference. Skilfully prepared buffalo's

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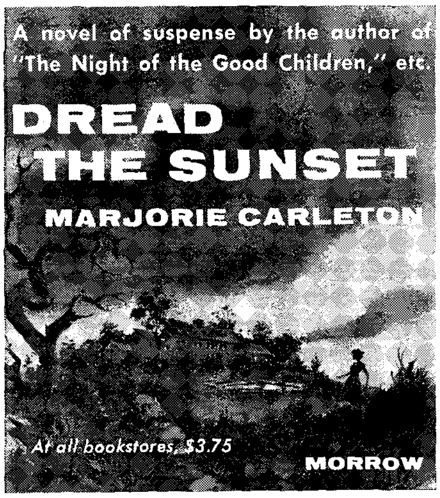

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feet can taste rather like bear's paw and can fool those who have not tasted bear's paw before, or who may have tasted it but are no connoisseurs.

The recipe itself begins with the unforgettable admonition:

> Wrap the paw in *clean* mud . . .

It is with totally different feelings that one reads Evan Hunter's discussion of pancakes in "The Artists' & Writers' Cookbook." For here is snobbery pure and decadent, an attempt by a literary man to replace the substantial questions of cuisine with mere effusions of sentiment:

> You have to understand pancakes.
>
> If you call them griddle cakes or flapjacks, you don't understand them and you might just as well forget ever trying to make them. Griddle cakes are made in restaurants that have shiny aluminum stoves and fake chefs in big white pastry hats; they have nothing whatever to do with pancakes which are made in people's kitchens. Flapjacks are made by gold prospectors in little wooden shacks in Grade-B movies; they also have nothing at all to do with pancakes. If you don't understand the distinction, then you won't understand pancakes, either. All is lost, and you should buy yourself a waffle iron.
>
> You don't cook pancakes. You make them.
>
> You don't say, "I think I'll cook some pancakes this morning." You always say, "I think I'll *make* some pancakes this morning." In fact, you never say that either because . . .

And so on, for several more sentences of vagrant tosh. At last the author approaches the culinary heart of the matter:

> You buy yourself any one of the commercial mixes. Get yourself a big mixing bowl, a tablespoon, and a cup, and spread these out on the table. Now put the box where you can read the recipe.

If the particular recipe matters so little to one who earnestly desires to understand pancakes, then what, one struggles to grasp, *does* matter?

> What does matter is that everyone be in the kitchen while the pancakes are being made. It's important to joke a little with the cook and to hear the coffee bubbling on the stove. . . . It's important that there be laughter in that kitchen and warmth.
>
> You have to understand pancakes.

Now, Mr. Hunter may actually be correct in his belief that in order to achieve a proper understanding of pancakes one must deliver oneself up to a family so utterly lost to human feelings as to joke and laugh before breakfast, but surely these strictures will carry no weight with the thoughtful eater. It is obvious that at such a price an understanding of pancakes is too dearly bought.

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ers the simple request for a recipe stimulates, incongruously, a narrative urge. The anecdotes that result are generally irrelevant to the recipe that follows, and the raconteurs display varying degrees of skill in effecting the connection. Occasionally, they are skillful indeed. Observe the masterly use of "oddly enough" as a transitional phrase in Noel Barber's contribution:

> This recipe I picked up in Malaya during the height of the Communist fighting there. Oddly enough (and I will not give you the recipe for this) I picked it up the same week that I ate a man—or, rather, not a man, but a large steak from one of his legs.

Mr. Barber's recipe, when it comes, mainly uses canned pineapple.

Miss Dachine Rainer, another raconteur, could learn from Mr. Barber. That adroit "oddly enough" permits the first intrepid eater to devote several paragraphs to his cannibalism. Miss Rainer tends fatally to rely upon the parenthesis and the footnote, with the consequence that her anecdotes appear to be somewhat squeezed and tantalizingly incomplete:

> Through my association with Mohib A——, a Mohammedan, a native of Assam province, India, I acquired (along with a stint in the Woman's Home of Detention on the not-too-preposterous charge of possessing illegal firearms) my most formidable recipe. Curry.

Kay Boyle—Miss Boyle's discussion of *ratatouille* puts her in a class by herself. "I have never divulged the recipe for this dish," she writes, "and I do not intend to do so now." Instead, she teases the reader by offering a little puzzle, which he must solve to learn the components of the dish. Each of the six ingredients is represented by a sketch and a cryptic morsel of text. Thus, one makes out the image of a globular vegetable, and a verbal hint ("Bright red, and should be skinned for participation in the Ratatouille"), and one guesses, "Tomato!" The other ingredients are scarcely more difficult to determine, and turn out to be—in fact—rice, artichoke hearts, green peppers, zucchini, and wild mushrooms. Miss Boyle's code, in short, is very easily broken, and the cherished secret of her *ratatouille* stands exposed to a coarse and gluttonous world. Or does it? Let us closely scrutinize the text that accompanies the entry on wild mushrooms:

> Golden, and filled with forest darkness and evening dew. Take a squirrel's advice on the edible varieties.

The gods are kind, it turns out, for they have fashioned a protection of Miss Boyle's secret more formidable than the

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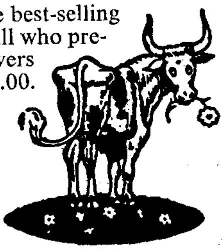


one of her own devising. The gods, however, are notoriously given to irony, and in this instance they have hit upon a method that can only be repugnant to Miss Boyle's sense of humanity. For it is indeed believed, by some carefree mushroom hunters, that a squirrel's or a rabbit's preferences can be taken as a guide to edibility, but such mushroom hunters should be prepared to one day find themselves, so to speak, dead wrong. *Oddly enough,* I have been informed that the internal chemistry of these appealing rodents is such that they can eat quantities of poisonous mushrooms without ill effect. They are known to nibble with impunity at *Amanita phalloides,* the deadliest of all mushrooms. Indeed, the human victims of *Amanita* poisoning sometimes are given spoonfuls of hashed rabbit brains and stomach to eat, in the hope that they will thereby acquire a measure of the creature's immunity. This treatment, unfortunately, does not seem to work, but then neither does any other.

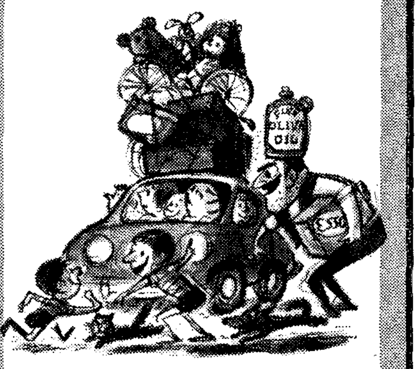
These items of mycological lore take on a certain lurid significance for the reader who glances at the neat little drawing that the illustrator and the sardonic gods have provided for Miss Boyle's text. It is, I regret to say, an excellent likeness of an *Amanita* of the very sort we have been considering. There can be no mistaking those stately proportions, the ring on the stem, and—decisively—the characteristic half-free and lobate volva, or "death cup." The real secret of this *ratatouille* may lie, then, not in surmising the ingredients but in surviving them. To be sure, the veteran mushroom hunter may reasonably gather from the words "golden, and filled with forest darkness and evening dew" that the author actually is referring to the common chanterelle, with its egg-yolk coloration and infundibuliform figure. But the novice who elects to follow the advice of squirrels in the creation of the *ratatouille* will be well advised to eschew thoroughly every mouthful of the resulting dish.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOT A WORD ABOUT NIGHTINGALES, by Maureen Howard (Atheneum). Mrs. Howard's charming first novel deals with a crisis in the lives of a nice, mild, conventional New England couple. The season is summer—middle-aged summer—and the action shifts back and forth between Italy and the quiet Massachusetts college town where Professor Albert



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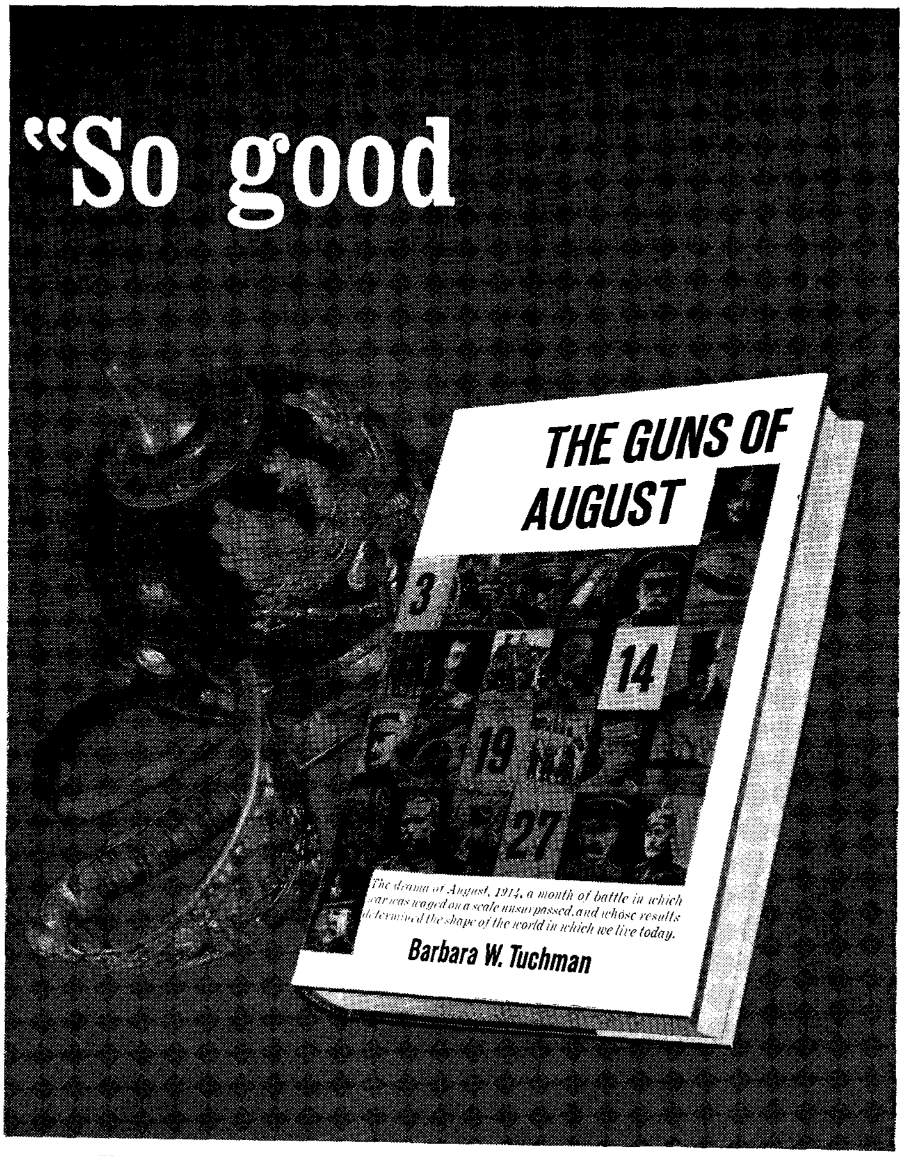
Sedgely and his wife, Anne, have spent more than twenty peaceful years together. As the story opens, we find Albert in Perugia, living alone in a little villa and sporting a large new mustache and a beautiful Italian mistress. He has been in Perugia by himself for eighteen months and shows no sign of homesickness. At home in Massachusetts, Anne carries on alone. Rosemary, their eighteen-year-old daughter, goes to Perugia to visit her father, and her arrival awakens discontent in Albert's bosom, the discontent being all with himself. He has broken away from his old life and his old self, but has he really changed? And is he really happy? At home, Anne, who has also, in her own way, behaved in contradiction to her fixed idea of herself, comes to face the same question. Mrs. Howard shows extraordinary skill and control as she balances her story at the one point that is true for it—not far from the sublime and yet not far from the ridiculous. This is a fine novel, and it is exactly the right length.

WINTER IN THRUSH GREEN, by "Miss Read" (Houghton Mifflin). Another pleasant, warmhearted tale of the perfect English village, Thrush Green, where no one person is more important than another, and where spring arrives on the dot every year and is noticed and welcomed by all eyes, young and old. Illustrated with delightful drawings by J. S. Goodall.

THE DARK LABYRINTH, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). A group of English tourists are trapped in a labyrinth in Crete. Their guide is accidentally killed. Some of the tourists make their way back to the world, and some do not. Since Mr. Durrell gives sketches of the lives of all the people involved, his novel is necessarily episodic. Some of the episodes are interesting, and Mr. Durrell's writing is generally free and fast.

THE QUARRY, by Friedrich Duerrenmatt (New York Graphic Society). This work is set in two hospitals in Switzerland. Mr. Duerrenmatt still believes that what is grotesque is automatically meaningful, and that when the grotesque gives voice, its utterances are necessarily sibylline. Among the creatures who people this story are a mad nurse, a mad surgeon, a mad dwarf, and a mad giant. The central figure, flat on his back, is a helpless old retired police commissioner, who has just enough strength left to ask the questions that Mr. Duerrenmatt triumphantly does not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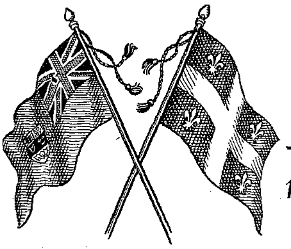
answer. This failure to answer, Mr. Duerrenmatt indicates with his sledge hammer, lies not in himself or in his inability to answer but in the questioner and in the questioner's stubbornly surviving hope and belief. The exercise of that right to hope and believe, and so to question, is, in Mr. Duerrenmatt's opinion, naïve, and, having decided it is naïve, he proceeds to try to paralyze it with derision.

GENERAL

STANTON: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LINCOLN'S SECRETARY OF WAR, by *Benjamin* P. Thomas and Harold M. Hyman (Knopf). This book was begun—that is, its materials were gathered and organized—by Mr. Thomas, a Civil War scholar best known for his one-volume life of Lincoln, and it was written by Mr. Hyman, an associate professor of history at U.C.L.A., after Mr. Thomas's death, in 1956, but its origins are essentially irrelevant. The result is all of a piece and brilliantly displays every characteristic of a definitive study—depth, range, detail, point of view, and lucidity. Stanton, as much as any prominent figure of his time and place, has long been in need of such a study—a study in which his dour and difficult personality is not allowed to overshadow the excellence of his mind and the worth of his exertions to preserve the Union, win the war, and retain the victory, and also one that disposes, once and for all, of the durable myth of his complicity in Lincoln's assassination, and clarifies, to a large extent, his highly complicated role in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

THE IMAGE, OR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN DREAM, by Daniel J. Boorstin (Atheneum). An entertaining, shrewd essay on some ridiculous aspects of American life. Mr. Boorstin, a professor of American history, thinks that magazines, newspapers, radio, and television, and the advertising they carry, have fallen into recording what he calls "pseudo-events" and creating what everybody nowadays calls "images;" for example, they are full of reports, planted by publicity men, about the doings of celebrities who have done very little. When Mr. Boorstin says in his introduction that a "thicket of unreality . . . stands between us and the facts of life," he sounds as if he might be on the verge of a sermon. He isn't. He deplores the big blur that conceals so much reality, but he



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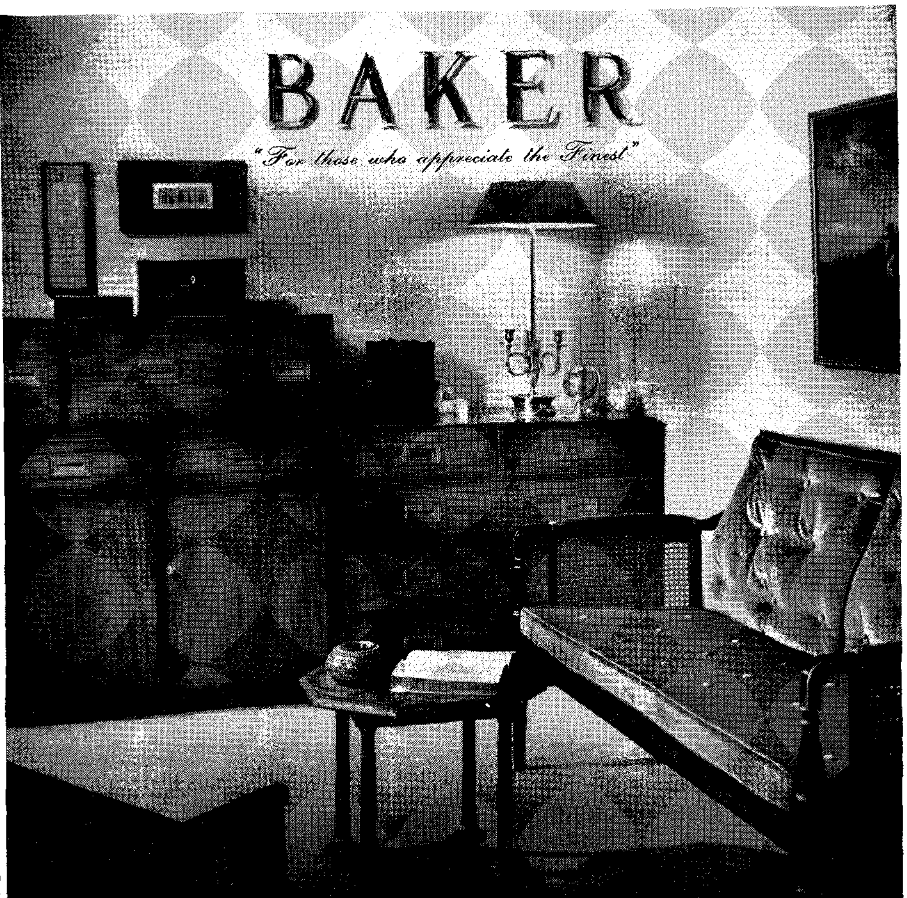
knows that the fog-making apparatus is funny.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER: THE OFFICIAL LIFE OF PROFESSOR F. A. LINDEMANN, VISCOUNT CHERWELL, by the Earl of Birkenhead (Houghton Mifflin). A balanced biography of the late English scientist, who is probably best known in the United States as the object of C. P. Snow's savage attack in "Science and Government." Birkenhead liked Lindemann personally, but he is no flatterer; he portrays him as an anti-Semitic, anti-Negro snob who took offense easily, cherished grudges like old friends, and cared nothing for the opinions of ordinary Englishmen—if he ever thought about them at all. Frank about his subject's faults, Birkenhead is also proud of his achievements. As a professor, Lindemann developed Oxford's facilities for work in the physical sciences from nearly nothing to very much something. As a dabbler in politics, he saw, like Churchill, the menace of Germany early in the nineteen-thirties, and his quarrelsome urgings for action, as well as his scientific knowledge, made an important contribution to England's military technology. During the war, he was one of Churchill's closest advisers; Birkenhead explains that Lindemann's ability to think mathematically greatly simplified Churchill's wartime tasks, the Prime Minister having no head for figures. Birkenhead's poised honesty has created a credible and interesting study of an aberrant but nonetheless useful personality.

CHINOISERIE: THE VISION OF CATHAY, by Hugh Honour (Dutton). This delightful book explores a broad, lasting current—an aesthetic Gulf Stream—in the history of Western art, architecture, crafts, and interior decoration. Chinoiserie, Mr. Honour explains, grew out of European imaginings of the Orient that flourished in the centuries when China was virtually closed to foreigners. In its heyday, the fantasy was attractive and protean; there is Renaissance chinoiserie as well as baroque, rococo, neoclassic, and romantic, return-to-nature chinoiserie. Mr. Honour discusses both largish tendencies and particular works—this lacquered cabinet, that fretted garden folly—and describes both the vision and skills of individual artists or artisans and the achievements of workshops and factories. As a critical historian, he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FOR THE LAYMAN

One of the songs in W. S. Gilbert's "Patience," which spoofs Oscar Wilde and his circle, goes:

If this young man expresses
himself in terms too deep
for me,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this
deep young man must be!

It's an amusing song, but we don't subscribe to the idea it expresses. Investing is a fairly deep and complicated subject, and heaven knows it's possible to be very abstruse about it. But it is a point of pride with us to explain our favorite subject in the simplest possible language and to make our explanations available in booklet form to anyone who asks for them. We don't quite limit ourselves to words of one syllable, but we avoid technical terms as we would the plague. And if we have to use them, we explain their meaning in simple terms.

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isn't committed to blanket admiration; he finds much chinoiserie enchanting or beautiful and some of it grotesque or vulgar. He writes with succinct charm, and his references to the plates and illustrations are precise and apt. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE PASSIONATE EPICURE, by Marcel Rouff, translated from the French by Claude (Dutton). This pretty little curiosity tells something of the life and habits of a celebrated Frenchman named Dodin-Bouffant, who adored eating and lovemaking almost equally, and was finally forced to decide which pursuit was more important to him. Roguish drawings by Charles Mozley.

•

HASTY MEDITATIONS OF A SPACEMAN

[From an article by Yuri Gagarin in Soviet Land, a publication of the Russian Embassy in New Delhi]

All sorts of bright, joyful thoughts went through my mind. I recalled how I had walked through the noisy, animated streets of Moscow before my flight, how I had come to the Red Square and stood before the Mausoleum. I thought of the space ship as carrying the ideas of Lenin around the world.

At 10:15 as the vessel was approaching the African continent, the automatic programming device issued its commands to prepare all the instruments for the switching on of the retarding rockets. I made my scheduled report:

"Flight proceeding normally, enduring weightlessness well."

I imagined my ship flying over the Congo, where the imperialists had murdered Patrice Lumumba, that courageous fighter against colonialism for his people's happiness.

However, there was no time for meditation. The final stage of the flight was approaching.

•

Pendlebury market trader Charles Massey, aged 64, was fined £60 at Bolton to-day for having smuggled watches.

Mr. William Hill, prosecuting, said investigations began when a Bolton postman was questioned at Harwich about a watch he was wearing when he returned from a Continental holiday.

The postman said he had bought it from another postman at Bolton. This second man led Customs and Excise officers to Massey known as "Old Charlie."

Questioned, Massey, of Boardman Lane, Rhodes, Middleton, said he got the watches "from a man called Abe who comes around the market."

Post Office engineers have put two telephones near his bed, one a direct link with Buckingham Palace so that he can speak to the Queen at any time.—*Manchester (England) Evening News.*

When she wants to know what time it is?

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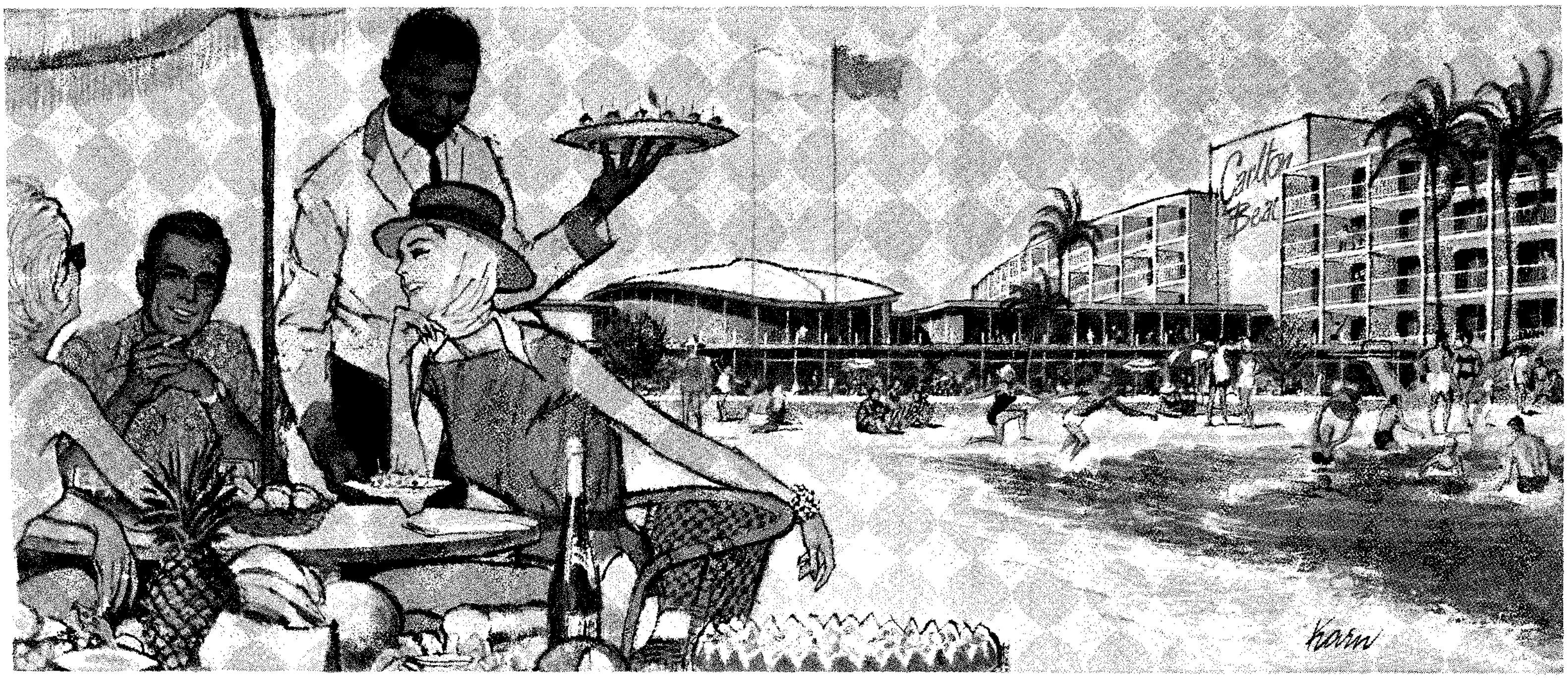

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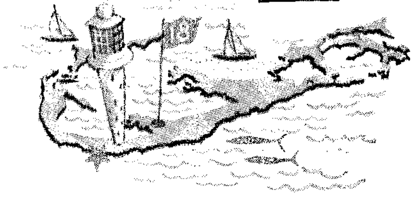

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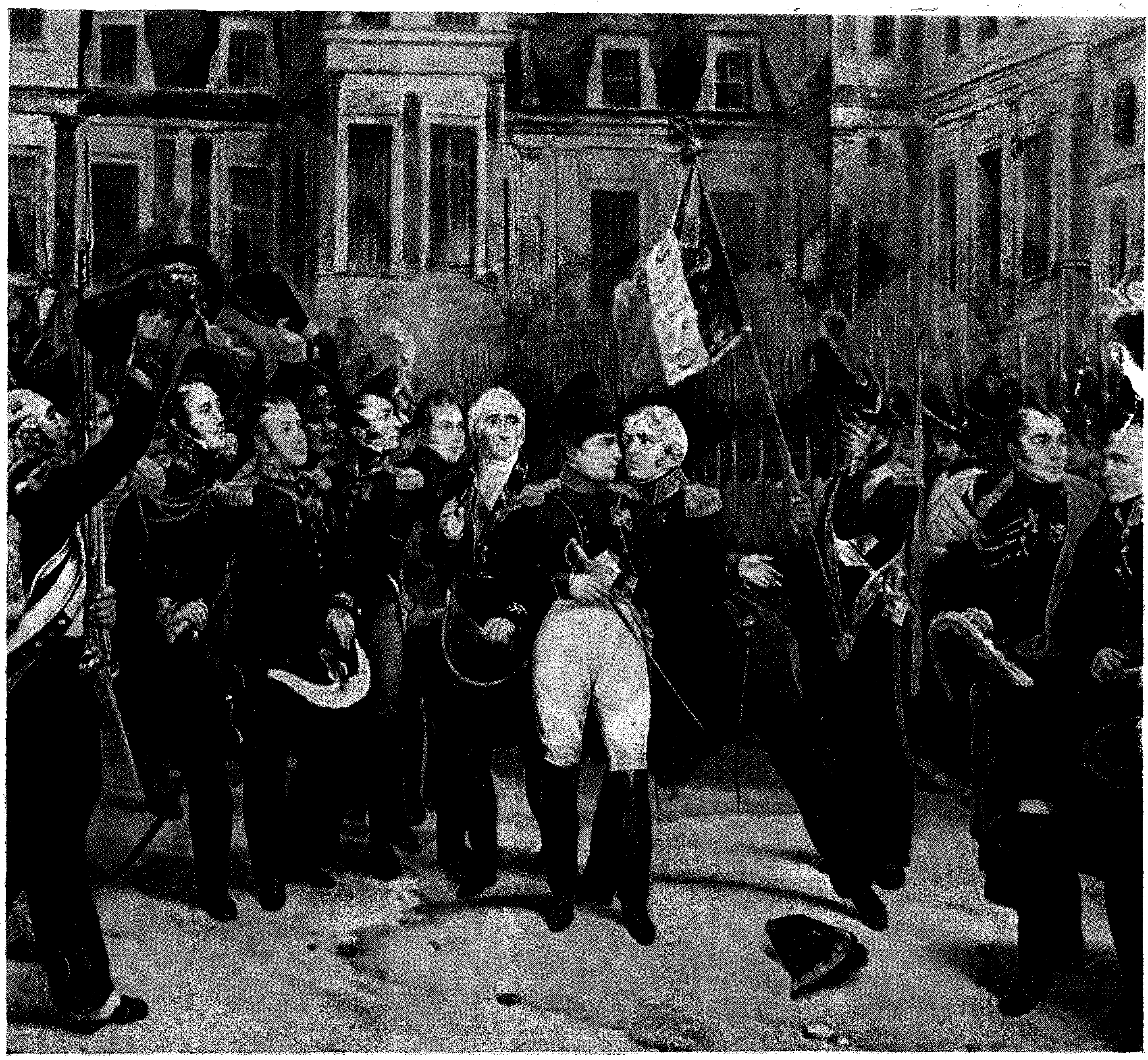

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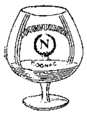

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